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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

THE ARTS THROUGHOUT THE AGES

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

VOLUME IX

JANUARY—JULY, 1920



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GARDINER TEALL, EDITOR

VOL. XI, Nos. 1—9 (JULY 1919—MARCH 1920)

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PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

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(TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

VOLUME IX

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Altar of the Gods, by W. E. Rollins, in Santa Fe Art Museum.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME IX

JANUARY, 1920

NUMBER 1

AMERICA IN THE EVOLUTION OF HUMAN SOCIETY

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

IT has been suggested that "Know America First" would be a fitting slogan with which to exhort our people to a more intimate acquaintance with their own land. In natural wonders it has long been acknowledged peerless. To speak of NIAGARA, YELLOWSTONE, YOSEMITE, GRAND CANYON, or PAINTED DESERT, is to name the incomparable. Foreign travelers are heard to admit that "Even Americans can't exaggerate these." In every field of natural science America has given ample rewards to the investigator. But almost invariably it is admitted apologetically that "of course America does lack the great historic background." Therefore the humanist turns his back upon America and pursues his investigations in the old world. Thus old-world history has been profoundly studied and brilliantly recorded and the tradition of humanism as exclusively an old world matter firmly established.

If History is regarded mainly as a record of the actions of individuals and peoples in erecting and maintaining nations, then America holds little of historic interest prior to four hundred years ago. If it embraces all the efforts and achievements of the human mind and all the forces that influence human evolution, then America affords another preeminent field for investigation. Its one race unmixed for millenniums, spread over a vast continent, distributed itself in early stages into almost every conceivable kind of environment, responded in its own way to every physiographic change. The results of this long experience are seen in the varying forms of culture—industrial, esthetic, social, religious, and linguistic. The stages of development are well represented by archaeological remains and the surviving intellectual possessions of the living people. The former class of evidence is buried in the débris of time, the latter submerged

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by foreign influence. Peoples of the desert, the plains, the mountains, the coasts, the islands, the snows, the jungles still exist in their environment of ages. Probably nowhere else in the world can the reaction of a land upon its human population be seen so convincingly. Therefore the prevailing lack of knowledge of the history of America can be remedied even in the absence of literary records.

When the time came for this continent to be peopled, it received a race from the Orient, and enveloped it in the isolation of millenniums. The ethnic unity was preserved. There was magnificent space in which tribes might develop without acute conflict of interest. There was vast opportunity for adventure, for the development of leadership. Chieftaincy arose without resulting in kingship or overlordship, and the sense of individual freedom was too great to permit of dynastic government. It was always of a representative type. The race took its character from the soil. Its physical being, its unique mentality, related intimately to nature. Its variations in culture illustrate the response of racial spirit keenly alive to forces which meant so much in the life of the people that they were deeply venerated. These beneficent powers, recognized in the warmth of the sun, the fertilizing action of the rain, the reproductive response of the earth, brought the gifts upon which life depended, and for which man owed ceaseless gratitude. His delight was in the expression of that sense of dependence and gratitude, in song, in dramatic ceremonies, in the building and embellishment of temples for celebration, in the adornment of the body and articles of domestic and religious service in color and character symbolizing the forces so venerated.

The life thus evolved was preeminently esthetic and religious, though these activities were so intimately organized with the industrial life and the social order that the result was a completely integrated culture. Thus America received and acted upon its first great wave of human population. The result was the *Indian*—the aboriginal of the New World—a people Americanized.

America produced a race of distinguished physical type. In every respect it bears the stamp of nobility. In bodily proportions, color, gesture, dignity of bearing, the race is incomparable. It was free from our infectious scourges, tuberculosis and syphilis, and the resulting physical deformities and mental degeneracies. It was probably free from leprosy, scrofula, and cancer, and it is safe to say that nervous prostration was unknown to the Indian. It does not pertain to that superb physical composure and serenity of mind. The race held out well toward the end of the human life cycle. There were numerous centenarians. These physical characters belong with matured, disciplined, controlled mentality.

There are those who will question the accuracy of this description. A more prevalent picture is that gained at transcontinental railway stations of beings of unwholesome appearance in the unclean, nondescript clothing of white people. Many have no other impression of the Indian, and judge the race therefrom. We must do away with this picture and get the archaeologists' view of America of a thousand years ago. We must see the race as it was prior to foreign contact. We would not judge the ancient Hebrews by the ghetto, nor Anglo-Saxons by the down-and-outers of the city slums. The early misconceptions concerning

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the native Americans would be ludicrous had the results been less tragic. One much exploited tradition was that of savage cruelty. This well nigh accepted belief was acquired during the period of eviction from the soil from which these people had derived their magnificent physical and spiritual character. It was a purely human reaction, and to have made it the predominant thing in the record of the Indian would have been unpardonably false.

Judged solely by the work of his hands, the remains of his cities, monuments, temples, sculpture, fabrics, utensils, the Indian takes an eminent place among races. These achievements faithfully reflect his peculiar mentality and constitute his imperishable record. His unique intellectual attainments, his conceptions of nature, life, deific power, his exalted spiritual vision—these purely immaterial products of his mind to which he gave expression in dramatic ceremony and song—seem destined to disappear.

The European brought to the Indian world (America) a densely materialistic mind developed by ages of experience in human society that could have no other destiny than that which has just overtaken it. It was a racial mind formed by immemorial strife in a restricted environment—an environment which fostered distrust, war, destruction, armament for offense and defense. All this was accelerated by the discovery and use of metals. In the chaotic ethnic conditions of ancient Europe, kingship, overlordship, dynastic government, were inevitable, and individual freedom well nigh impossible. European nations developed one common characteristic, that of using force for all purposes. Small nations fought for existence, large ones for

expansion, powerful ones to impose their will upon others. Plans were devised from time to time for getting along with one another, but always to fall back after a brief trial upon the primal method of tooth and claw. Such a life tends to disintegration of cultural activities, industry, esthetics, religion and social order.

The European mind was not prepared to understand a race so vastly different in character as was the native American. Its will was to subdue, to subjugate, and to convert. One can readily understand the paralysis that would overtake a non-warlike race in such an unequal conflict. To subdue was comparatively easy with the superior material equipment of horses, guns and training in destructive warfare. To convert was a different matter, involving the eradication of age-old culture. It was done most thoroughly and with the inevitable result. The soul of a race is destroyed when a foreign culture is forced upon it.

To understand how complete was the subjugation of the native American race by the European, one has only to see the abject servility of the peon Indian from Chihuahua to Peru—an enormous population hopelessly arrested. Contrast these with the tribes of the same countries and of the United States and Canada which remained unconquered, "uncivilized," those which retained their self respect in the face of the power which would inevitably destroy their tribal existence.

It seems now that this first great experiment in the evolution of human society in America is at an end. The Indian race can hardly be expected to undergo further development as an unmixed people. Its destiny would seem to be absorption into the aggressive and efficient race that broke into

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its continental isolation four centuries ago, and speedily made a pathetic wreck of its patiently evolved civilization. The best we can do is to save what we can of that priceless heritage and make every effort to comprehend it; then, since the development of our national culture is largely a process of selection from the attainments of other peoples, avail ourselves eagerly of this which came from our own soil.

The task now is to investigate and understand the Indian culture in all its phases. The material side has received most attention and the languages have been industriously studied. In the recovery and interpretation of purely spiritual survivals Alice Fletcher stood virtually alone for many years. Even yet the students specializing in this field are few, though it is the most inviting and most promising phase of American anthropological research. As the Indian disappears into the citizenship of our country it is imperative that the record of this great racial experiment be made complete and true. It is the problem of artist and poet as well as of historian and scientist; therefore Americanists welcome into their field the advent of a distinguished and numerous company of artists, in the hope and belief that ampler justice may be done to the race which has given to the world its best example of orderly, integrated racial life.

The papers in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY deal mainly with

American esthetics. Marsden Hartley's is the plea of painter, poet, and philosopher combined. Those of Mr. Walter and Mrs. Wilson indicate the increasing appreciation and use of the Indian survivals. The illustrations of over thirty paintings give some idea of the priceless contributions of the artists who are painting the southwest. They help beyond measure in arriving at a true picture of what this continent made out of its aboriginal wave of population. The Indian is the result of the first and only process of Americanization that has been carried on to completion. This may have some bearing upon practical problems of today.

America received its second wave of population from Europe, and though the time has been only four short centuries, variations from the European type have plainly occurred. These have been geographical, producing the New Englander or Yankee, the Westerner, the Southerner. This was clean-cut Americanization, pointing to the establishment of a definite new type, a white American to displace the red. The question is now suggested whether or not this orderly process of evolution of American society may not be in danger of reversal, and the Europeanization of America be accomplished by the too rapid transference to our shores of the European mentality.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.



RED MAN CEREMONIALS

AN AMERICAN PLEA FOR AMERICAN ESTHETICS

By MARSDEN HARTLEY

I

IT IS significant that all races, and primitive peoples especially, exhibit the wish somehow to inscribe their racial autograph before they depart. It is our redman who permits us to witness the signing of his autograph with the beautiful gesture of his body in the form of the symbolic dance which he and his forefathers have practiced through the centuries, making the name America something to be remembered among the great names of the world and of time. It is the redman who has written down our earliest known history, and it is of his symbolic and esthetic endeavors that we should be most reasonably proud. He is the one man who has shown us the significance of the poetic aspects of our original land. Without him we should still be unrepresented in the cultural development of the world. The wide discrepancies between our earliest history and our present make it an imperative issue for everyone loving the name America to cherish him while he remains among us as the only esthetic representative of our great country up to the present hour. He has indicated for all time the symbolic splendor of our plains, canyons, mountains, lakes, mesas and ravines, our forests and our native skies, with their animal inhabitants, the buffalo, the deer, the eagle, and the various other living presences in their midst. He has learned throughout the centuries the nature of our soil and has symbolized for his own religious and esthetic satisfaction all the various forms that have become benefactors to him.

Americans of this time and of time to come shall know little or nothing of their spacious land until they have sought some degree of intimacy with our first artistic relative. The red man is the one truly indigenous religionist and esthete of America. He knows every form of animal and vegetable life adhering to our earth, and has made for himself a series of striking pageantries in the form of stirring dances to celebrate them, and his relation to them. Throughout the various dances of the Pueblos of the Rio Grande those of San Felipe, Santo Domingo, San Ildefonso, Taos, Tesuque, and all the other tribes of the west and the southwest, the same unified sense of beauty prevails, and in some of the dances to a most remarkable degree. For instance, in a large pueblo like Santo Domingo, you have the dance composed of nearly three hundred people, two hundred of whom form the dance contingent, the other third a chorus, probably the largest singing chorus in the entire redman population of America. In a small pueblo like Tesuque, the theme is beautifully represented by from three to a dozen individuals, all of them excellent performers in various ways. The same quality and the same character, the same sense of beauty, prevails in all of them.

It is the little pueblo of Tesuque which has just finished its series of Christmas dances—a four-day festival celebrating with all but impeccable mastery the various identities which have meant so much to them both

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physically and spiritually—that I would here cite as an example. It is well known that once gesture is organized, it requires but a handful of people to represent multitude; and this lonely handful of redmen in the pueblo of Tesuque numbering at most but seventy-five or eighty individuals, lessened, as is the case with all of the pueblos of the country to a tragical degree by the recent invasions of the influenza epidemic, showed the interested observer, in groups of five or a dozen dancers and soloists including drummers, through the incomparable pageantry of the buffalo, the eagle, the snowbird, and other varying types of small dances, the mastery of the redman in the art of gesture, the art of symbolized pantomimic expression. It is the buffalo, the eagle, and the deer dances that show you their essential greatness as artists. You find a species of rhythm so perfected in its relation to racial interpretation, as hardly to admit of witnessing ever again the copied varieties of dancing such as we whites of the present hour are familiar with. It is nothing short of captivating artistry of first excellence, and we are familiar with nothing that equals it outside of the negro syncopation which we now know so well, and from which we have borrowed all we have of native expression.

If we had the redman sense of time in our system, we would be better able to express ourselves. We are notoriously unorganized in esthetic conception, and what we appreciate most is merely the athletic phase of bodily expression, which is of course attractive enough, but is not in itself a formal mode of expression. The redman would teach us to be ourselves in a still greater degree, as his forefathers have taught him to be himself down the

centuries, despite every obstacle. It is now as the last obstacle in the way of his racial expression that we as his host and guardian are pleasing ourselves to figure. It is as inhospitable host we are quietly urging denunciation of his pagan ceremonials. It is an inhospitable host that we are, and it is amazing enough, our wanting to suppress him. You will travel over many continents to find a more beautifully synthesized artistry than our redman offers. In times of peace we go about the world seeking out every species of life foreign to ourselves for our own esthetic or intellectual diversion, and yet we neglect on our very doorstep the perhaps most remarkable realization of beauty that can be found anywhere. It is of a perfect piece with the great artistry of all time. We have to go for what we know of these types of expression to books and to fragments of stone, to monuments and to the preserved bits of pottery we now may see under glass mostly, while here is the living remnant of a culture so fine in its appreciation of the beauty of things, under our own home eye, so near that we can not even see it.

A glimpse of the buffalo dance alone will furnish proof sufficient to you of the sense of symbolic significances in the redman that is unsurpassed. The redman is a genius in his gift of masquerade alone. He is a genius in detail, and in ensemble, and the producer of today might learn far more from him than he can be aware of except by visiting his unique performances. The redman's notion of the theatrie does not depend upon artificial appliances. He relies entirely upon the sun with its so clear light of the west and southwest to do his profiling and silhouetting for him, and he knows the sun will cooperate with every one of his inten-

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tions. He allows for the sense of mass and of detail with proper proportion, allows also for the interval of escape in mood, crediting the value of the pause with the ability to do its prescribed work for the eye and ear perfectly, and when he is finished he retires from the scene carefully to the beating of the drums, leaving the emotion to round itself out gradually until he disappears, and silence completes the picture for the eye and the brain. His staging is of the simplest, and, therefore, the most natural. Since he is sure of his rhythms, in every other dancer as well as himself, he is certain of his ensemble, and is likewise sure there will be no dead spots either in the scenario or in the presentation. His production is not a show for the amusement of the onlooker; it is a pageant for the edification of his own soul. Each man is therefore concerned with the staging of the idea, because it is his own spiritual drama in a state of enaction, and each is in his own way manager of the scene, and of the duos, trios, and ensembles, or whatever form the dances may require. It is therefore of a piece with his conception of nature and the struggle for realism is not necessary, since he is at all times the natural actor, the natural expresser of the indications and suggestions derived from the great theme of nature which occupies his mind, and body, and soul. His acting is invented by himself for purposes of his own, and it is nature that gives him the sign and symbol for the expression of life as a synthesis. He is a genius in plastic expression, and every movement of his is sure to register in the unity of the theme, because he himself is a powerful unit of the group in which he may be performing. He is esthetically a responsible factor, since it concerns him as part of the

great idea. He is leading soloist and auxiliary in one. He is the significant instrument in the orchestration of the theme at hand, and knows his body will respond to every requirement of phrasing. You will find the infants, of two and three years of age even, responding in terms of play to the exacting rhythms of the dance, just as with orientals it was the children often who wove the loveliest patterns in their rugs.

In the instance of the buffalo dance of the Tesuque Indians, contrary to what might be expected or would popularly be conceived, there is not riotry of color, but the costumes are toned rather in the sombre hues of the animal in question, and after the tone of the dark flanks of the mountains crested and avalanched with snows, looking more like buffaloes buried knee deep in white drifts than anything else one may think of. They bring you the sense of the power of the buffalo personality, the formidable beast that once stampeded the prairies around them, solemnized with austere gesturing, enveloping him with stateliness, and the silence of the winter that surrounds themselves. Three men, two of them impersonating the buffalo, the third with bow and arrow in hand, doubtless the hunter, and two women representing the mother buffalo, furnish the ensemble. Aside from an occasional note of red in girdles and minor trappings, with a softening touch of green in the pine branches in their hands, the adjustment of hue is essentially one of black and white, one of the most difficult harmonies in esthetic scales the painter encounters in the making of a picture, the most difficult of all probably, by reason of its limited range and the economic severity of color. It calls for nothing short of the

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finest perception of nuance, and it is the redman of America who knows with an almost flawless eye the natural harmonies of the life that surrounds him. He has for so long decorated his body with the hues of the earth that he has grown to be a part of them. He is a living embodiment in color of the various tonal characteristics of the landscape around him. He knows the harmonic value of a bark or a hide, or a bit of broken earth, and of the natural unpolluted coloring to be drawn out of various types of vegetable matter at his disposal. Even if he resorts to our present-day store ribbons and cheap trinkets for accessories, he does it with a view to creating the appearance of racial ensemble. He is one of the essential decorators of the world. A look at the totem poles and the prayer robes of the Indians of Alaska will convince you of that.

In the buffalo dance, then, you perceive the redman's fine knowledge of color relations, of the harmonizing of buffalo skins, of white buckskins painted with most expressively simple designs symbolizing the various earth identities, and the accompanying ornamentation of strings of shells and other odd bits having a black or a grey and white lustre. You get an adjusted relation of white which traverses the complete scale of color possibility in monochrome. The two men representing the buffalo, with buffalo heads covering their heads and faces from view down to their breasts, their bodies to the waist painted black, no sign of pencillings visible to relieve the austerity of intention, legs painted black and white, with cuffs of skunk's fur round the ankles to represent the death mask symbol, relieving the edges of the buckskin moccasins—in all this you have the notes that are necessary for

the color balance of the idea of solemnity presented to the eye. You find even the white starlike splashes here and there on backs, breasts and arms coinciding splendidly with the flecks of eagles-down that quiver in the wind down their black bodies, and the long black hair of the accompanying hunter, as flecks of foam would rise from waterfalls of dark mountain streams; and the feathers that float from the tips of the buffalo horns seem like young eaglets ready to leave the eyry, to swim for the first time the far fields of air above and below them, to traverse with skill the sunlit spaces their eyes have opened to with a fierce amazement. Even the clouds of frozen breath darting from the lips of the dancers served as an essential phase of the symbolic decoration, and the girdles of tiny conchlike shells rattling round their agile thighs made a music you were glad to hear. The sunshine fell from them, too, in scales of light, danced around the spaces enveloping them along with the flecks of eagle-down that floated away from their bodies with the vigors of the dance, floating away from their dark warm bodies, and their jet-blue hair. It is the incomparable understanding of their own inventive rhythms that inspire and impress you as spectator. It is the swift comprehension of change in rhythm given them by the drummers, the speedy response of their so living pulsating bodies, the irresistible rapport with the varying themes, that thrills and invites you to remain close to the picture. They know, as perfect artists would know, the essential value of the materials at their disposal, and the eye for harmonic relationships is as keen as the impeccable gift for rhythm which is theirs. The note of skill was again accentuated when at the close of the season's ensemble with

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a repetition of the beautiful eagle dance, there appeared two grotesqueries in the form of charming devil spirits in the hues of animals also, again in startling arrangements of black and white, with the single hint of color in the red lips of the masks that covered their heads completely from view, and from which long tails of white horsehair fell down their grey white backs—completing the feeling once again of stout animal spirits roaming through dark forests in search of sad faces, or, it may even be, of evil doers.

All these dances form the single spectacle surviving from a great race that no American can afford actually to miss, and certainly not to ignore. It is easy to conceive with what furore of amazement these spectacles would be received if they were brought for a single performance to our metropolitan stage. But they will never be seen away from the soil on which they have been conceived and perpetuated. It is with a simple cordiality the redman permits you to witness the esthetic survivals of his great race. It is the artist and the poet for whom they seem to be almost especially created, since these are probably nearest to understanding them from the point of view of finely organized expression; for it is by the artist and the poet of the first order that they have been invented and perfected. We as Americans of today would profit by assisting as much as possible in the continuance of these beautiful spectacles, rather than to assist in the calm dismissal and destruction of them. It is the gesture of a slowly but surely passing race which they themselves can not live without; just as we, if we but knew the ineffable beauty of them, would want at least to avail ourselves of a feast for the eye which no other country in existence

can offer us, and which any other nation in the world would be only too proud to cherish and to foster.

II

We are not, I think, more than vaguely conscious of what we possess in these redman festivities, by way of esthetic prize. It is with pain that one hears rumors of official disapproval of these rare and invaluable ceremonials. Those familiar with human psychology understand perfectly that the one necessary element for individual growth is freedom to act according to personal needs. Once an opposition of any sort is interposed, you get a blocked aspect of evolution, you get a withered branch, and it may even be a dead root. All sorts of complexes and complexities occur. You get deformity, if not complete helplessness and annihilation. I can not imagine what would happen to the redman if his one racial gesture were denied him, if he were forbidden to perform his symbolic dances from season to season. It is a survival that is as spiritually imperative to him as it is physically and emotionally necessary. I can see a whole flood of exquisite inhibitions heaped up for burial and dry rot within the caverns and the interstices of his soul. He is a rapidly disappearing splendor, despite the possible encouragement of statistics. He needs the dance to make his body live out its natural existence, precisely as he needs the air for his lungs and blood for his veins. He needs to dance as we need to laugh to save ourselves from fixed stages of morbidity and disintegration. It is the laughter of his body that he insists upon, as well as depends upon. A redman deprived of his racial gesture is unthinkable. You would have him soon the bleached car-

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cass in the desert out of which death moans, and from which the lizard crawls. It would be in the nature of direct race suicide. He needs protection therefore rather than disapproval. It is as if you clipped the wing of the eagle, and then asked him to soar to the sun, to cut a curve on the sky with the instrument dislodged; or as if you asked the deer to roam the wood with its cloven hoofs removed. You can not cut the main artery of the body and expect it to continue functioning. Depriving the redman of his one enviable gesture would be cutting the artery of racial instinct, emptying the beautiful chamber of his soul of its enduring consciousness. The window would be opened and the bird flown to a dead sky. It is simply unthinkable. The redman is essentially a thankful and a religious being. He needs to celebrate the gifts his heaven pours upon him. Without them he would in short perish, and perish rapidly, having no breath to breathe, and no further need for survival. He is already in process of disappearance from our midst, with the attempts toward assimilation.

Inasmuch as we have the evidence of a fine aristocracy among us still, it would seem as if it behooved us as a respectable host to let the redman guest entertain himself as he will, as he sublimely does, since as guardians of such exceptional charges we can not seem to entertain them. There is no logical reason why they should accept an inferior hospitality, other than with the idea of not inflicting themselves upon a strange host more than is necessary. The redman in the aggregate is an example of the peaceable and unobtrusive citizen; we would not presume to interfere with the play of children in the sunlight. They are among the beautiful children of the world in their

harmlessness. They are among the aristocracy of the world in the matters of ethics, morals, and etiquette. We forget they are vastly older, and in symbolic ways infinitely more experienced than ourselves. They do not share in tailor-made customs. They do not need imposed culture, which is essentially inferior to their own. Soon we shall see them written on tablets of stone, along with the Egyptians and the others among the races that have perished. The esthetics of the redman have been too particular to permit of universal understanding, and of universal adaptation. It is the same with all primitives, who invent regimes and modes of expression for themselves according to their own specific psychological needs. We encourage every other sign and indication of beauty toward the progress of perfection. Why should not we encourage a race that is beautiful by the proof of centuries to remain the unoffensive guest of the sun and the moon and the stars while they may? As the infant prodigy among races, there is much that we could inherit from these people if we could prove ourselves more worthy and less egotistic.

The artist and the poet of perception come forward with heartiest approval and it is the supplication of the poet and the artist which the redman needs most of all. Science looks upon him as a phenomenon; esthetics looks upon him as a giant of masterful expression in our midst. The redman is poet and artist of the very first order among the geniuses of time. We have nothing more native at our disposal than the beautiful creations of this people. It is singular enough that the as yet remote black man contributes the only native representation of rhythm and melody we possess. As an intelli-

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gent race, we are not even sure we want to welcome him as completely as we might, if his color were just a shade warmer, a shade nearer our own. We have no qualms about yellow and white and the oriental intermediate hues. We may therefore accept the redman without any of the prejudices peculiar to other types of skin, and we may accept his contribution to our culture as a most significant and important one. We haven't even begun to make use of the beautiful hints in music alone which he has given to us. We need, and abjectly so I may say, an esthetic concept of our own. Other nations of the world have long since accepted Congo originality. The world has yet to learn of the originality of the redman, and we who have him as our guest, knowing little or nothing of his powers and the beauty he confers on us by his remarkable esthetic propensities, should be the first to welcome and to foster him. It is not enough to admit of archaeological curiosity. We need to admit, and speedily, the rare and excellent esthetics in our midst a part of our own intimate scene. The redman is a spiritual expresser of very vital issues. If his pottery and his blankets offer the majority but little, his ceremonials do contribute to the comparative few who can perceive a spectacle we shall not see the equal of in history again. It would help at least a little toward proving to the world around us that we are not so young a country as we might seem, nor yet as diffident as our national attitude would seem to indicate. The smile alone of the redman is the light of our rivers, plains, canyons, and mountains. He has the calm of all our native earth. It is from the earth all things rise. It is our geography that makes us Americans of the present,

children. We are the product of a day. The redman is the product of withered ages. He has written and is still writing a very impressive autograph on the waste places of history. It would seem to me to be a sign of modernism in us to preserve the living esthetic splendors in our midst. Every other nation has preserved its inheritances. We need likewise to do the same. It is not enough to put the redman as a specimen under glass along with the auk and the dinosaur. He is still alive and longing to live. We have lost the buffalo and the beaver and we are losing the redman, also, and all these are fine symbols of our own native richness and austerity. The redman will perpetuate himself only by the survival of his own customs for he will never be able to accept customs that are as foreign to him as ours are and must always be; he will never be able to accept a culture which is inferior to his own.

In the esthetic sense alone, then, we have the redman as a gift. As Americans we should accept the one American genius we possess, with genuine alacrity. We have upon our own soil something to show the world as our own, while it lives. To restrict the redman now would send him to an unrighteous oblivion. He has at least two contributions to confer, a very aristocratic notion of religion, and a superb gift for stylistic expression. He is the living artist in our midst, and we need not think of him as merely the anthropological variation or as an archacological diversion merely. He proves the importance of synthetic registration in peoples. He has created his system for himself from substance on through outline down to every convincing detail. We are in a position always of selecting details in the hope

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of constructing something usable for ourselves. It is the superficial approach. We are imitators because we have by nature or force of circumstance to follow, and improve upon, if we can. We merely "impose" something. We can not improve upon what the redman offers us in his own way. To "impose" something—that is the modern culture. The interval of imposition is our imaginary interval of creation. The primitives created a complete cosmos for themselves, an entire principle. I want merely, then, esthetic recognition in full of the contribution of the red man as artist, as one of the finest artists of time; the poetic redman ceremonialist, celebrant of the universe as he sees it, and master among masters of the art of symbolic gesture. It is pitiable to dismiss him from our midst. He needs rather royal invitation to remain and to persist, and he can persist only by expressing himself in his own natural and distinguished way, as is the case with all peoples, and all individuals, indeed.

A national esthetic consciousness is

a sadly needed element in American life. We are not nearly as original as we fool ourselves into thinking. We imbibe superficially, and discard without proper digestion the food that we are ignorant of. We have the excellent encouragement of redman esthetics to establish ourselves firmly with an esthetic consciousness of our own. It is with us in possibility at least, as it is with all peoples. It is time to begin now, for the exceptional American that is to represent us a hundred years hence will want far finer example to build upon than we have with us now. The indication as the outcome of the war, of the American that is to come is as disconcerting as it is flattering. We shall need something to offer him in the way of an arrived culture. The redman proves to us what native soil will do. Our soil is as beautiful and as distinguished as any in the world. We must therefore be the discoverers of our own wealth as an esthetic factor, and it is the redman that offers us the way to go.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.



THE FIESTA OF SANTA FE

By PAUL A. F. WALTER

A TAPESTRY upon which late Summer and early Autumn had flung and mingled their colors—in which pine-clad Sierras and tawny foothills, turquoise skies, desert sunshine, cloud argosies, and flashes of lightning were the warp, while the romance of a thousand throbbing years was the woof—such must be the memory of the *Santa Fe Fiesta*.

Those who were witnesses as well as those who took part carried away rich impressions. They marveled that such things could be within the bounds of the United States, even in a spot so favored and in so wonderful a setting. It is true *Santa Fe* has had pageants, it has had processions; it had, about half a century ago, a spectacular celebration of a so-called "TERTIO-MILLENNIAL"; but it never had before a Fiesta which integrated in logical and chronological sequence the essence of the centuries which had swept over the Ancient City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi.

It was the first time that a real effort was made to lay the foundation for a consistent conservation of the splendid Pueblo Indian ceremonials and religious drama. That this was accomplished is the most important result of the Fiesta.

Up to a few weeks before the Fiesta, it was still debated whether *Santa Fe* should inaugurate an annual pageant, or whether it should again postpone to "mañana"—next year—the observance of the day which as long ago as 1712 the Marquis de la Panuela, then Governor of New Mexico, had proclaimed as the anniversary of the reconquest by Don Diego de Vargas, and

which he then enjoined the people of the Capital to celebrate annually thereafter on September 13th.

The leaders in community enterprises at *Santa Fe* shared the prevalent idea as to the great expense and the hard work deemed necessary to stage a pageant worthy of the City and its traditions. The undertaking seemed too formidable, and the Chamber of Commerce voted to abandon it for the current year.

It remained for the Director of the *School of American Research* and of the *Museum of New Mexico* to suggest a plan for a Fiesta that would be epoch-making for the community and yet entail comparatively little expense, and for which the work of preparation could be done in a few weeks. He made it clear that the setting which Nature has blessed *Santa Fe* with is so spectacular and dramatic that no artificial stage tinsel or artifices would be needed. The average pageant is too much of a theatrical performance by people who undergo long training, and who are puppets bound by scenario and minute directions of stage directors.

The Director on the other hand unfolded a vision of a Folk Festival that should be a spontaneous expression of the genius and character of the races which had contributed to the culture of the Southwest, a Fiesta in which all the people and the landscape as well would be the essential elements, while the pageantry episodes were to be merely the focus around which this life would unfold in all its varied picturesqueness and color. He outlined with broad strokes a three days' Fiesta which would visualize the cultures that had succes-



The Opening Ceremony:

sively arisen, developed and mingled within sight of *Santa Fe*. He wanted to sum up artistically and impressively, and yet so simply that even a child might grasp it, the factors which made *Santa Fe* its own beautiful self, a city distinctively American, and yet quaint, attractive, unlike any other city in the United States.

Foremost of all, however, he wanted to demonstrate that it is decidedly worth while, no matter from what standpoint viewed, to preserve the rapidly passing PUEBLO CEREMONIAL DRAMA. He also pointed out that this could be done inexpensively and efficiently with a minimum amount of drudgery by assigning an episode, or a sequence of events, on one day to each

of the local institutions or civic organizations willing to contribute to the success of the *Fiesta*.

So it came about that the first day of the *Fiesta* was devoted to the *Indian Scenes, Ceremonials and Episodes*, of the days "Before *Santa Fe* Was." The second day was given to "*Santa Fe Antigua*," with its Spanish flavor; while the third day was significant of "*Santa Fe Moderna*" and its intense American patriotism, culminating in a welcome home to the 17,000 and more men from New Mexico who had served in the Great War.

At a total expenditure of less than two thousand dollars, after only four weeks of preparation crowded into the time that busy individuals could spare



The War Dance.

from their routine occupations—after and before office hours—*Santa Fe* not only presented, but itself thoroughly enjoyed, a *Fiesta* which made a deep impression upon visitors, which has given the Capital City of New Mexico favorable and far-flung publicity in motion pictures, in illustrated magazines and daily papers; and which, most of all, has built foundations for earnest efforts to preserve for future generations to admire, to study, and to enjoy, the dramatic expressions of Indian folklore, life, and thought.

Santiago Naranjo, the Sage of Santa Clara, lifted the ceremonial wand toward the Sky Father, late in the afternoon of Thursday, September 11th, 1919, as a signal that the *Fiesta* had begun, and that his people should as-

semble for the ancient Racing Ceremony. Heavy clouds were flinging out white streamers from the eastern world mountain, the Lake Peak, and argosies of cloud ships were racing toward the western world mountain of the *Tewas*—stately El Pelado—a silent prelude to the drama which was about to unfold before the great throng of spectators.

Santiago, crowned with a wreath of green corn leaves, clad in ceremonial costume and carrying a wand with streamers, eagle feathers, and other symbolic insignia, took his position at the western goal of the race course. The four world mountains had been indicated symbolically where Palace and Lincoln Avenues crossed, between and in front of the New Museum and the Old Palace. *Tewas* and *Keres*

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lined the race course. A hush fell over the crowd as the first runners, lithe figures of bronze color, came speeding toward the western goal. The hues of arm bands distinguished the Summer from the Winter people. To and fro they darted like the lightning, scudding like the clouds above them, one set of racers taking the place of another at intervals. First Summer seemed in the ascendancy, but gradually the Winter racers gained and finally triumphed, for was not Autumn at the door and Winter's coming inevitable? It was a thrilling, significant spectacle, dramatizing the procession and the conflict of the seasons.

For the first time the Pueblos away from their Kivas and "Casas" were giving their ceremonies, some of them quite rare, in all their detail and gorgeous panoply, and with the verve and solemnity that characterize them on their native heath. It was apparent that the performers were very much in earnest, paying no attention to the motion picture camera-men and battery of photographers that were stationed at every vantage point. The presentation includes a fervent prayer for rain.

It was indeed a coincidence that a shower fell immediately after the rite, despite the United States Weather Bureau prediction of fair weather for the entire week repeated each morning. This happened again on each of the three days of the *Fiesta* when rain fell after the Indians' dramatic prayer for moisture, although official "fair weather" predictions had been posted and published, as the official Weather Bureau records will show. To the Indians it was more than a coincidence; it was the answer to an invocation, and each succeeding rite was staged with impressive sincerity.

The sky cleared before sundown, and the Tewas from San Ildefonso put on

the Sioux War Dance, rich in color and movement, with brisk rhythm led by beating of drums and accompanied by chanting accented with yells resembling those of coyotes. Tradition has it that the ceremony is derived from the Sioux; but if it is, it has been modified by the Tewas, who, however, are excellent mimics. The drama is not an expression of hate or savage blood lust, but an invocation for victory and the return of peace.

The poetic "Bow and Arrow" Dance introduced the evening program. It was given by the Tewas from Kapo (Santa Clara). It was a veritable vision of grace and power. The lighting of the stage threw the dancers into high relief against the arches of the trees and the darkness of the night. The rhythmic cadences of the chorus, the beating of the drums, the pantomime of the dancers, gave the feeling of "other worldness" which was emphasized even to a greater extent in the "Matachina" that followed.

As given at the *Santa Fe Fiesta*, the Matachina was an incomparably beautiful "Mystery" which held the vast throng entranced for almost two hours. Simple and direct in its theme, like a Greek Drama, it also reflected the religious fervor of the Indian and much of the color that is part of his primitive life. To the performers—the Keres from Cochiti (Cochiteñas)—under the direction of their Governor, a handsome and gallant figure, a veritable god in mien and stature, the rite was a contest between Good and Evil, between Day and Night, between Summer and Winter, between Life and Death, in which the Good, the Light, and the Life finally triumphed. The story of the pantomime as told by the Cochiteñas is that the Princess Malinche, given in marriage to Cortez by Moteczuma, fell under the influence of El

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Toro (the Bull), Spirit of Malevolence, and at the behest of Cortez persuaded her father to desert his people, the Aztecs. Her grandfather (El Abuelo) vainly pleads with her and is finally slain by El Toro after a spirited contest. However, the Grandfather as a Koshare (ancestral spirit), returns from the land of the Ancients, and his promptings work a change of heart in Malinche who leads Moctezuma back to his people.

Somehow in this dance are woven much of the philosophy, many of the hopes, and the stalwart faith of the Indian, and no matter what the origin, the genius of the Pueblo has stamped it with his own spirit. But for the melodic character of the musical accompaniment, one would reject the explanation that the "Matachina" is a new world version of a Dance of southern Europe, brought to Mexico in the days of Cortez and thence to the Rio Grande Pueblos. Originally it was performed during Lent, but at San Ildefonso it is a Christmas Day rite performed in the forenoon. In primitive days rattles were furnished for the sole musical accompaniment, and at the *Santa Fe Fiesta* every one of the hooded and masked dancers beat his own accompaniment with a rattle held in one hand. A chorus, however, including a violin and a guitar, wailed out a weird, throbbing melody, never ceasing from start to finish.

The three groups—dancers, chorus, and the Katchina figures—kept separate through all the amazing figures of the dance and movements of the pantomime. The setting was indescribable in its unpremeditated grandeur, for during the entire evening there were swiftly recurring flashes of lightning that lit up the dense foliage of the background, and sonorous rolls of thunder that reverberated over the

mountain crests. The last note of the chorus still lingered when a terrific downpour of rain drenched the players, and drove the crowds to seek the shelter of the Palace portals and the art galleries of the Museum.

The *School of American Research* scored more than a local triumph in arranging for these Indian ceremonies. It at the same time fortified the reverence and faith of the Pueblos in the dignity and beauty of their native ceremonies and drama.

The second day devoted to "*Santa Fe Antigua*" was warm and sunny. Don Diego de Vargas and his cavalcade gathered early in the forenoon at the historic Rosario Chapel on the western outskirts of the City. They marched into town over an ancient highway. In front of the Kit Carson monument they were joined by the Franciscans. It was an imposing procession that came down Lincoln Avenue from the Federal Building and passed between the Museum Buildings whose balconies and roofs were as crowded as the streets and Plaza below.

Don Diego de Vargas, in the person of a lineal descendant of one of the Conquistadores, was appareled in glittering Spanish uniform—a brave figure on his charger—leading the cavalcade of Spanish knights, followed by the humble Franciscans on foot in their simple brown habit, girl with hempen rope—recalling that eighty years before Plymouth Rock, sixty-seven years before Jamestown, three Franciscan missionaries had suffered martyrdom in New Mexico. At the Plaza the Indian Chiefs, in their most brilliantly colored war bonnets and ancient finery, met the proud Conquerors and the foot-weary monks. A huge wooden Cross was erected by the Franciscans. At its foot knelt De Vargas before mounting the platform to proclaim forgiveness to the



Entry of De Vargas into Santa Fe.

Indian rebels and protection to the Spanish colonists and missionaries.

The diversions which followed featured the old Spanish Plaza Market under the auspices of the Woman's Board of Trade. The Knights of Columbus had taken the Franciscan scene, and the De Vargas Association had staged the Conquerors. All afternoon the Plaza hummed with gaiety. There was band music, and there was strumming of guitar and mandolin, with Spanish strains on the violin by an old Mexican virtuoso.

Under the Palace portals sat Indian vendors of pottery and beadwork. At the eastern entrance were long tables on which were served peppery viands of Spanish culinary skill. In the aspen and cedar Summer houses which lined the curb opposite the Palace, fortunes

were told by Spanish gypsies. Blossoms were offered by Spanish flower girls; illumined postcards painted by members of the local art colony, together with other distinctive souvenirs, were on sale. The patio of the Palace became a Spanish tea garden in which ices and sweets were served, while beautiful maidens in Spanish costume danced the "Fandango," "Lupita," "Tripola Tripoli," "Baile de las Flores," "La Paloma," "Seguidilla," "Manchegas," and other figures, some very old, some new, all of them romantic and graceful.

Indians, Spaniards, Cowboys, all types and nationalities, mingled in joyous carnival spirit—a moving, stirring, kaleidoscopic grouping of humanity in the stupendous amphitheatre of the snow-tipped Sangre de Cristo Moun-



Raising the Cross.

ains, yellow foothills, and lush green valley orchards, which surrounded the Plaza and historic adobe structures of the Ancient City.

The festivities of the third and last day of the *Fiesta* were ushered in by signals from Fort Marcy, repeated from the roof of the Palace, announcing that General Kearny and his troops were approaching over the Santa Fe Trail—to put the stamp of finality upon the American Occupation. The Mexican officials took position in the Plaza to greet the invaders. They were joined by the Indians of the nearby Pueblos. General Kearny, Colonel Doniphan, and the other officers of the American army wore the rather theatrical uniform of the Mexican War period. General Kearny addressed the populace

and the acting governor of the Mexican regime replied through an interpreter in words of dignified surrender. Amidst vociferous enthusiasm, and to the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the Mexican flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes raised over the Palace. Horse racing, sports, and old Spanish games, together with the Plaza Market, filled the rest of the morning's program. The Kearny scene was put on under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Santa Fe Woman's Club.

Citizenship of the nation—of which this southwestern land has become finally and for all time a part, devotion to its ideals, and loyalty to its flag—this was the key-note of the next stage of the ceremonies, given with the pomp



Entry of General Kearny into Santa Fe.



Admiral Benson, General Barnett and Indian Chiefs.

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and solemnity of official sanction, proclaiming the *Santa Fe* of today, and what she and the State whose ancient capital she is, stand for. In the afternoon the children from all the Santa Fe schools, to the strains of martial music and with myriads of flags flying, marched around the Plaza, past the stage upon which were seated an American Admiral and General, both distinguished for conspicuous service in the great war and now the honored guests of the State, the Governor and all other State officials, the Liberty Chorus surrounded by an escort of New Mexico's war veterans, members of the American Legion. Addresses of welcome to the returned soldiers, sailors, and marines from New Mexico, and appropriate responses, filled the hearts of the people with patriotic pride, as they realized what an indelible record their sons had written upon the page of history, and with what splendid proofs they had established, in spirit as well as in name, the place of this former Spanish colony as an integral part of the American Union.

A reception and tea for the guests of honor, given by the Woman's Museum Board in the art galleries and reception room of the New Museum, signalized the formal opening of the fifth annual Taos and *Santa Fe* Art Exhibition. It proved the most notable social and art event in the long line of similar occasions in the New Museum since its dedication two years ago.

Storm clouds gathered in the evening, but nevertheless the program which was

to review a thousand years of Southwestern culture history was opened on the Plaza platform with the Basket Dance of the Tewas from Santa Clara. This rare ceremony, the first of the Winter Season, was given with full ritual detail and with consummate grace—it being a drama in which both sexes took part. It was continued in the Saint Francis Auditorium of the New Museum, into which nearly 1,200 storm-driven people crowded, while other thousands viewed the art exhibits. The Eagle and Basket ceremonies, historic and patriotic tableaux, Spanish dances, songs by the Liberty Chorus, held the multitude until the closing vision of "Fair New Mexico," impersonated by a statuesque New Mexico beauty, and the singing of two New Mexico songs, one of them composed by a member of the *Santa Fe Society* of the *Archaeological Institute*, closed the *Fiesta*.

The consensus of visitors, townspeople and press is that the *Santa Fe Fiesta* was an event of unique attractiveness and significance, which will annually attract more and more people of discriminating taste. It was demonstrated that dignified and close adherence to historical facts and primitive ceremonials, and not mere sporting events and romantic pageantry, will afford the features which make the *Fiesta* distinctive and widely appreciated. As to its transcendent service toward conserving the primitive Indian drama and superb ceremonials, all are of one mind.

Santa Fe, N. M.

THE SURVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT ART

By OLIVE WILSON

ALTHOUGH one sees a painful ugliness and a pitiful lack of invention in most of the small pieces of pottery, and in many of the larger ones, in the shops of the curio dealers, there are still a few real artists left among the Indian Pottery makers of New Mexico and Arizona.

To find the clays, to mix them in proper proportions; to beat and pound and sift again and again till they are as fine as flour with no hard bits to spoil the finished product, requires a certain knowledge as well as a cultivated intuition.

To form the desired shape by building up the wet clay coil upon coil, at the same time keeping the outline smooth and even, and moulding the inside surface with the left hand; to paint, using the simplest colors, design-

ing the pattern and fitting its parts accurately to the size and form of the vessel—this requires the eye and hand of an artist.

One is amazed by the geometric accuracy of line and curve. The arrangement of the design and the use of colors satisfy the most exacting demands of good taste and desire for beauty.

Museums collect and display specimens of the handiwork of the cliff people, the forefathers of the present Pueblo Indians, where one may see the forms and designs of the past, beautiful, varied, full of meaning, presenting to the mind of the student a wealth of symbolism that brings a constantly deepening desire to examine, to study, and if possible to learn the real mind of the race that produced these things.



Figure 1.—Beginning the Day's Work.



Figure 2.—Final Touches.

So it is when they follow the old paths, using with knowledge the old symbolic designs, that the pottery makers of the present reach the highest possibilities of their craft.

The Tewa people have always been pottery makers, and there are still good artists among them, as a glance at the illustrations will show. All of these examples except those in the



Figure 3.—Painting and Polishing.

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lower group of No. 7 were made by the members of one family, and from them we have learned some of the secrets of their craft.

The clays are brought from a distance and mixed with fine sand, and only enough for one day's work is wet at a time. It is carefully kept from contact with the ground, for one small bit of earth may bring ruin to the finest piece.

The moulding is done on an old plate or sometimes on a bit of a basket covered thickly with dry clay.

The processes of modeling, painting, and polishing are shown in the first,

down from one generation to another.

The black paint is made by boiling the mountain bee plant into a thick paste. Certain minerals known to the Indian artists furnish the white and red colors. Brushes of Yucca fibre are used, and the artist uses neither pattern nor example in working out his design.

When the painting is finished, the pieces are arranged on stones or bricks in the open where a wood fire has burned to a bed of coals.

Large flat cakes of manure are then piled around and over them, and in an



Figure 4.—Firing.

second, and third illustrations. When the form is complete it is set aside to dry for twenty-four hours. Then it is smoothed and rubbed with a small polishing stone. These stones come to be very highly prized, and are handed

hour or so the firing is complete. While they are still warm, grease is rubbed into them, and a final polishing with a soft cloth makes them ready for use.

One has only to watch these careful workers from the beginning to the end



Figure 5.—Ollas and Tinajas.



Figure 6.—Bowls of various shapes and sizes.



Figure 7.—Small Forms, Exquisite Designs.

of this process to be convinced that with them pottery making is really a fine art.

The designs are the outgrowth of the religious conceptions of the Indian, with whom everything in nature is hallowed by association with divine powers. His world is bounded by the

mountains of the "Four World Quarters." The birds, beasts, and plants share his life in nature. Water is the greatest necessity of his life, and it is the greatest gift that nature can bring. Therefore, on food bowl and water jar, symbols of the mountains, the rain altar, the clouds, the rain, the bird and



Figure 8.—Good and Bad Indian Pottery.

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the serpent are repeated again and again in ever-changing combinations.

The ten examples in Figure 6 show a variety of form and richness of design which demonstrate the ability of the Indian mind to produce countless patterns with his comparatively few motives.

Figure 7 indicates their skill in adapting patterns to small forms, and yet keeping them distinctive. Unfortunately the decorative design in black on the rich dark red is indistinct in the photograph.

The pieces in the lower row, Figure 8, are shown as a horrible example of the influence of the white man on Indian Art.

Every one of them can be traced to an article designed for the white man's use. The cream pitchers and the cuspidor are only less offensive than the imitation "Billiken" which is exploited

commercially as the "Indian Rain God," but which is of Mexican origin.

The handsome rectangular sacred meal bowl in the upper row, with its fine proportions and well arranged beautifully executed design, is a genuine Indian form and is associated with a ceremony of daily occurrence in their homes,—the scattering of the sacred meal to the six directions.

The fine metallic luster on the black undecorated ware, Figure No. 9, shows a distinct advance over anything we have found of the prehistoric time, with the exception of that found in Chihuahua, and rarely in Central America.

The process of manufacture is the same as that described above, except that in firing a smothered fire is used and the firing continued several hours. The fine metallic luster is produced by long and patient burnishing.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Figure 9.—Black Undecorated Ware.



To the Land of Sipoelue, by Julius Rolshoven.



The Trumpet Dance, by H. Margaret George.

RECENT SOUTHWESTERN ART

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

THE year 1919 will be known as one of splendid activity in *Art* in the *Southwest*. The Art Museum at Santa Fe, which serves as a sort of regional clearing house, has hung not less than thirty-eight exhibitions during the year, and has given first exhibition to over eleven hundred paintings. The remarkable range of subjects and treatment speaks of the exploration of vast new fields with infinite courage and joy.

This season has witnessed the most ambitious undertakings in the history of *Southwestern Art*, and the most noteworthy achievements. No landscape was too mysterious, no color too bewildering, no phase of human life too subtle, for the brushes seeking new endeavours. Some conceptions rose to epic proportions and character and were executed with brilliant success.

One notices with great satisfaction that the purely picturesque or spectacular aspects of the Indian culture no longer make the strongest appeal. There is a marked increase in Indian portraiture and in the painting of the Indian ceremonies. Here the artist is

attacking his most difficult problems, both of technique and interpretation. Moreover, with the inevitable disappearance of the pure Indian types, and the final disintegration of the ceremonies, these become priceless records.

One wishes that some provision existed for an adequate presentation of the entire annual output of art in the Southwest. Nothing less can show the proportions attained by this movement, or the high character of the work being done by the group of men and women now painting in New Mexico. The steadily increasing representation of this group in the annual exhibitions throughout the country as well as in the permanent gallery collections is a gratifying sign. The best that can be done here is to show one example from each of some thirty of the artists who are painting the Southwest. Many more have done noteworthy work in the same field. It is with keen regret that any are omitted.

It was inevitable that this region should eventually impress itself powerfully upon the art of America. It is a country of irresistible character; strong,

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compelling, elemental. It may be said of most parts of our country that the incoming population "possessed" the land. Here the process was reversed. The country "possessed" the settlers. In many sections the impress of nearly four centuries of European civilization is not discernible. Successively it molded to its own definite character the Indians, Mexicans, trappers and traders, frontiersmen, cowboys—all those of its long, romantic past. Now just as surely it is shaping to its own type the present population and institutions. How such a land would influence the artist and poet could be predicted with certain assurance from its reaction upon all its previous discoverers and explorers.

While Santa Fe and Taos are the principal centers of this activity, the whole Southwest is attracting artists and writers. Santa Fe has attained to a unique place. Its dominant interest is in its cultural assets—its Art, Archaeology, Architecture, and History. This probably could be said of no other city in America—certainly of no other State capital. No other interest is so constantly under discussion by the people. The daily newspaper (*The Santa Fe New Mexican*) makes this group of topics the subject of daily news and comment and gives more space propor-

tionately to this class of matter than any other daily newspaper in the United States.

Those who have the good fortune to watch the development of the *South-western Art* movement from year to year have a conviction that they are witnessing something that is destined to a high place in the history of American art, something of which the artists themselves are for the most part unconscious, even as the makers of history are usually unaware of the importance of the events in which they are participating. It is a great privilege to live in the midst of such a movement and to have any kind of part in encouraging it. In a time of abnormal stress in politics and economics, one can but hail with delight a strong new impulse in esthetic life, vigorous enough to challenge the supremacy of commercialism and compel attention to what is worth while in life outside the too absorbing field of material welfare. One feels like invoking the interest of the entire country in this great movement. These artists are producers in the finest sense—producers of what should be one of the most vital things in life. Their achievements are those of which we may most justly be proud, and should be rewarded with the most substantial support of a grateful people.



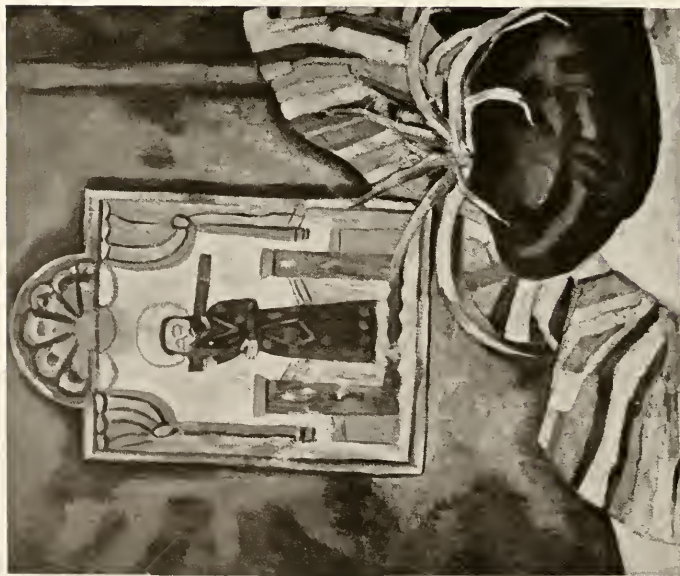
Dancing figures.—Bas-reliefs by H. Margaret George.



Indian Woman, by William Penkallow Henderson.



Ancestral Spirits, by John Sloan.



El Santo, by Marsden Hartley



Indian Boy, by Robert Henri.



Navajo Weaver, by Gerald Cassidy.



O-Koo-Wah-Wee-Dee, by Louise Crow.



War Cloud, by E. L. Blumenschein.



Tales of Ancient Taos, by Victor Higgins.



The Enchanted Mesa, by A. L. Groll.



Edge of the Foot Hills, by O. E. Berninghaus.



Pueblo Gate, by J. I. Sacha.



The Washerwoman's Family, by Bert Phillips.



Winter at Bishops Lodge, by Gladys V. Mitchell.



An Old Church-Yard, by Fremont Ellis.



The Hopi Snake Dance, by Randall Davey.



Apache Ration Day, by J. H. Sharp.



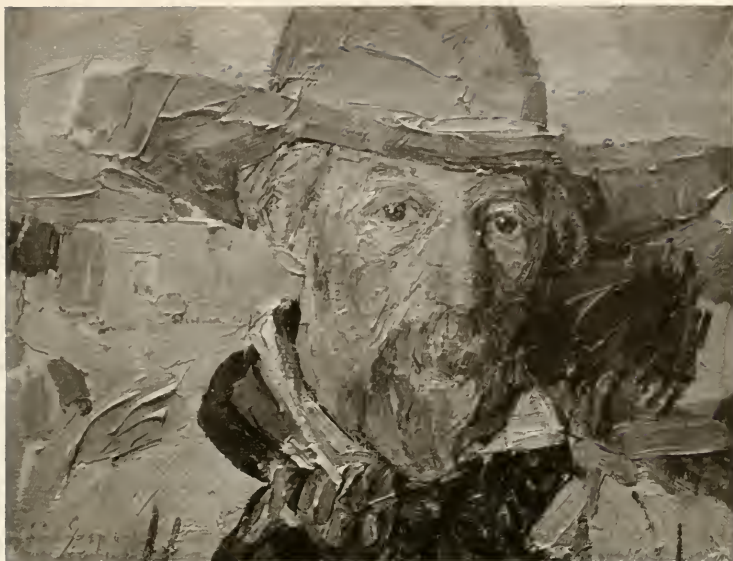
Adobe House, by M. M. Bailey.



Adobe House in Santa Fe, by E. A. Eisenlohr.



Toas Pueblo, by Carlos Vierra.



Portrait of Sheldon Parsons, by Leon Gaspard.



The Scout, by W. H. Dunton.



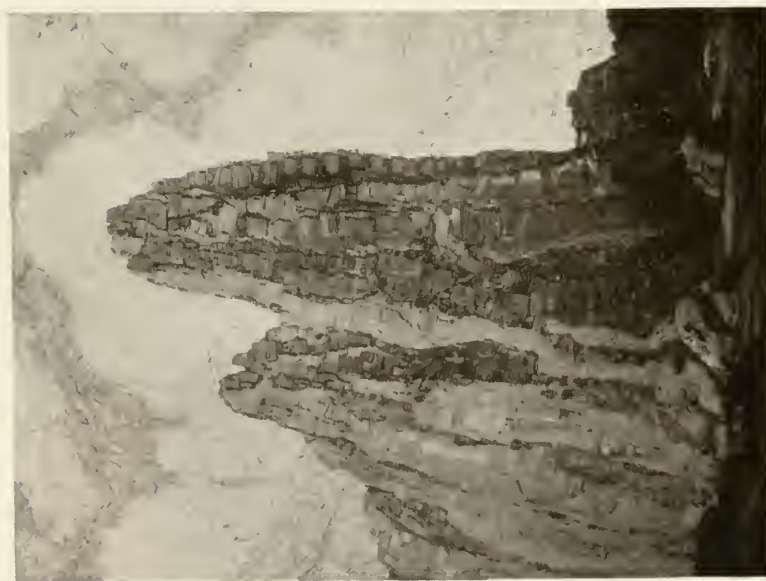
Hunting Quail, by J. E. Couse.



The Pinon Dance, by B. J. O. Nordfeldt.



The Monument—Canyon de Chelly, by Sheldon Parsons.



Temple of the Great Spirit, by Birger Sandzen.



Day of the Deer Dance, by Gustav Baumann.



Going East (Winner of Logan Prize), by Walter Ufer.



The Winnower, by Lee F. Hersch.



The Corn Dance, Santo Domingo, by Allan True.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America

THE 1919 General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America was held at the University of Pittsburgh, December 29-31, in conjunction with the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the American Philological Association. The Annual Meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute was held Monday, December 29th. Among the papers read at the various sessions we shall publish from time to time those of especial interest to readers of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. "America in the Evolution of Human Society," by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, appears in this number, and "Stonehenge Revisited," by Wallace N. Stearns, will be a feature for our March issue.

Activities of the Arts Club of Washington

Among the interesting events announced by the Arts Club of Washington during January are:

Illustrated Lectures at the Fortnightly Salon, January 6 and 20, by Mr. Horace M. Albright, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, on the "Geology and Fauna of the Yellowstone," and by Dr. Henry S. Washington, of the Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory, on "Some Recent Archaeology in Rome." Dr. Washington participated some years ago in the excavations of the Argive Heraeum conducted by the Archaeological Institute and the American School at Athens. The Arts Club Players will give a presentation of Short Plays at the Post Office Theatre on the evening of January 30th.

The Twentieth International Congress of Americanists

The Twentieth International Congress of Americanists, postponed during the War, will be held in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, June 18-25, 1920. Subscriptions for membership (\$5.00) should be sent to the Secretary, Geographic Society Building, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

International Exhibition of Carnegie Institute

The Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, has announced plans for an International Exhibition during April and May, 1920. These exhibitions have held a unique place in American art. They are the only annual international exhibitions in America and they are the climax, so to speak, of the art season, since they are not opened until late April when all the other exhibitions have closed.

Activities of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

With the new year the Corcoran Gallery of Art made an auspicious beginning of a season which promises a great deal of interest and value to the art world and the general public.

During the month of January was shown the Seventh Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings. This assemblage of current painting proved to

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be of such importance that a special article, generously illustrated, will appear in the March number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY by Mr. Virgil Barker.

At the same time was shown a comprehensive group of sculpture by Paul Manship. Mr. Manship is unquestionably one of this country's most brilliant sculptors, and his work made a splendid showing in the large room specially decorated for the event.

On the twenty-fifth of January the Gallery closed its doors for a short time in order to put back in place its own collections. At the time of its re-opening, about February tenth, will begin an exhibit of the work of Charles H. Woodbury, one of our best-known artists and a member of the Jury for the Contemporary Exhibition. It is expected that this show will comprise oils, water-colors, drawings, and etchings.

Following this, probably about March first, will come a group of approximately sixty pictures, chiefly by leading American painters, comprising a part of the private collection of Mr. Duncan Phillips, of Washington. This will prove of great interest, as the important collection in course of formation by Mr. Phillips for many years has never been publicly exhibited.

About a month later will occur a showing of the paintings by W. Elmer Schofield. One example of his work was included in the Contemporary Exhibition; but this collection of canvases all his own will afford an exceptional opportunity to take the measure of the accomplishment and development of this talented painter.

In addition to the foregoing exhibits definitely scheduled, the Corcoran Gallery is planning a series of smaller exhibits of drawings, etchings, and the like. Details of these are not yet ready for announcement, but they will all play their part in increasing the importance of the Gallery's share in the general artistic activities of our country this year.

Saving the Excavations in Corinth

Archaeologists frequently encounter problems of engineering in the course of delving beneath the encrustations of time, but it is hardly fair to ask them to be city drainage experts. Conditions endangering alike important archaeological work and the health of the city menaced old Corinth recently. As is well known to those interested in the various excavation sites which are gradually revealing the world's history, this city has been since 1896 the site of excavations made by American Archaeologists through the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The splendid city of old is now scarcely more than a large village, and when it was discovered that the large excavation tract in the center of it was receiving both surface water and sewage, the local authorities had not the means to cope with the matter. Naturally, as the water gathered, a lake was formed; finally it measured some 7,000 meters square and three meters deep. Strangely, a chief factor in the situation was the old Pierian Spring whose waters had escaped from broken conduits and swelled the unlovely lake.

The Greek authorities and the American School of Classical Studies together appealed to the American Red Cross Commission to Greece. In cooperation with the Society and with the Greek ministry, the American Red Cross undertook the work of restoring drains and conduits and rendering Corinth safe not only for

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

the Greek population but incidentally for the American excavators as well. Permanent dikes and walls were erected to protect the excavation field, an ancient sewer was cleaned and restored to its ancient functioning, drinking water conduits were repaired and, finally, the waters of the old Pierian Spring were piped into their old channels. It is now possible for the excavation work to be carried forward. Not only are the fevers subsiding, but the once sadly discouraged archaeologists have renewed their confident expectation of adding greatly to our knowledge of ancient Greece. The Greek Ministry of Education appreciates this aspect of the work, and has written: "The Ministry of Education, through its Department of Antiquities, wishes to thank the American Red Cross for its invaluable work in rendering Corinth safe for further excavations. Without its aid this would never have been possible."

A Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt by the Women of America

Immediately after the passing of Theodore Roosevelt, under the leadership of Mrs. William Curtis Demorest and Mrs. Henry A. Wise Wood, a group of New York women organized under the name of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association and called a meeting to consider plans for establishing a suitable memorial in honor of this great American.

Of the many suggestions offered the one that appealed most to Mrs. Roosevelt was the purchase and restoration of her husband's birthplace at No. 28 East 20th Street. It seemed most appropriate that women should undertake this task. Women purchased and restored Mount Vernon, the home of our first President.

The object of the Association is to reproduce the home as nearly as possible with the original furnishings, family portraits and heirlooms, and to make it a repository of records and other intimate mementos of Colonel Roosevelt. The inspiration of a great personality is the richest legacy that a nation can receive, and the Association feels it is a duty, as well as a privilege, to preserve the surroundings in which his personality developed.

The adjoining house, Number 26, formerly the property of a collateral branch of the Roosevelt family, has also been purchased by the Association. Here there will be a free circulating library containing all the writings of Colonel Roosevelt, a collection of the books he was fond of, which illustrate his many-sided career, and many books on travel, nature-study, history and the lives of great men.

The Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association is governed by a board of forty directors, including the officers.

A million dollar fund is being raised by women all over the country. About two hundred thousand dollars of this amount will be needed to buy and restore the birthplace and the adjoining house. The remaining eight hundred thousand dollars at four and one-half per cent interest should yield an income of thirty-six thousand, which will be required for running expenses and for carrying on the various activities of Roosevelt House.

Every contributor of one dollar or more becomes a donor and receives the emblem of the Association, which is a small bronze pin designed by Anna V. Hyatt, and bearing the likeness of Colonel Roosevelt. One thousand dollars entitles the contributor to a nine-inch bronze Roosevelt medallion, and one hundred dollars to a three-inch medallion. Boys and girls under sixteen years may

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

become junior donors on the payment of twenty-five cents. The names of all contributors are to be recorded and preserved in the order received in the Book of Donors to be kept at Roosevelt House.

National University Extension Association, Inc.

In England educators and the press have given a great deal of attention to the Oxford and Cambridge Extension lectures, and recently the World Association for Adult Education was organized in London to draw together all these interests. But in the United States professional educators and press alike have been apparently unaware of the existence of the university extension movement. In spite of the fact that in this country university extension has developed without the assistance of publicity, the service it renders and the growth it has made make it the most important educational movement of today. General extension divisions have been established in forty States, and over four hundred public and privately endowed universities and colleges, normal and technical schools, are engaged in university extension activities. More than 100,000 students are taking correspondence courses conducted by these institutions; 125,000 students in 450 cities and towns having no institutions of higher learning are enrolled in extension classes. No figures have been compiled to show how many benefit annually from the extension lecture, public discussion, package library and community welfare services, but over 5,000,000 persons in 1918 took advantage of the educational motion-picture and lantern-slide extension service.

The need for a common clearing house for these activities was emphasized by the developments immediately following the armistice.

At successive conferences in Chicago and Washington the State directors of extension, therefore, determined to organize their own association and to establish a permanent office in Washington. Accordingly, the National University Extension Association was organized and incorporated early in July of this year. An office was opened in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., with Dr. A. J. Klein, Executive Secretary, in charge.

Practically all of the extension divisions and departments of the larger educational institutions in the United States are now members of the Association and its work is expanding with a rapidity that demonstrates clearly the necessity and usefulness of the organization.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka to Study Origin of American Red Man in Asia.

For the purpose of trying to discover whether the American Indian really did come from Asia, as is supposed by many people, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the division of physical anthropology of the National Museum, has just left Washington for China. Dr. Hrdlicka, who is internationally known as a scientific investigator of the age of man, will be gone five or six months.

As a result of his research it is hoped by officials here that some new light may be thrown on the much-mooted question as to where the American Indian originally came from. While a large part of Dr. Hrdlicka's work has been in connection with the anthropology of the Indians of North and South America, Peru, Egypt, Mexico, and many other parts of the world have been centers of his study. Results of his investigations will appear later in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Babylonian Inscriptions in the Collection of James B. Nies—Vol. I. Letters and Contracts from Erech written in the Neo-Babylonian Period, by Clarence Elwood Keiser, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1918. Pp. 44 x LX autographed plates 8vo. \$5.00.

The Reverend Dr. Nies is the fortunate possessor of a collection of Babylonian tablets, the texts of which cover a wide range of time, from the earliest period to the Neo-Babylonian. Dr. Nies had himself edited a volume of his texts from the time of the dynasty of Ur that was being published by Hinrichs of Leipzig. The volume was almost ready when the war broke out and has not yet been received in this country. The appearance of the present volume under the auspices of the Yale Press marks, we trust, the end of our dependence upon Germany for such work.

The nature of the contents of the volume before us is sufficiently indicated by the title. They are letters, legal documents, and administrative records from the time of the Babylonian king, Nabopolassar, to that of the Persian king, Cambyses. The documents are of importance to the student of the history of civilization, as they give much valuable information concerning temple administration and the daily life of the people. For example, four of them refer to covenanting with salt. They also afford much new philological material to the linguist. The tablets come from the city of Erech, a center from which in the past not much material has been obtained.

Dr. Keiser has done his work with his accustomed care, thoroughness, and accuracy. We note with pleasure that another volume, prepared by Dr. Nies in collaboration with Dr. Keiser, is to follow. It will contain historical, religious, and economic texts and antiquities.

GEORGE A. BARTON.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Early Christian Iconography and a School of Ivory Carvers in Provence. By E. Baldwin Smith. XV—276 pp., 169 figs., 9 tables. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. \$6.00 net. (Princeton Monographs in ART and ARCHAEOLOGY VI.)

Nothing has been more characteristic of recent archaeological scholarship than the tendency to investigate the less familiar periods of history, to look from the classical back into

the pre-classical and forward into the post-classical.

The art of the Middle Ages had, it is true, never been wholly neglected. Its connection with the Church was such that that could never occur. But during the century and a quarter which has elapsed since Wackenroder published the "outpourings of his heart" all modern relations toward Mediaeval art have changed. The honeymoon of romantic infatuation has indeed been succeeded by a period of rational adjustment and emotional admiration has given place to scientific investigation; but however coldly the investigator may regard this portion of our past, he no longer leaves it out of account. He dedicates, rather, his whole energies to its illumination. It is in this restrained and judicial but sincerely devoted frame of mind that Dr. Smith's book has been composed.

With it that attractive series of monographs on art and archaeology which Princeton has been producing reaches the sixth volume. The author has made it his chief object to collect the evidence, chiefly iconographical, for the Provençal origin of the Milan book covers and the other Early Christian ivories closely associated with them. Incidentally he has maintained, as in his recent article in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, that the group of ivories connected with the Maximianus chair is Alexandrian-Coptic and that the group of the Murano book covers is Palestinian-Coptic (his terminology). But to point out the existence of a school of ivory carvers in Provence is the essential thesis laid before the public as the archaeological contribution of the book.

An important feature of the monograph is the tabulation of the methods of representing a large number of the subjects of Early Christian art. This laborious compilation has been expressed in so condensed but complete a form as to suggest the beginnings of a veritable manual of iconography. Only a more extensive consideration than can be given here would suffice to do critical justice to the importance of the conclusions reached, but one cannot be too thankful for so serious a piece of work.

The art department of Princeton has been for a long time at the head of early Christian studies in this country. And it is a matter for congratulation that this high standing is being more and more firmly established.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY
The Octagon, Washington, D. C.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

(TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

VOLUME IX

FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 2

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANOLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.
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White Robe, a Sioux singer who recorded a sun dance song.



Little Wolf, a Chippewa singer who recorded songs of the Grand Medicine Society, by courtesy of the Bureau of Ethnology.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME IX

FEBRUARY, 1920

NUMBER 2



Lac du Flambeau, on a Chippewa Reservation in Wisconsin.

THE RHYTHM OF SIOUX AND CHIPPEWA MUSIC

By FRANCES DENSMORE

THE RHYTHM of music may be defined as the cadence of its motion. Back of this rhythm and determining its cadence is the mental temperament of the individual and his race. As a premise we may admit that the music of a race is an expression of its life, and that the two factors in this music are rhythm and melody. The rhythm of the music of civilization is methodical and regular, showing a double or triple measure division which, in a majority of instances, is unchanged throughout a song. In this rhythm

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we hear an echo of the throb of engines, the ticking of clocks, and the conventional life of civilization. The music of the Orient has a rhythm as languid as the life of the tropics or as passionate as the nature of its people. The peasants of Europe imparted to their folk songs and dances a rhythm as light-some as their hearts on a holiday or as plaintive as their own sorrows. In the songs of civilization, of the Orient, and of the peasant folk, there are words which interpret the rhythm and aid the expression. The rhythm of Indian music, on the other hand, is irregular, and the Indian does not consider words an essential part of a song. He is content to use vocables, omitting words entirely or using them in a portion of the song. Sometimes the words are only two or three in number; thus a Chippewa war song contains only two words, literally translated "soldier killed," the remainder of the melody being sung with vocables. The Indians are a race of deep understanding and few words, this characteristic appearing in their music as in all their intercourse.

The purpose of the present paper is to show first that the rhythm of Sioux and Chippewa songs expresses the idea of the songs, and, second, that the relation of the rhythm of voice and drum expresses in a measure the cultural development of the race. It is the opinion of the writer that the conclusions derived from the study of these tribes are applicable to others, but the illustrations offered in this paper will be limited to two of the tribes personally investigated.

Indian songs, like those of any race, arise from mental concepts, as exaltation, joy, grief, or perhaps from a physical impulse, yet as we hear the Indians sing these songs we are impressed chiefly by the mannerisms of the singers and

by the insistent drum. To assist in the understanding of these songs we will now present a form of analysis which may be termed "musical chemistry." In this analysis we will eliminate one factor after another until we isolate that which we wish to observe; we will then treat this factor by the addition of others in order to clarify it. The result will, it is believed, contain evidence that the rhythm of these songs expresses their underlying idea.

The first process in this musical chemistry is the separation of the song from the personal equation of the singer. This is accomplished by recording the song phonographically and taking the record away from the Indian reservation. The song is then transcribed in ordinary musical notation, the tones being indicated by notes on a five-line staff, and the rhythm being indicated by the division of the transcription into measures according to the accented tones. It is a fundamental rule in music that the first note of each measure is accented, and conversely each strongly accented tone in an Indian song is transcribed as the first note of a measure. These accented tones do not vary in the several renditions of a song, the rhythm being steadily maintained, though the melody may vary in unimportant progressions. This method of transcription does not take into consideration any degrees of pitch less than a semitone except by a *plus* or *minus* sign placed above a note, neither does it show minute time-intervals; it seems, however, to be sufficiently accurate for a broad analysis of the songs. If words occur in a song they are placed below the proper notes in the transcription.

Having our material in the form of phonographic record and musical transcription, we will proceed to an exami-

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nation of the rhythm of the songs. This may be done by listening to the rhythm of the phonographic record and excluding the other elements of the song, or by observing the rhythm of the transcription without regard to melody progressions. In taking the latter course our first observation is that, in a majority of the songs, the measure-lengths (or intervals of time between accented tones) are not uniform, as they are in the music of civilization. In a series of 600 Sioux and Chippewa songs thus tested it was found that 84 per cent contain what is commonly called a "change in time."¹ 240 of these songs were recorded by members of the Sioux tribe living on the Standing Rock reservation in North and South Dakota. These Indians have been less in contact with civilization and its music than the Chippewa, and their songs show a greater irregularity in rhythm. The Sioux songs of this series are divided into two groups, the first comprising 147 songs, a majority of which are believed to be more than fifty years old, and the second comprising 93 songs which are less than fifty years old. In the first group 94 per cent contain a change of time, and in the second group 84 per cent show this peculiarity. Thus it appears that a change in time, occurring most frequently in the older songs, may be regarded as a native characteristic.

An example of a song containing frequent changes in time is a Chippewa song recorded in the northern part of the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota. This song (Bureau of American Ethnology, Bull. 53, No. 167) was said to be

that of a very old dance, and the character of the words as well as the form of the melody indicate the antiquity of the song. The Chippewa words are "Ī nēgokwag' aki' nina' winnigun'," translated "The entire world weeps for me." Three renditions of the song were phonographically recorded, the only difference being a prolonging of the tone which preceded the words in the first rendition. The sequence of measure-lengths and the number of measures is as follows:

3—4 time, 1 measure
4—4 time, 3 measure
3—4 time, 2 measure
2—4 time, 1 measure
2—4 time, 1 measure
4—4 time, 1 measure
3—4 time, 3 measure
2—4 time, 1 measure
3—4 time, 3 measure
2—4 time, 1 measure
3—4 time, 1 measure
2—4 time, 4 measure

So irregular a sequence appears erratic, yet there is coherence in the rhythm of the melody as a whole, and as a further evidence of intelligence in the rhythm we find that the divisions of the counts in a measure, together with the measure-lengths, form a rhythm unit which occurs three times in exact repetition and, with slight variation, appears throughout the melody. The rhythmic unit is vigorous and occurs on the same tones in the upper and the lower octave.

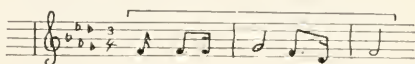


Figure 1.—Rhythmic unit of Chippewa dance song.

The rhythm of this short phrase is suggestive of the dance, but we will seek

¹ The mathematical data, songs, and native words of songs occurring in this paper are from books by the present writer and used by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

further evidence that the rhythm of a song is expressive of its idea.

Let us now proceed to the next step in our analysis which consists in the elimination of the words and melody, isolating the rhythm for observation. Two Chippewa songs are selected as illustrations of rhythm isolated from melody. These are a song of grief,

afraid of the owl, which is the terror of all Indian children. In his fear he composed and sang this little melody, which was heard and learned by the people in neighboring wigwams. For many years the men sang it in their moccasin games, and it was phonographically recorded by a man past middle age, who himself was the little

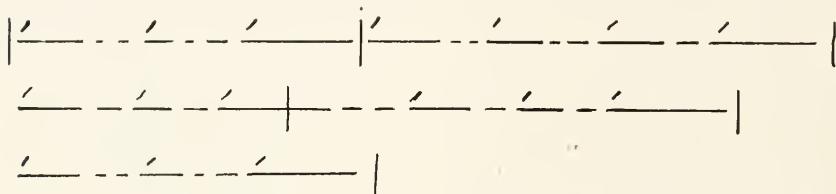


Figure 2.—Rhythm of song of grief.

"He is gone" (Bur. Am. Eth. Bull. 53, No. 108), and a song of childish fear, "I am afraid of the owl" (Bur. Am. Eth. Bull. 45, No. 121). The words of the first are translated, "I might grieve, I am sad that he is gone, my lover," and in the rhythm we find an expression of sadness, prolonged tones being combined with short tones.

boy afraid of the owl. The words are literally translated, "Very much also I of the owl am afraid whenever I am sitting alone in the wigwam." The rhythm shows a predominance of short tones.

In order to clarify this analysis we will restore the words of songs translated from the Sioux or Chippewa into

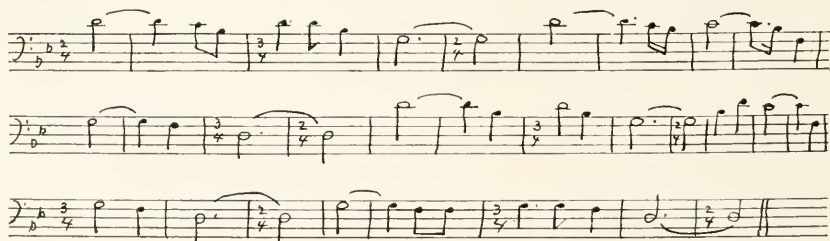


Figure 3.—"He is gone."

For comparison, the music of the song is as shown in figure 3.

The story of the second song is as follows: A little boy was left alone in the wigwam and became very much

the English language, with such additional words as may be necessary to fill the span of the melody. The additional words are in accordance with native thought and with the subject of the song,

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

the intention being that they shall express that which the Indian leaves to the understanding of his fellow tribesmen. We are more dependent upon words, as we are farther than the Indians from a life in which intuition is a means of communication. As a result of combining words with the rhythm we have English verse in the rhythm of Indian melody. Rhymes are not necessary, nor are they always possible in so free a versification.

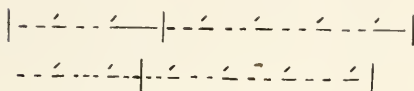


Figure 4.—Rhythm of childish fear.

Dignity is expressed in the rhythm of a Sioux Sun dance song (Bur. Am. Eth. Bull. 61, No. 24). The song was sung by a leader in the ceremony, a literal translation of the words being as follows:

"Where holy you behold, in the place where the sun rises, holy may you behold.

"Where holy you behold, in the place where the sun passes us on his course, holy may you behold.

"Where goodness you behold at the turning back of the sun, goodness may you behold."

The following poem is in the nature of a metric translation, or a paraphrase.

BEHOLD¹

*To the east turn, O tribe,
There to behold
The place where the sun rises,
Clad in glorious majesty.
Something holy may you behold
In this mystery.*

*To the south turn, O tribe,
There to behold
The place where the sun passes us
In his daily course.
Something holy may you behold
In this mystery.*

*To the west turn, O tribe,
There to behold
The place where the sun turns back
In glorious splendor.
Goodness may you behold
In all this mystery.*

The following poem is one of the best of the Indian examples from the poetic standpoint. It is in the rhythm of a Chippewa song of sadness.

A LAMENT

*Afar in the north your warrior lies,
Afar in the north we buried your warrior,
Buried him in the land of the enemy.
At his side we laid his shield and his bow.
Arrows he'd none, all were spent
Before the enemy could conquer him.
Bravely your warrior fought and fell.*

*The journey is long to the spirit land,
We left him the food he'll need for his
journey,
Left him the flint and steel to warm him-
self.
O'er his face we laid his blanket red,
And over his grave three nights we kept
The fire burning to lighten him,
And cheer his spirit on its way.*

*The wailing we hear—is it for him?
The wailing we hear, the tears and
sobbing low,
Weeping for the warrior, our brother?
He is lying now as he wished he might lie.
A warrior's grave well may be
Afar in the land of the enemy,
His empty quiver beside him buried there.*

¹This and the poems which follow are copyright in "Poems from Sioux and Chippewa Songs," by Frances L'ensmore.

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Defiance was the keynote of a song recorded by Brave Buffalo, a medicine man of the Sioux tribe. He said that he received the song in a dream of buffalo, who took him to their lodge and assured him that he would be invulnerable. Because of this dream he challenged the people to shoot their arrows at him. No words were sung, Brave Buffalo saying that "the words were in his heart." The poem embodies, to some extent, the story of the dream as well as the medicine man's taunting defiance, and is in the rhythm of the song.

THE CHALLENGE

*"You cannot harm me,
You cannot harm
One who has dreamed a dream like mine,
One who has seen the buffalo in their
mighty lodge
And heard them say,
'Arrows cannot harm you now.
We will protect you,
We will protect
One who has been in the buffalo lodge,
One who has seen us,
One who has looked without fear upon our
mysteries,
Bid them shoot their arrows straight,
Bid them shoot their arrows straight.'"*

In lighter rhythm is the song of a warrior to his horse. The song was recorded by Lone Man, a Sioux, who received it in a dream and sang it in time of danger, believing it to have supernatural power. The words are, literally translated, "Friends, my horse, behold it. 'Friends, my horse will run, behold it,' was said to me. Friends, my horse flying (as it were) is running." In this instance the idea of the words is slightly changed but the poem expresses a Sioux custom and is in the song-rhythm.

A WARRIOR TO HIS HORSE

*"My horse be swift in flight
Even like a bird;
My horse be swift in flight,
Bear me now in safety
Far from the enemy's arrows,
And you shall be rewarded
With streamers and ribbons red."*

From the Chippewa songs we present only one example. (Bull. 53, No. 23.) This is a war dance song, accompanying the use of the "buffalo medicine," which was supposed to strengthen the warriors. The rhythm of the melody is peculiar in that the only note-values are eighth, quarter, and half notes, no dotted notes nor prolonged tones appearing. This produces an effect of determination and may be called a heavy rhythm. The words are translated "Strike ye our land with curv'd horns."

TO THE BUFFALO

*Strike ye now our land with your great
curv'd horns;
In your mighty rage toss the turf in the air
Strike ye now our land with your great
curv'd horns;
We will hear the sound and our hearts
will be strong.
When we go to war
Give us of your strength in the time of our
need,
King of all the plain—buffalo, buffalo.
Strike ye now our land with curv'd horns,
Lead us forth to the fight.*

As a final step in our analysis we will replace the melody. We now have Indian song in its original form except that the words are in English instead of the native language. This translation enables us to hear the song somewhat from the Indian standpoint, the words interpreting the rhythm as well as the melody.

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To illustrate this we present a Sioux war song (Bull. 61, No. 8) which was sung in the dances before the departure of a war party. The rhythm is in marked contrast to that of the song next preceding, as the characteristic phrase is a dotted eighth note followed by a sixteenth and a quarter note. In the first part of the song this phrase begins on the unaccented portion of the measure but about midway through the song we find a half note (the only one in the melody), after which the phrase begins on the accented portion of the measure. The rhythm is lively throughout, but this change in accent produces an effect of firmness.

Sioux words

Kola'	Friends
o'te mako'ce wan	the many lands
koya'kipapi	you fear
hena' koki'pe sni	in them without
oma'wani	fear I have walked
ite'sabye ca	the black face-
	paint
owa'le	I seek

SONG OF A WARRIOR

*O, my friends, as I stand
Here before you all assembled,
I hear you sing of the lands where the
warriors travel,
O, my friends, the many lands that you
fear,
In them all without fear I have walked.*

*O, my friends, even now
I can see the distant mountains
Where the snows never melt in the sum-
mer time,¹*

*O, my friends, I have walked without
fear in those lands,
For there I sought the black face-paint.²*

*To the west and the north
Lies the country of the enemy.
In all those lands I have walked without
fear of harm.
O, my friends, in them all I have won the
right to wear
The warrior's badge of victory.*

¹ War parties of the Standing Rock Sioux sometimes went as far west as the Rocky Mountains.

² A warrior who has killed an enemy painted his face black.



Figure 5.—"The many lands you fear."

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From the foregoing it appears that the rhythm of the Indian songs under analysis is expressive of the idea contained in the songs. Indian standards of excellence are different from those of the white race but in the structure of their music there is unmistakable evidence of the action of *intellect*.

We will now proceed to a consideration of the rhythm of the drum which accompanies a majority of these songs. The writer once asked an Indian if he had a drum. The reply, in the native language, was, "Of course I have a drum; I am an Indian." This conversation referred to the hand-drum which, in various sizes, is common to all tribes of Indians. A man beats this drum as he sings, and both drum-beat and song appear in a phonograph record. It is not difficult to close the ears to one or the other of these when studying the record of a song. Thus one listens to the melody and ascertains its tempo by comparison with a metronome, and then listens to the drum and notes its tempo by the same instrument. 366 Sioux and Chippewa songs have been tested by the writer, and in 56 per cent the voice and drum had a different tempo; in 38 per cent the drum was faster than the voice, and in 18 per cent the drum was slower than the voice. We next inquire as to the rhythm of the drum, and find that in 56 per cent of the songs the drum-beats are not divided into groups by means of accents but are a continuous, unaccented beating, in some instances more rapid than in others. Thus we have two points of difference between drum-beat and voice, that of tempo and that of division into groups by means of accents. In many songs the tempo of the voice changes, the song containing a succession of measures in slower or faster time, but in such instances the

tempo of the drum does not change. This suggests that the drum-beat and melody, though proceeding simultaneously, are independent of each other. As already stated, 56 per cent of the Sioux and Chippewa songs which were recorded with drum show a difference of tempo in voice and drum. A natural inquiry is whether these tempi coincide at any points—whether, for instance, the time of three drum-beats is equivalent to that of four melody-tones. Such a ratio sometimes exists between the metronome time of the two parts, but in the writer's observation a coincidence of drum and voice is usually avoided by the slight prolonging of a melody tone, or by some other divergence from mechanical regularity.

A statement frequently made is to the effect that a group of uncivilized people when playing on instruments of percussion produce combinations of rhythm which would be impossible to a similar group of white musicians. This usually is understood to mean that a single unit of time is divided variously by the several performers. Thus, if a measure comprised half a minute of time, one drum might give three beats while others gave respectively two and seven beats, all being synchronous at the beginning of the next measure. The writer's observation is at variance with this. The Exposition at St. Louis in 1904 afforded an opportunity to study the music of the Filipinos. In their "native orchestra" a variety of tempi and of accented rhythms was presented, but, from repeated listening to the performances, the writer formed the opinion that each man was playing independently. Instead of being a unit the "orchestra" seemed to be a combination of individual performances carried on simultaneously. Similarly, phonographic records of Indian songs

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indicate that drum and voice are separate manifestations.

The discrepancy between the tempi and also the rhythms of voice and drum in figure 5 is typical of that in many songs, not only among the Sioux and Chippewa but also among the Mandan, Hidatsa, and northern Ute. Comparison of the phonograph record with the metronome shows the speed of the voice to be equivalent to 104 quarter notes per minute ($\text{♩} = 104$), while that of the drum is equivalent to only 96 quarter notes per minute ($\text{♩} = 96$).

A continuous throbbing, like that of the drum, does not require to any extent the action of intellect in its production. It so resembles the unconscious rhythms of life that it may be regarded as actuated by instinct rather than intelligence. In our analysis of song-rhythm we found evidence of *intellect*, and in a consideration of drum-rhythm we find a suggestion of *instinct*. The lack of unity in these two rhythms suggests that the Indian music under analysis belongs to a period of cultural development in which intellect has not



Figure 6.—Comparative tempi and rhythms of voice and drum in Sioux war dance.

If there were no deviation from regularity there would be a coincidence of voice and drum at the fourteenth pulsation (quarter note) of the voice; this, however, is entirely theoretical, as a slight variation in either part would change the ratio between the two, and observation shows that sufficient variation to change this ratio usually appears in an Indian's rendition of a song. The rhythm of the voice is in contrast to that of the drum. In this and many similar instances it would appear that voice and drum represent separate impulses, expressed simultaneously, but having no time-relation to each other.

The relative time-duration of quarter notes in voice and drum in the preceding song (fig. 5) are shown by means of linear measurements drawn to scale in the accompanying illustration.

assumed full control over instinct. It seems possible that both are acting at the same time, producing what appears to be a great complexity of rhythms but which is simply the simultaneous occurrence of two manifestations independent of each other.

The influence of Indian music on modern composition is a subject of wide discussion at the present time, but interest seems to center chiefly on the form of Indian melody. It is the opinion of the writer that a greater possibility lies in a study of the *rhythm* of Indian song, inseparable from the idea of the song. The Indian knows no haste. In his calm deliberation he feels the tide beneath the waves, and his rhythms have in them a sweep that we, in our hurried lives, may well pause to hear.

Red Wing, Minn.



An Osage ceremonial pipe.

The bowl of this pipe is made of black stone, on its under side is carved the face of a man. The white beads strung on the thong holding the bowl and stem together are made of shell, the narrow tubes between the beads are made of native copper beemered. This ceremonial pipe belongs to the portable shrine of the Wind gens of the Osage tribe. The shrine and its belongings are now in the United States National Museum.

THE SYMBOLIC MAN OF THE OSAGE TRIBE¹

By FRANCIS LAFLESCHÉ

THE Wa-zhá-zhe tribe of American Indians, better known as the Osage, belong to the great Siouan group that in pre-columbian days dwelt on the Atlantic coast. This group, at some remote period, moved westward, and in doing so it became scattered into smaller groups that in time organized themselves as independent tribes. Later, within the historic period, many of these tribes were discovered living along the Mississippi and Missouri, from the head waters of these rivers as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas River.

The present home of the Osage tribe is in Osage County, Oklahoma, not far from the region where the adventurous European travelers found them in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Before the advent of these strangers, and for many years after the contact, the Osage had been able to hold the country they occupied and to defend it against invasion. The well-wooded land with its broad streams and abundant game made it well fitted to yield food and shelter to the people dwelling thereon, and at the same time caused it to be desired by tribes less favorably situated. The long con-

tinued occupancy of this land by the Osage, their familiarity with the rivers, fords, hills and other vantage points is indicated in the names once bestowed on them and many of which are still in use. Here and there a name may mark the site of a past victory or defeat in the valiant struggles of this people, for it is said that the Osage derived their strength to withstand their enemies from their well-founded organization; therefore, to understand the character of this organization, it becomes necessary to turn for information to the tribal rites of the people.

From a study of the Osage tribal rites, rites which are replete with intricate ceremonial forms and complex symbols, it becomes evident that the tribal organization of these people is founded, primarily, upon a theological concept. There are also indications that before this concept became clear in the minds of the ancient men, and the present tribal organization became perfected, that the ancestors of the Osage passed through transitional and experimental periods, stages suited to the conditions of the people and the times in which they lived. While the thoughtful men of those ancient days directed their energies toward creating a form of government that would be effective in

¹By permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

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holding their people together and making them strong as an organized body, they, at the same time, sought to gain a clearer conception of that power greater than man to whom they could appeal for help that they might make their work of organization effective. Their search began under the broad expanse of the heavens. They watched the sun, moon, stars and groups of stars as they moved therein, traveling vast distances, yet always in a circle, each moving in its own orbit, with wondrous regularity. They noted the gradual shiftings of the path of the sun to the right or to the left. They observed the varying of the paths of the moon, the paths of the single stars, and of those that moved in clusters. As they watched and pondered upon what they saw, they discerned that with these shiftings there came changes which suspended for a time the life activities of the earth or awakened them again to a renewed energy. The vital connection between sky and earth seemed to give evidence of that continuity of life, a belief in which had actuated their search for a clearer conception of the Supernatural, of the life-giving power that animates all forms, plants, animals, and men, whether the latter are regarded as individuals, or organized as a body.

Those old men, so say the men of today who are learned in the ancient rites, set apart a house which they called the "House of Mystery." Within this house they gathered from time to time, and, sitting around the sacred fire, they meditated upon what they had seen, and discussed together their observations of the celestial bodies. As they perceived that these bodies influenced the life on the earth they personified them, even deified them, as if they were self-existent, supernatural

beings, exercising powers of their own. But these ancient men, so it is said, were not fully satisfied that this conception was true; therefore they continued to observe nature, to meditate, and to discuss together these subjects.

At last there came a time when, in some mysterious way, the thought stole into the minds of these old men that the sun, moon, stars, the earth, and all things within the range of their vision, whose movements they could follow, are but the outward manifestations of a creative, all-pervading, animating power that could not be seen or fully understood by man. That power, they became satisfied, is the source of life, is indeed life itself, and that wherever it moves there is life. It abides in the broad expanse of the blue sky, gives life to the sun, moon, stars, sets them in motion, each within its own orbit; it abides in the earth, gives life to man, to insects and animals, to grasses and trees; it abides in the waters, gives life to all creatures that dwell therein. These abiding places are made one and inseparable by this eternal, mysterious presence, to which they gave the name Wa-koⁿ-da. Wa-koⁿ-da alone could give life and give continuity to the life of an individual, and to the life of a people as an organized body; therefore, to this power appeals must be made when danger threatens the life of the tribe.

It was this revelation, this conception of life, upon which these old men of the obscure ages founded the organization of the tribe. In carrying out their plan they divided the people into two great divisions, one to represent the sky, and the other the earth, the abiding places of Wa-koⁿ-da, the Giver of Life. The division representing the sky they called Tsi²-zhu, Household, and that representing the earth they

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called Hoⁿ'ga, The Sacred One. They subdivided the Hoⁿ'ga division, one part to be for the dry land and the other for the water, so that the life in the seas, the lakes, rivers and small streams might also be represented in the great tribal symbol of life. The subdivision representing the water they called Wa-zhá-zhe, a name which the tribe, as a whole, now bears. The meaning of this name has become obscured by its transmission through a long line of generations, and its form changed to Osage through the influence of foreign tongues. They ruled that the families of the Tsi'zhu should take wives for their sons from the daughters of the families of the Hoⁿ'ga division, and vice versa. Thus the continuity and the unity of the life of the tribe was assured and the two great divisions were bound together and made one and inseparable by a sacred tie, like that between the sky and the earth, by the eternal presence of Wa-koⁿ'da.

The old men embodied another thought in the rites of the tribe which pertained to tribal activities, namely: That the life granted by Wa-koⁿ'da must be protected. The woman, the children she bears, the home she builds for their shelter and comfort, the fields she cultivates must be guarded; the land upon which the tribe depends for plant and animal food must be held against invasion; and the life of the individual and of the tribe itself must at all times be defended from enemies. The burden of this protection rested upon the men of the tribe and, to enable them to perform this duty effectively and successfully, the great tribal rite pertaining to war was evolved, a rite replete with symbols and intricate ceremonies, having for its central thought that there must be unity of purpose and action among the men of

the two tribal divisions. This thought was symbolized by the figure of a man physically perfect and capable of meeting the difficulties and dangers that beset human existence. This man was regarded as having two positions; one indicative of peace and life; the other of war and death.

In times of peace this symbolic man was thought of as standing facing the east where rises the sun, the great emblem of life. The place of the Tsi'zhu, or sky division, was then on the north and formed the left side of the man, while the place of the Hoⁿ'ga, the Earth division, was on the south and formed his right side. He, therefore, was an embodiment of the vital organism of the tribe, as having a place in the order Wa-koⁿ'da had established and endowed with life throughout the universe.

When, however, trouble arose, and the people were constrained to move against their enemies because of the killing of members of the tribe, or of encroachments upon their hunting grounds, this symbolic man was then thought of as having turned about, away from peace, and as standing so as to face the west. When the people assembled for the ceremony by which they rallied their warriors for action they pitched their camp in a ceremonial order that represented the dwelling places of Wa-koⁿ'da, the sky, the earth, the space between, where, upon the earth, stood the symbolic man with his face set toward the west, the setting of the sun. His changed attitude necessitated a change in the position of the two great divisions of the tribe. The Tsi'zhu, Sky division, which in peace formed the left side of the man, now camped to the south; while the Hoⁿ'ga, the Earth division, which had formed his right side, now camped to

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the north. The belief was never departed from that Wa-koⁿda controlled all forms of life as well as their movements, that it was necessary to invoke the aid of that Power in all efforts looking to the safety of the tribe. They also held that so great a Power as Wa-koⁿda should be approached with becoming solemnity and with an offering betokening peace, good will and reverence.

The war rite, observed by the warriors when about to take up the hazardous task of attacking their tribal enemies, together with its symbolic offering, the old men placed in the keeping of the Wa-zhá-zhe subdivision of the Hoⁿga or Earth division. The offering to be presented to Wa-koⁿda was the smoke of tobacco, and its means of transmission, a pipe. This pipe was to symbolize a man, conscious of his own limitations and seeking the aid of the All-Powerful.

The symbolic man, as has been explained, was typified in the manner of camping for this war rite, and stood for the unity of the tribe in both purpose and in action. The pipe, sacred to this rite, not only represented a man, but it signified the unity of the warriors in their supplications to Wa-koⁿda for aid. This unity of the people was further set forth by their act of choosing, during this ceremony, the leader of a tribal war party. The office of Leader was religious, and not military, for the man chosen never led in the fighting; this responsibility he delegated to a subordinate officer; his duty was that of mediator between the people represented by the warriors and Wa-koⁿda. The symbolic pipe of this rite was placed in his hands and by its acceptance his office began. The Leader at once went far away from the

village and for seven days observed the rite of fasting. Throughout the entire expedition the Leader camped apart but near the war party and continued his vicarious supplications in behalf of the warriors and the people they were defending.

The unity of the tribe and of the warriors was further emphasized during the ceremony by an act which took place in the presence of all the men who were to engage in the war. A representative of the Wa-zhá-zhe subdivision filled with tobacco the sacred pipe, and, as he presented it to a representative of the Hoⁿga division, and later to a representative of the Tsi²zhu division, he recited a ritual that always accompanied these acts. The ritual is of considerable length, and at the end of each line is the refrain: "A bi^a da, tsi ga," "It has been said, in this house." This refrain refers to the origin of these rites, to the gathering of the old men around the sacred fire within the House of Mystery.

I give a brief paraphrase of the ritual that is recited when the sacred pipe is offered by its tribal keeper to the men who represent the two great divisions of the tribe. The various parts of the pipe are spoken of as if they were parts of the body of a man. Into each of these parts the representatives of the tribal organization must, as by their own act as individuals, not only merge figuratively, the corresponding parts of their own bodies, but the divisions of the tribe they represent, all of which are parts of the symbolic man; by this triplicate blending, all become united in the pipe, the established medium through which the smoke offering is made to Wa-koⁿda in supplication for aid. Thus was recognized the vital unity of the people of the tribe and

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their dependence upon Wa-koⁿ'da for the maintenance of their life. From this recognition arose their faith that help would speedily come, from Wa-koⁿ'da, even before the sun should "o'er-top the walls of their dwellings."

Holding up the pipe, the representative of the Wa-zhá-zhe division intoned the following ritual:

*Behold, this pipe. Verily, a man!
Within it I have placed my being.
Place within it your own being, also.
Then free shall you be from all that brings death.*

*Behold, the neck of the pipe!
Within it I have placed my own neck.
Place within it your neck, also,
Then free shall you be from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!*

*Behold, the mouth of the pipe!
Within it I have placed my own mouth.
Place within it your mouth, also,
Then free shall you be from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!*

*Behold, the right side of the pipe!
Within it I have placed the right side of my own body.
Place within it the right side of your own body, also,*

Then free shall you be from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!

*Behold, the spine of the pipe!
Within it I have placed my own spine.
Place within it your own spine, also,*

Then free shall you be from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!

*Behold, the left side of the pipe!
Within it I have placed the left side of my own body, O, Hoⁿ-ga!*

Place within it the left side of your own body,

Then shall you be free from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!

*Behold, the hollow of the pipe!
Within it I have placed the hollow of my own body.*

Place within it the hollow of your own body, also,

Then shall you be free from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!

Behold, the thong that holds together the bowl and the stem!

*Within it I have placed my breathing-tube.
Place within it your own breathing-tube, also,*

Then shall you be free from all that brings death, O, Hoⁿ-ga!

When you turn from the rising sun to the setting sun to go against your enemies,

*This pipe shall you use when you go forth to invoke aid from Wa-koⁿ'da,
Then shall your prayers be speedily granted, O, Hoⁿ-ga!*

Yea even before the sun shall o'er-top the walls of your dwelling,

*Your prayers shall surely be granted
O, Hoⁿ-ga!*

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.



PRAYERS VOICED IN ANCIENT AMERICA

By ALICE C. FLETCHER,

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A BROAD outlook over the family of man reveals the historic fact that in all ages, among all peoples dwelling everywhere upon the earth, there has gone forth from humanity prayers for help, to a higher and unseen Power. The early Vedic hymns voice this cry to the invisible Creator: "Who imparteth the spirit of life and the strength of health."

Not alone did the eastern hemisphere ring with these prayers, but across an unknown sea, from an unknown land with its strange unknown race, arose like prayers to the Giver of all life.

Fortunately for us literature has preserved many of the words of the great teachers of mankind, words which have been as beacon lights upon our upward path. Unfortunately in America, which is now our home, we are still largely ignorant of the thoughts and aspirations of an earlier race that once made the hills and valleys, we now love so well, vocal with prayers and songs to the great Giver of life. The conditions that prevailed throughout the breadth and length of this land fostered both ignorance and prejudice. Amid varied environments dwelt groups of natives, diverse in speech, in vocations, and in social customs. Few students could make safe headway under these conditions, with no written literature or history to act as guides or to direct concerted action. Happily there has been here and there light shed upon the darkness that has so long enveloped the native American. At last he stands forth in his manhood as one who has reverently thought and has formulated

concepts which appear to be basic to his religious life.

From a protracted study of the rites of the Osage tribe of American Indians, of the Siouan linguistic stock, who may be classed as belonging to the people of the plains, we learn that fundamental to all their tribal rites was the belief that all life was one, made one by a pervading power, a supernatural Giver of life, called by them *Wa-kon-da*. This unseen power not only gave universal life but controlled the movements of the heavenly bodies, of all living things upon the earth and the various forms of welfare among mankind. Following as a corollary to this belief was the recognition of the twofold nature of man, of his physical requirements and of his spiritual needs. The rites of the Indian, his arts, both linear and dramatic, and his language are replete with symbolisms, for in no other way, such being the composition of the human mind, could these dual aspects of man's nature find expression.

When we looked to the far field of India we discerned that the east Indian in his hymn addressed his appeal to the Power: "Who imparteth the spirit of life and the strength of health." In America we learn from the Osage rites that it was the same Power that gave life to certain plants to be food and nourishment to man's body and to certain other plants those qualities which would restore health to the body when attacked by disease. The gathering of food and the securing of medicine were both to be attended by symbolic ceremonies that the mind of the people

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might be turned toward that Power which bestows the gift of life and "the strength of health."

Rites of widely different tribes dwelling in this country reveal not only the vitality of the fundamental belief already cited, but that it is to this supernatural Power man must ever

linguistic stock, whose habitat is west of the Rocky Mountains.

The lines of the Osage prayer picture the supplicant as standing. His feet, legs, body, arms, head, lips, are severally declared to be "sacred," for the reason that all are necessary to the maintenance of the great gift of life and its perpetuity.



An Osage.¹

turn when he prays for help in times of need. The following excerpts from two rituals exemplify the American Indians' recognition of Man's dependence upon the supernatural Power and of Man's twofold nature. The first example¹ is from a religious rite of the Osage tribe. The second is from a rite of the Navajo, a tribe belonging to the Athapascan

THE OSAGE PRAYER

I

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My feet by which I stand are sacred.

2

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My legs by which I move from place to
place are sacred.

3

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My body by which I maintain the gift
of life is sacred.

4

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My arms by which I defend myself are
sacred.

5

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My head which contains my thoughts is
sacred.

6

Of all the things I own my life is most
sacred,
My lips by which I give forth my
thoughts are sacred.

¹By courtesy of the Bureau of Ethnology.

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A NAVAJO PRAYER

The following prayer is taken from a tribal religious ceremony known as "The Mountain Chant" and described by the late Washington Matthews. It is an appeal for health and is accompanied by remarkable symbolic paintings made upon the ground by the use of various colored sands:

I have made your sacrifice.
I have prepared a smoke for you.
My feet restore thou for me.
My legs restore thou for me.
My body restore thou for me.
My mind restore thou for me.
My voice restore thou for me.
Restore all for me in beauty.
Make beautiful all that is before me.
Make beautiful all that is behind me.
Make beautiful my words.
It is done in beauty.
It is done in beauty.

In the Navajo prayer, as in that of the Osage, the supplicants use when making their appeal for help the same figures of speech. The marked resemblance should not be regarded as merely a strange coincidence, but rather as indicating that both tribes, though unrelated, held the same viewpoint of all life.

The common viewpoint of these two unrelated tribes was reached through their early experience. Devastating wars and diseases had put to the test their courage and endurance. Unmitigated Nature had laid a heavy hand upon them and in their distress they had turned for succor to that mysterious Power that controlled the celestial bodies, the storms, lightning, thunder and all life on the earth. The story of their long search, their final conception of that power, they embodied in supplicatory rites clothed in figurative and



A Navajo!

metaphorical language. The cry of the people was not only for themselves but for their long line of descendants. All tribal rites, all prayers of the Native American for help or healing were addressed to the unseen Giver of Life.

¹By courtesy of the Bureau of Ethnology.

NEW MEXICO

By ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

*Billow on billow rise her shaggy hills.
The inert plain's dun ripples at their feet,
Whorled by the scrub and wind-bent olive sage,
Wave in a moving sea that silence molds.
This is God's country. Here, apart from Man,
Grandeur and solitude make earth and sky
His noblest temple. Yonder grim grey rails
Linking the antipodes, are but the web
The spider spins within the temple walls;
And you gaunt spectre of the Limited,
Hurling its sparkling windows through the night,
Screaming of gold and man and power
To prairie dogs that, listening, cannot hear,
Is but an insect buzzing o'er the shrine. . . .*

*Desert, and drought, and blazing tropic sun;
The cut plain shattered by the vivid stroke
Of the arroyo's gully, forked and red
As lightning caught upon the camera's film;
The barbéd cacti, and the yucca bold
Rearing its golden cups to drink the sun;
The squat adobes, and the endless sands
Reaching forever to the infinite;
The lofty mesas, foothills to the peaks
Whose crowns are hoary with both snow and time—
These are New Mexico—and these are God!*

ON THE RACE HISTORY AND FACIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ABORIGINAL AMERICANS

By W. H. HOLMES

BIRTH OF THE RACE

AMONG the many marvels that modern science has brought to light none is more wonderful than that which defines the place of man in the scheme of nature—his origin and his kinship, physical and intellectual, with the whole vast range of living things. It is made clear that each and every human being of today represents the culminating stage of a branching series which connects back through simpler and still more simple ancestral forms to the primary manifestations of life in the remote past.

As outlined by the researches of the naturalist, the story of the becoming of the race is simply told. It is held that the life principle acting within the universal germ-plasm brought into existence the earliest organisms—the initial units in the long series of progressive advances which, continuing throughout countless millenniums, have culminated in the highest manifestations of life known to the world today. It is observed that the forms taken by the evolving life series were necessarily due largely to the environment conditions under which they developed; that a world of waters would mould forms fitted to live and move in the water; that a world of land would develop distinct types accommodated to the conditions of the land; and that an environment comprising both land and water would bring into existence types adjusted to both land and water. On the land there would be further

adaptations to special conditions of the particular environment. The inhabitants of the plains would differ essentially from the inhabitants of the forests, for while the one would employ the four members of the body in locomotion, the other would employ the feet to walk and the hands to climb and to do; and here is found the point of departure in the shaping up of the special being called man. Fitness for higher things was determined by the forest, for life among the branches and the vines developed the grasping hand, and the hand made man a possibility. The hands alone, however, were not responsible for the full result, since had the race continued to dwell in the forest, man would today be merely a simple undeveloped denizen of the woodland. The feet made the conquest of the earth possible. It is assumed that by reason of some undetermined contingency, such as great increase in population, the depletion of the forest food supply, or other gradually developing cause, the children of the woodland cradle were compelled to seek their fortunes in the open and the real struggle of their existence began—the struggle that perfected the man. The grasping hands, freed from the forest and free to act independently of locomotion, led to the use of implements in meeting foes, in preparing food, in constructing defenses and shelters, and finally to the shaping of tools, the real test of humanity, while the feet enabled their possessor to move with freedom in the pursuit of



Figure 1.—An American Indian man. Compare with figure 3.



Figure 2.—An American Indian woman. Compare with figure 4.

varied callings. Thus the hands with the aid of the feet, directed by the rapidly developing brain, conquered the world.

SPECIALIZATION OF THE RACES

Prolonged study of the available traces of man's origin and early movements has led to the view that the natal place of the race must be sought somewhere in southern Asia or on the great islands of the southern seas. As conceived today, the outward movements of the human pioneer from the primeval home were at first and for a long time hesitating and slow. New conditions had to be met and diversified obstacles overcome, the exigencies of existence tending to develop the capacities of both brain and hand and new environments to modify and emphasize the physical type of the isolated groups. We think of certain

groups of pioneers as they ventured into the open turning their faces to the west, occupying the valleys, skirting the shores of the inland seas, and climbing the intervening ranges until, in the fullness of time, the shores of the Atlantic were reached. Centers of population developed at many points, and in western Europe traces of these recently uncovered date back to remote periods. From these centers expansion doubtless took place in many directions. Not finding a passage to the western world beyond the shores of Britain, the populations from necessity spread to the east, where they encountered other currents spreading to the north from the primeval home over the vast expanse of central Asia, these latter representing the great Mongol race which today comprises, with its many blends, the majority of the human kind. Other currents from the



Figure 3.—An Eskimo man of Alaska.



Figure 4.—An Eskimo woman of Alaska.

southern home must have passed to the east, occupying the shores of the chain of seas bordering the Pacific, peopling the countless islands that dot the waters, reaching in due course the far northeast, where further progress was arrested by the broad expanse of open sea now known as Bering Strait. The differentiations of type gradually produced by early isolations would, as populations increased, be lessened by constant blending along the borders, and today the process of obliteration of race distinctions is progressing in ever increasing ratio.

THE AMERICAN RACE

In turning our attention to the American race, we study their facial characters in search of clues to their origin—their relationship with and their derivation from the complex of known peoples of the old world. It is generally conceded that the red race is a new race as compared with the

great races of the old world. There have been found in America, after prolonged research, no certain traces of occupation extending back more than a few thousand years; whereas, in the old world there are abundant traces of human occupation whose age must be reckoned not in thousands but in tens of thousands of years. The earliest skeletal remains in the new world are of men representing the perfected stage of physical development, the crania corresponding closely with those of civilized man; whereas, in the old world the earliest finds are of forms hardly differentiated from the status of the higher apes.

It is not assumed that the pioneers of the old world, who in following the tendency to wander reached the shores of Bering Sea, arrived in large numbers—that there was anything that could be called a migration, but that stragglers from remote Asiatic centers of population found their way across



Figure 5.—An American Indian man. Compare with figure 6.



Figure 7.—An American Indian woman. Compare with figure 8.



Figure 6.—A native of Formosa.



Figure 8.—An Asiatic Mongol.



Figure 9.—A Cheyenne Indian woman. Compare with figure 10.



Figure 11.—An American Indian profile, for comparison with figure 12.



Figure 10.—A Kalmuck woman



Figure 12.—An Asiatic Mongol profile.



Figure 13.—Young Apache Indians, for comparison with natives of Sumatra and the Philippines, figures 14 and 15.



Figure 14.—A native of the province of Isabel, Philippine Islands, whose features suggest the American Indian type.



Figure 15.—A native of Pagi Island, Sumatra, strongly suggesting the American Indian type.



Figure 16.—An American Indian of today.

the intervening waters to the shores of America; and the process, continuing from century to century, involved not a single people or a few more or less fully differentiated groups but representatives of many of the brown-skinned peoples of the Asiatic shore land and of the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. That some such process was involved is assumed from the fact that the American race today does not distinctly duplicate any known type of the Oriental groups, its homogenous character being due doubtless to a long period of race isolation, the diversified elements thus becoming bleuded into a new and distinctive people. It is probable that this condition was brought about or greatly accelerated by the eastern progress of the northern Mongols, who for an



Figure 17.—A prehistoric Peruvian Indian, strongly modeled in clay.

indefinite period have occupied the shores of Bering Strait and Sea, blocking the way to the more southern groups. It appears that the eastern progress of the northern people did not cease until Greenland was reached.

FACIAL CHARACTERS AS A KEY TO ORIGIN

Although there has been more or less blending of the Eskimo and the Indian along the line of contact from Alaska to Greenland, the two races in their totality stand well apart. The very pronounced gulf between them is well shown by comparison of the typical Indian of the northern interior, figures 1 and 2, with the typical Eskimo, figures 3 and 4, the latter type being characterized by the broad face and tilted eyes of the Mongol. The Indian,



Figure 18.—A typical American Indian, for comparison with figure 19.



Figure 19.—A prehistoric Peruvian Indian, modeled in clay.

whose bold features stamp him as one of the ablest of the races, occupies today the entire continent from the Eskimo boundary to Patagonia. We find no closely allied types in the adjacent provinces of Asia, but there are approximations among the dark skinned peoples of southern Asia and probable kinship is suggested by figures 5 and 6, the first a typical American Indian of New Mexico and the other a native of the island of Formosa. That the latter may be thought of as representing one of the groups which gave rise to the American race is reasonable, and relationships are further suggested by figures 13, 14 and 15. Here on the one hand we have a pair of young Apache Indians of Arizona and on the other two southern Asiatics, the one from the island of Sumatra and the other from the Philippines. That there are exceptions here and there to the rule is made evident by comparing the faces

of the Navajo woman, figure 7, with the Mongolian man shown in figure 8. It is to be expected that with the incoming currents of Asiatic peoples there would be a considerable Mongol element and this though submerged would tend to reappear. It should be noted, however, that Eskimo influence may have, in cases, extended as far south as the Navajo country.

The contrasting facial characters of the American Indian with the typical Asiatic Mongol is suggested by figures 9 and 10, the first an Indian woman of the great plains and the second a Kalmuck of central Asia; and this contrast is still further emphasized by comparing the bold profile of a Cheyenne Indian, figure 11, with that of a typical Mongolian, figure 12.

In South America there appears no definite trace of the Mongol, the facial type being characteristically Indian. Figures 16 and 18 show typical Indian



Figure 20.—A prehistoric Aztec face modeled in clay, for comparison with typical Indian faces, figures 1, 16, 18.

faces of today, and corresponding closely are certain skilfully modeled faces employed in embellishing earthen water bottles by the ancient Peruvians, figures 17 and 19. These striking physiognomies differ somewhat in form and expression from the incisive faces of the northern Indians but show no definite traces of exotic admixture.

PRE-HISTORIC AMERICAN TRIBES

Notwithstanding the homogeneity in type of the Indian tribes from the Eskimo boundary on the north to Patagonia on the south, there are in the sculptured and modeled faces of ancient Mexico and Central America suggestions of facial conformation so distinctive and unusual that they have become the subject of much contro-



Figure 21.—A sculptured head of the ancient Maya Indians of Guatemala.

versy, the problems involved being among the most interesting that have arisen regarding the history of man and culture in America. The problem to be solved is whether or not these exceptional features which appear in Toltec and Maya art are due to the intrusion of Asiatic elements in comparatively recent centuries or whether, as numerous writers maintain, they are merely commonplace variations in the normal art work of the local peoples.

The accompanying illustrations will sufficiently present the supposed evidence of foreign intrusion. Figures 1 and 18 illustrate physiognomies of normal Indian type. These are to be compared with figure 20 which reproduces an ancient earthenware face of a type found in the state of Vera Cruz and believed to be of Aztec or Toltec



Figure 22.—A remarkable sculptured face of the ancient Maya Indians, Guatemala, for comparison with figure 23.

origin. They were probably employed in the embellishment of earthen vessels or as architectural details. The well modeled, smiling faces are broad and flat, with weak chins and high cheek bones and distinctly narrow tilted eyes. Still more unusual are the faces shown in figures 21 and 22, sculptured heads of a type quite common as architectural embellishments in the ancient temples of Guatemala. The general contour of the face contrasts strongly with that of the average Indian, the features lacking all the boldness and virility of the tribes of today. At the same time there is in the smooth, round, placid face, the small mouth, and in the tilted eyes a decided suggestion of the features of the Orient, and especially of the placid countenance so character-



Figure 23.—The sculptured face of a Buddha—ancient Chinese.

istic of sculptured images of Buddha, figure 23. The suggestion of Asiatic influence is strengthened by a study of other ancient sculptural and architectural remains found in great plenty in Mexico and the Central American states. Examples are shown in figures 24 and 25 and on the cover of this number.

Numerous authors have found in these and other features of Maya sculpture convincing proof of the early introduction of Asiatic influence in Mexico and Central America, while other writers, with equal confidence, express the view that the features in question are without particular significance, being nothing more than normal variants of native types. The Maya peoples were exceedingly versatile and in



Figure 24.—Sculptured figures employed in the embellishment of ancient Maya temples.

their treatment of the human physiognomy were much given to the grotesque and the humorous. This tendency was emphasized by the practice of introducing images of grotesque animistic deities in every phase of their sculptural and plastic art. The calm, well modeled Buddha-like faces appear out of keeping with their vigorously modeled neighbors and if not portraits of individuals, they would seem at least to represent a well marked and familiar facial type, whether native or otherwise. Mention may be made of other suggestive features of Maya culture which tend to support the theory of foreign influence. To one at all acquainted with the architecture of the East Indies these Central American ruins have a familiar look not readily explained save on the theory of relationship in origin. This impression is not readily overcome and the suggestion does not end with general effects, for the architectural details and especially the sculptural embellishments and the manner of their application to the buildings confirm the impression. In the pose of figures the

parallelism is truly remarkable, and that this parallelism could arise in two centers of culture (and two only) among totally isolated peoples occupying opposite sides of the globe challenges belief. It is further observed that in these ambitious structures there are suggestions of underlying crudeness as if the ideals of an advanced culture had been abruptly imposed upon the crude beginnings of a comparatively primitive people.

It is objected that in Maya art there are found no sculptured animal forms absolutely identical with those of the old world. The elephant, for example, so important a sculptural subject in India, does not appear in these ruins, although there are snout-like features that suggest the trunk. On this point it should be noted that even if visits of Buddhistic priests are allowed, full identity in the sculptured forms of animals could hardly be expected, since the priests, devoted to the preaching of their doctrine, would hardly be architects, sculptors, or draftsmen, and the concepts introduced by them by word of mouth would from necessity be



Figure 25.—Sculptured figures of a type employed in the embellishment of ancient Maya temples.

worked out by native sculptors, using life forms with which they were familiar or monsters created by their fertile imaginations.

With respect to the manner in which elements of Asiatic culture could reach middle America in the early Christian centuries—the period of Buddhistic propagandism—it may be said that the sea going capacity of the ships of that period was very considerable, and it is thus not impossible that by design or by accident Buddhistic devotees should have landed upon the shores of America. Neither is it impossible that these devotees of a creed, determined to carry their doctrines to the ends of the earth, should not have coasted eastern Asia, reaching the continent of North America by way of the Aleutian Islands. The journey from Alaska to middle America would be a long one, but not beyond the range of possible achievement for the fanatical devotees of Buddhism. The suggestion that the voyage may have been made by way of Atlantis is deserving of little attention,

and that the hypothetical sunken continent of the Pacific may have served as a bridge is deserving of no attention, since the period of sinking, if it ever occurred, would doubtless antedate the period of man's occupation of either hemisphere.

The writer of this sketch of a vast subject wishes to say in conclusion that he appreciates its many shortcomings, for it is intended to be suggestive merely rather than final; but he finds gratification in the thought engendered by the study, that whereas, but a few generations ago our world outlook was exceedingly limited and our positive knowledge but a hint of the whole truth, the time is fast approaching as a result of the ever widening scope of scientific research when we shall comprehend at a glance the world and its inhabitants, present and past, with the ease with which we now contemplate our local environment or with which we view a story thrown upon the screen.

U. S. National Museum.



Alone in a crypt in the face of the northern cliff of the Tyúonyi cañon, now known by its Spanish name, Rito de los Frijoles, in New Mexico—the home of an ancient cliff-dwelling people—was found the skeleton of an Indian maiden about eighteen years of age. The body was wrapped in cotton cloth and covered with a robe of fur and feathers. This suggested the poem, "The Cliff Maiden," p. 91.



THE CLIFF MAIDEN

By CAROLYN CARROLL

I

*Lifeless lay the T'nyonyi maiden,
Robed in woven raiment rare;
To her high cliff tomb they bore her;
Sealed the crypt with tender care.
Westward must her spirit travel,
To the land of Sipophé.
Death was life, so taught the fathers,
Life anew, in fairer day.
But the maiden's warrior lover
Anguished, prayed that hand in hand,
Once more with his love united,
He might rove in Spirit land.*

II

*Worn by famine, war, ill-omen,
What so e'er the tribe befell,
Now for centuries deserted,
These cliff homes their story tell.
And with bowed head stands a stranger,
Musing o'er a crypt unsealed,
Where, enshrined in by-gone ages,
The lone maiden is revealed.
For about her rock hewn chamber,
Breathes a past, a storied past,
From the hush and silence rising,
Come the visions thick and fast.*

III

*Here in this enchanted cañon,
Dwelt a people long ago,
Lived and loved and toiled and suffered,
Safely sheltered from the foe.
In the cliff, they burrowed dwellings,
Close beside, built room on room;
Fashioned Kivas where they worshipped,
Tilled yon field or plied the loom;
Brought fresh water from the brookside,
Hunted on the mesa's rim,
Sent their braves upon the warpath,
Chanted ceremonial hymn.*

IV

*Gone the hunters, gone the warriors,
Fled the laughter and the tears,
All is silent and forsaken,
Buried 'neath the weight of years.
Yet when evening falls, the ruins
Weave a tale the west winds know,
Whispered by the fragrant pine trees
To the murmuring brook below,
How, so long as moonbeams silver
The white cliffs and wooded steep,
Indian maid and warrior lover
Here their deathless vigil keep.*



CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Carillon Tower Planned as a Victory Memorial by the Arts Club of Washington

A MUSICAL peace tower, to commemorate at Washington the victory over imperialism, is the plan of the Arts Club there. Although details for a nationwide appeal are not yet complete, many indorsements of the idea, novel in war memorials in this country, have been received.

The unique feature of the proposed memorial is that the tower be provided with the greatest carillon in the world, one of fifty-four bells, a bell for each State, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Cuba. Each State and possession is to provide its own bell. Prominent citizens, in several instances, have guaranteed the bell for their native States, but the aim is that the money be raised by popular subscription in each State, in order that a widespread public movement be at the base of the memorial.

Each bell, as planned, will carry the name of the State and an appropriate inscription. While the bells will vary in size from a smallest of less than fifteen pounds to a largest of nearly ten tons, individually they will be of equal importance in the great musical instrument.

There is no carillon in this country, and if the memorial is completed as planned, it is predicted that the music of the fifty-four bells, heard over the city, would become one of the distinguishing characteristics of the capital and perhaps, in the recollection of the playing of some patriotic piece, that which would linger the longest in the memory of the visitor. The nearest approach to the carillon in the United States are chimes, composed of a few bells of narrow musical range. The bells of a carillon, fixed and immovable, are rung by hammers and are played automatically or by a keyboard, like an organ or piano. They have a range of four octaves or more, and consequently in chromatic power have a breadth comparable to a piano or organ, with bells representing the tones and half-tones instead of strings.

Further to enhance the proposed carillon with a peculiar memorial significance, bills have been introduced in Congress to grant the use of 200,000 pounds of brass shell cases, or other brass or copper salvaged from the battlefields of France, to be used in the making of the bells. War metals from each of the allies will also be sought for the bells. Representatives of the principal nations concerned have promised their co-operation with this part of the program, according to a member of the Arts Club Special Committee on the National Peace Carillon project. Further to add to the representative character of the memorial, it is planned to have in the carillon tower individual blocks of stone of historic import, one each from Verdun, the Argonne, St. Mihiel, and from the ruined cities of Belgium, such as Ypres, Louvain, and Termonde.

The location of the tower in Washington and the final design will be determined by the National Commission of Fine Arts.

Wyoming in Pageantry

We are living in a wonderful renaissance, a revival in the advancement of social, moral, artistic, and spiritual elements. One of the most helpful as well as

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most meritorious agents in the West is pageantry, for it recalls most vividly the spirit of the West and inspires pioneers to relate their experiences and makes us realize the worth of the bygone days, so filled with glorious hazards.

December 10, 1919, the State of Wyoming observed its semi-centennial celebration, as on December 10th in 1869 the territory of Wyoming bestowed the ballot on women, the first State in the world to do this. The recent legislature passed a law, which recognized this date as Wyoming Day and requested that every community observe it in a suitable way. Many cities, villages, cow and sheep camps were eager to make this State event far-reaching in its results. Though the camp was small, when a few real old-timers told at informal gatherings of thrilling encounters with and escapes from wild red men, told of long periods without word from home, told of the high cost of living in pioneer days, it considered that it had had a most appropriate Wyoming Day.

In the western part of the State in the Big Horn section, near the famous Jackson Hole Country, a more pretentious effort to celebrate was made when a pageant, which was unique in that it was the first to follow this form of graphic community interest, was staged. It showed a wide range and scope, opening with the time of the purchase of Louisiana. Then by a brightly colored symbolical dance the change of rule made from Spain to France was portrayed. After an interval of twenty days the United States became ruler of this acquired territory. The pageant was aglow with spirit of freedom and the unlimited outdoor interests which saturated such explorers as Lewis and Clark, who were sent by President Jefferson to explore the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean. The Indians, frontiersmen, trappers of extensive experience, who were alert for any emergency, aroused unusual admiration and in their representative costumes made the explorations a real, live thing in which thrilling adventures far overbalanced hardship. The Maudan Indian village, not far from the present site of Bismark, N. D., received the explorers, and as it was at the time of their harvest festival, the squaws were at work. A French free trader, Charbonneau, and his wife, Sacajawea, were helpful to them, although another French trapper tried to persuade the Indians that they should send the "Long Knives" away with empty wands. In the exploring party of these renowned scouts was a negro servant who frolicsomenly afforded much amusement for the Indians who had never seen one. A voyageur, who tuned his fiddle, so that a "heel and toe" might be the order of the time, completed the interesting party.

The various trails which penetrated the West were well given, and the audience grasped the importance of the Oregon trail of 1836, which featured the first white women in Wyoming; the Overland trail of 1842 which is associated with John C. Fremont and Kit Carson; the Utah trail and the many others. The pageantry realized very comprehensively that truth is beauty and beauty truth, for it extolled the true worth of pioneering with its unadorned hardships unflinching.

CLARA BOEKE.

The American Academy in Rome

Now that attention is again directed to Italy it will be of interest to Americans to read the story of an outpost of American culture in the Eternal City. The American Academy in Rome has recently closed an exhibition at the Cen-

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ture Club of the work of its graduates—architects, painters, sculptors. These men are leaders in American practice and talent in their respective fields; the American Academy in Rome has placed its stamp upon them, giving them the weapons with which careers are carved, knowledge and technical training in constant association with the workmanship and prowess of Renaissance Rome as well as the ancient city of the Caesars. They have thus been able to make contact with the channels of thought that guided the artistic output of an age the emulation of which is at once our joy and our despair.

The exhibition in question contains examples of the work of the architects: John Russell Pope, Lucian Smith, H. Van Buren Magonigle, Edgar I. Williams, William S. Koyle, Alfred Githens; the sculptors: H. A. MacNeil, Charles Keck, Paulanship, John Gregory, Albin Polasek, Sherry Fry; the painters: F. Tolles Chamberlin, Eugene Savage, Barry Faulkner, Ezra Winter, F. P. Fairbanks, Charles Stickroth, all of whom owe a debt of gratitude for a golden opportunity to the foresight of the founders of the Academy and to the energy and educational policy of its present administrators.

The American Academy in Rome is an established institution with a history beginning in 1894, over a quarter century of yeoman work and unbroken faith so that the best traditions of the arts might prosper on our own soil. It was in the fertile brain of that most distinguished ornament of American architecture, Charles F. McKim, that the idea of such an Academy was born; under his fervor and enthusiasm, together with that of Daniel Burnham, it took shape; to their unswerving devotion to this idea, their gifts to it of money and time; to their inspiring example; to the years of Frank Millet's unselfish service; and to the adherence of such others as La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, now gone, Mowbray, French, and Blashfield, happily still active among us, that the seed came to its present fine fruition.

In Rome the American Academy occupies the finest site in the city. Its buildings stand upon the summit of Mount Janiculum, the highest point within the walls. Near its gates lies the ground over which Garibaldi fought in 1849; in one of its buildings he made his headquarters for the last time and the siege left it in ruins. From the Academy windows and terraces one sees the dome of Saint Peters, mother church of them all, and all Rome lies stretched out beneath.

The American Academy in Rome offers opportunities for architects, painters, and sculptors in its School of Fine Arts, and for archaeologists, historians, and students of literature in its School of Classical Studies. The latter was founded in 1895 by the Archaeological Institute of America and a union between the two institutions was effected in 1912. The Academy sends out Fellows annually and offers in addition the privilege of its facilities to the fellowship holders sent out from fifteen American Universities, and other educational institutions. Fellows are chosen in competitions held throughout America.

Archaeological Work on the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

Square Tower House, a cliff dwelling in the Mesa Verde National Park, Southwestern Colorado, one of the most picturesque cliff houses yet discovered, was excavated and repaired last summer by the Bureau of American Ethnology in cooperation with the Department of the Interior, under the direction of Dr.

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J. Walter Fewkes. This ruin takes its name from the tower rising midway in its length which is the highest yet described in any cliff house in our country. Extensive repair work was necessary for the protection of this tower, which threatened to fall in a few years. The whole ruin is 138 feet long, averaging three stories high, with 27 secular and 7 ceremonial rooms on the ground floor.

Square Tower House, like most other cliff dwellings, may be regarded as the winter or permanent dwelling of its inhabitants, who probably in the summer months lived in temporary shelters on or near their farms on the mesa top. When, however, the crops had been harvested and brought to the store rooms in the cliff dwellings the people returned to their permanent home, where they passed the winter months, rarely venturing any considerable distance away. Here, no doubt, was performed in their sacred rooms an almost constant round of ceremonies of a dramatic and semi-religious nature. There are two features in Square Tower House that are unique: (1) The tower from which the ruin takes its name; and (2) the preservation of the roofs of two of the kivas.

The rooms of Square Tower House are of two kinds, secular and ceremonial, differing in shape and manner of construction. The ceremonial rooms, which are ordinarily called kivas, are circular in form and subterranean in position; they were originally men's rooms, and as ceremonies were as a rule performed by men, they came to be used for ceremonial purposes; the rectangular rooms were granaries and habitations, or devoted to other secular purposes.

The remains of seven kivas, or sacred rooms, are still to be seen in Square Tower House. Two of these have the woodwork of their roofs still in place; but the others being under the drip of the water from the canyon rim were in a bad state of preservation and had to be extensively repaired, although their lower walls could be readily traced. The top of the outer wall of one or two kivas was given a covering of Portland cement for protection.

The unique feature in the kivas of Square Tower House is the remains of the original roofs, the best preserved in the park. The roofs of two of these rooms still in place are wonderful examples of prehistoric carpentering, and can be examined by visitors, imparting a good idea of what the Stone Age people who inhabited the cliffs were able to accomplish in this line. The method of roofing is as follows: The roof is not flat but vaulted and supported by a cribbing spanning the intervals between six stone pedestals or supports. Over this cribbing were rafters on which was placed a layer of cedar bark and mud that forms the covering of the roof. All the beams and rafters used in the construction of the roof had the bark removed and were fashioned by stone implements, the marks of which can readily be seen wherever exposed. As the ceremonial rooms were subterranean, a central fireplace was necessary to afford heat and light. Fresh air was introduced by an elaborate ventilator which opened on the outside of the kiva, the air being distributed by a fire screen placed between the ventilator opening near the floor and the fireplace.

Important excavations were made in small house sites on top of the mesa near the head of the trail to Square Tower House by Mr. Ralph Linton, under direction of Dr. Fewkes.

Among the most important problems connected with the Southwestern ruins is the age and origin of the cliff dwellers. No one has yet been able to solve

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these problems satisfactorily. We do not know their age in terms of the Christian era and the connection of their ancestors with other Indian tribes is hypothetical.

The New Art of the Southwest

The *Literary Digest* (Feb. 14, 1920) devotes considerable space to the January Number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, and reproduces four pictures—the "Altar of the Gods" (Rollins), "Indian Boy" (Henri), "Indian Woman" (Henderson), and "A Snake Dance among the Hopis" (Davy). It says in part:

"There was a day when Emerson cried out, 'Let the Americans come home, for unto us a child is born.' American literature had spoken with an original voice and the listeners in the European schools of letters could come back and take notice of their own. Something like this cry is sounded in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY (January) over the artistic activities of 1919 in the Southwest. Art has so long waited on the doorsteps of Europe that this 1919 reaction comes as a great clap. The Art Museum of Santa Fe, which registers the doings in that quarter, held thirty-eight exhibitions during the year, and gave first exhibitions to over eleven hundred paintings. Here was a gigantic baby that will demand all the attention our expatriate artists may have power to give. Moreover, as the writer of the article, Mr. Edgar L. Hewett, says, 'the remarkable range of subjects and treatment speaks of the exploration of vast new fields with infinite courage and joy.' We find that—

"This season has witnessed the most ambitious undertakings in the history of Southwestern Art, and the most noteworthy achievements. No landscape was too mysterious, no color too bewildering, no phase of human life too subtle for the brushes seeking new endeavors. Some conceptions rose to epic proportions and character and were executed with brilliant success."

It was inevitable that this region should eventually impress itself powerfully upon the art of America, says Mr. Hewett, because "it is a country of irresistible character; strong, compelling, elemental. It may be said of most parts of our country that the incoming population 'possess' the land. Here the process was reversed. The country 'possess' the settlers." The insistent cry from Europe that our artists and writers give to the Old World something distinctively American may find its answer in part from the Southwest for—

"In many sections the impress of nearly four centuries of European civilization is not discernible. Successively it molded to its own definite character the Indians, Mexicans, trappers and traders, frontiersmen, cowboys—all those of its long, romantic past. Now just as surely it is shaping to its own type the present population and institutions. How such a land would influence the artist and poet could he predicted with certain assurance from its reaction upon all its previous discoverers and explorers.

"While Santa Fe and Taos are the principal centers of this activity, the whole Southwest is attracting artists and writers. Santa Fe has attained to a unique place. Its dominant interest is in its cultural assets—its art, archeology, architecture, and history. This probably could be said of no other city in America—certainly of no other State capital. No other interest is so constantly under discussion by the people. The daily newspaper, the Santa Fe New Mexican, makes this group of topics the subject of daily news and comment and gives more space proportionately to this class of matter than any other daily newspaper in the United States.

"Those who have the good fortune to watch the development of the Southwestern art movement from year to year have a conviction that they are witnessing something that is destined to a high place in the history of American art, something of which the artists themselves are for the most part unconscious."



BOOK CRITIQUES

The Little Flowers of Saint Francis, being a translation of I. Fioretti di S. Francesco, by Thomas Okey. With 30 drawings in color by Eugene Burnand. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: J. M. Dent & Sons Limited. 1919. \$15.

"The Little Flowers of Saint Francis," which ranks as one of the literary treasures of all time, has appeared in English translation at a most opportune season as it recalls a period in history not unlike our own. Its reproduction by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., in such a sumptuous form as to letter press and illustration, is one of the notable contributions of the year that has just passed. The English translation by Thomas Okey is from the text of Antonio Cesari, but in a few passages the translator has followed the more recent text of Passerini. Suffice it to say the English interpreters in clear and fluid diction the delicate and exquisite Italian of the original. Burnand's drawings in both line and color fully realize the purpose of the artist who in painting the illustrations "has aimed at reproducing the Assisian landscape as it appears today—little changed in its essential features since St. Francis and his friars lived and wrought—one of the most poetic and lovely of Italian provinces; he has sought with the aid of living models to evoke a convincing representation of the Franciscan friar in concrete form, as he appeared in the thirteenth century, stripped of the ages of popular and sacerdotal traditions." Our own Southwest abounds in monuments and traditions of the Franciscans who labored to bring the American Indian to a knowledge of the life and teachings of the lowly Nazarene, as exemplified in the spirit of St. Francis, and to our many readers in the Southwest this volume will present an especial appeal. The old Franciscan missions of New Mexico, built one hundred and fifty years before the better known missions of Southern California, and the religious ceremonials of the Pueblos which still bear witness to the labors of the Franciscan fathers acquire a new interest in the light of this illuminating volume.

The introduction briefly tells the story of the life of St. Francis and his calling to restore the Spirit of Christ and to proclaim anew His message of peace, good will and salvation to men. It recounts the founding of the Order, its checkered history and its final triumph as the great evangelizing agency of the Church. Saint Francis died Oct. 4, 1226. He was can-

onized by Pope Gregory IX, July 16, 1228. The Little Flowers (Fioretti) is a free translation of a Latin original compiled some time after 1322. It is based on the ingenuous narratives of the saint's most intimate followers, through the passing years, in sermon and conversation passed on from one to another. Many of the stories are doubtless "memories of memories" and contain the accretions of frequent telling, but they bear the stamp of sincerity and devotion and preserve the spirit of the devout Franciscans. There are fifty-three chapters in all and in an Appendix nine additional chapters are given from a Spanish version of the Fioretti and from other sources which have not hitherto been translated into English.

The message of this volume to the modern world is well expressed by the Archbishop of New York in the New York Times: "If the present translation will help, ever so little, toward a keener appreciation of moral values and spiritual standards in America, all earnest lovers of our country should rejoice and be much heartened, despite the ominous clouds on the horizon. If America were to grow in spiritual power in proportion to her material and educational development, the supremacy of the American ideal in government and the salvation of American institutions would be guaranteed. Let us hope that we see at hand in our national life a sure promise of a spiritual quickening of supreme confidence, dauntless courage and boundless charity. May 'The Little Flowers of St. Francis,' wholesome, helpful and uplifting, be welcomed by wearied hearts and worried minds as an angel's song to be hearkened to, and a heavenly star to be followed into peace and light." M. C.

Flora: A book of drawings, by Pamela Bianco. With illustrative poems by Walter de la Mare. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.; Quarto. Pp. 43. \$6.00.

The art lovers of Europe have for months been excited over the appearance of two child prodigies. The work of Romano Dazzi, the twelve-year-old Roman boy, is known in this country only through incomplete, almost casual magazine notices and reproductions. This has likewise been true, until the publication of the present volume, of the work of another artist of twelve years, a girl, Pamela Bianco. But in this thin, large-paged book we have a generous and satisfying measure of her remarkable drawings for our delight and wonderment.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

At the risk of spoiling a gallant act by praising it, one must direct attention to the modest rôle here taken by one of England's most distinguished living poets. This is not a book of poems with illustrations; it is a book of drawings "with illustrative poems," by Mr. Walter de la Mare. These poems are always charming, on occasion appropriately frolicsome, often wistful, and in at least one instance—"Mirage"—great. But it must not be fancied that they give voice to what we are accustomed to call normal childhood. On the contrary, they are the elaborate and very subtle expression of a mature and saddened spirit gifted with a perceptive power as delicate as that of Walter Pater himself. In short, these two dozen or more poems are very essentially Mr. de la Mare.

Nor are the drawings themselves an expression of what we are pleased to call normal childhood. There are frequent traces of childlikeness, in the sense of an inability to outline surface appearance with entire accuracy. But who that loves them thinks of bad drawing before the work of Fra Angelico or Botticelli? This is not to imply that Pamela is to be ranked with such artists; she has enough quality of her own to warrant study without being smothered in extravagant comparisons.

As for what is conveyed by the drawings, that is too subtle and complicated a thing to be condensed into a single paragraph. There is humor, both that of conscious design and that of an unconscious misinterpretation of things; there is grace even in the awkwardness often displayed; there is always charm. The extraordinary design entitled "The Strong Child" seems a final word in decoration; and the little figure which Mr. de la Mare calls "That wistful, naked, bud-ankleted boy" is one of the loveliest drawings of recent years. But the dominant note seems to be sadness of a peculiar sort. It is not the really childish sorrow which is cured by sleep, but a sorrow older than any living being, hardly to be accounted for except upon some hypothesis of the fruit of experience being transmitted down the generations. The volume is one to be opened again and again, both for the immediate and ever-fresh pleasure afforded the aesthetic sense and for the marvel of unforeseen genius.

Corcoran Gallery of Art. VIRGIL BARKER.

Origin and Meaning of Apple Cults. By J. Rendel Harris. 58 pp. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1919. \$0.60.

Professor Harris has collected in this monograph, illustrated with scenes from sarcophagi, coins, and vases, a lot of interesting archaeo-

logical and folk-lore material on the primitive worship of apple-trees. In England, in Devonshire especially, it has been the custom to "wassail" the apple trees by drinking their health in cider to insure a good crop. The spirit of the tree takes the form of an apple bird or apple-boy and this spirit must be propitiated by offerings and sacrifices. Cretan coins show a female figure accompanied by a bird or a boy with a cock seated in a tree. This is the tree spirit posing for fertility under the twofold representation of bird and human being, a charm for fertility parallel to the Devonshire boy and the tom-tit. On some Cretan coins the place of the tree-spirit is occupied by Apollo himself but unfortunately it is a bay-tree. Professor Harris thinks this may have displaced some earlier form, and in his lecture on Apollo in his book, "The Ascent of Olympus," he has shown that the laurel was not primitive and that Apollo was an oak-boy, but he is still unable to supply the missing numismatic link from the oak to the apple-tree. Even Ganymede is the oak-tree boy and represents the spirit of the tree whom he propitiates through the eagle by food and drink. He is King of the Wood, a little Zeus, who on an early Greek vase is crowned by Hera with the cock, the thunder-bird, also present. Greek art by such interpretations is given back to Greek religion and Ganymede restored to respectability. Apollo is a tree-boy or spirit or originally just an apple. Balder the Beautiful is the Northern Apollo and the word "Abál" produces the word apál-dur, which losing its initial vowel gives Balder, the apple-tree or apple-boy. The five chapters of the monograph are learned and ingenious, but archaeologists and philologists will still hesitate to consider Apollo originally a mere apple. It is too bad to see this kind of argument proceeding from England. We might expect it in Germany where Penelope has become a duck and Odysseus a wolf. One reviewer recalls that by a similar method Mr. Chesterton proved that Cleopatra was killed not by an asp, but by aspirin. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Volume II. New York, University Press Association; Cambridge, Harvard University Press; New Haven, Yale University Press, 1918. Pp. 101. 70 plates.

This second volume of *Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome* in memoriam to Jesse Benedict Carter, Frederic Crowninshield, and

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Richard Norton continued the high standard set by the previous volume. It is beautifully printed and contains many handsome illustrations on seventy plates. In the account of the Recent Work of the School of Fine Arts, it is stated that the Trustees have decided to present each year in the Memoirs a selection of plates reproducing the work of the Fellows of the School of Fine Arts; and this volume presents fifteen subjects, including a capital of the temple of Mars Ultor, the Palace of Domitian on the Palatine, restored, a restoration of the Ponte Rotto, a restoration of the Circular Pavilion at Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli, the Villa Gamberaia, a Bas-relief by Gregory, an Equestrian Statue by Friedlander, a Peasant by Jennewein. Among the paintings are A Fig-tree by Stickroth, The Rape of Europa by Cowles, Commerce by Davidson. These samples show beyond a doubt that the Academy is training some very important architects, sculptors, and painters whose work will soon be famous.

The article on Terracotta Arulae by Mrs. Van Buren is a scholarly and exhaustive treatment, with a chronological table, of small terracotta altars which, though not of great artistic merit in themselves, influenced sculpture in relief, and especially that of Roman sarcophagi. The many specimens and subjects are well discussed, though some would object to the obsolete spelling "Syrens" for "Sirens." The sequence is traced from the neolithic "table-leg altar" through the Babylonian variations and the Mycenaean culture to the terra-cotta altars, the type losing the original pillar-like form and becoming squarer in section until it culminates in the altars of Calvinus and Verminus.

Miss Roberts' unillustrated article on The Gallic Fire and Roman Archives is a valuable historical study determining the extent of the Gallic fire of 387 B. C. Miss Roberts concludes that the temples of Saturn, Castor, Dios Fidius, Diana, Ceres, and perhaps of Juno survived, and that the Gauls had more regard for the Roman temples and archives than is generally supposed.

Professor Van Buren's Studies in the Archaeology of the Forum at Pompeii correct certain traditional statements about well-known monuments such as the great cult statue of Jupiter and the great inscription on the pavement of the Forum, the arch at the south end of the Forum, the Curia, the school building which has hitherto been explained as a stoa or market, the changes in the Forum due to the Roman colonists. Professor Van Buren's

scholarly studies at Pompeii reveal his intimate knowledge of that city and indicate that much still remains to be done in interpreting the remains at Pompeii.

Stanley Lothrop's exhaustive study of the Roman painter, Pietro Cavallini, with forty-five artistic and interesting plates concludes the volume. Especial attention is given to the decoration of the Palazzo Publico in Perugia, which previous students have neglected and which Lothrop attributes to Cavallini or some close follower. Almost all of Cavallini's works are reproduced, many of the photographs taken by Lothrop himself. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

The Art of George Frederick Munn. By Mary Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabbot with an introduction by Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. \$2.25.

This painter possessed a personality, a mind and craftsmanship skill of such excellence as classified him among those artists who have contributed largely to the solid foundations and traditions of American Art. As most of our noted artists he studied abroad, but unlike many of these his earlier art training was in England; subsequently he traveled and studied on the continent.

At one time he aspired to be a sculptor, and in 1867 actually took up the study with Calverley in New York; in this study of sculpture he showed talent and made rapid progress. He showed some skill also as a poet and a writer, but it was the art of painting that was to bring him his greatest renown. His most productive years were between 1873 and 1885 when he painted some of his best pictures, work that brought him honors and financial returns. His pictures were hung in some of the leading European galleries and exhibitions. In 1885 he returned to America and shortly after had a breakdown in health as a result of a case of typhus fever contracted in Italy in 1883. Illness resulting from this fever recurred from time to time during the last twenty-five years of his life, stopping his career as a painter. He died February 10th, 1907. By his friends he was recognized and honored for the qualities of character he manifested before his illness and during the later years of comparatively normal health. He possessed native strength of character, charm of personality, a just and upright mind, freshness of imagination, an abundant sense of humor, and the lasting grace of "reverence for what is best in men and

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

things." Landscape and portraiture were the subjects usually treated by him in his paintings. The style of his work, as seen through the text and the fine half-tone reproductions, is poetic, full of charm, the more subtle elements of beauty seeming to dominate. There is sure draftsmanship, good line and mass composition, and well balanced, often closely related, tonal values. The place of Munn in American Art may yet become more prominent and permanently fixed as his life and works become better known. The rapidly developing interest in American Art on the part of our public, with intelligent appreciation accompanying the interest, both largely as a result of general art education in public schools, colleges, universities, museums, and exhibitions, leads one to hope that some of his works may soon be found in our public galleries. The growing interest in American Art on the part of buyers and collectors most likely assures such acquisitions and consequent broader appreciation of Munn as one of our prominent artists. The book, while being of general interest, should specially be in every library dealing with American Art.

WALTER B. GALE.

Baltimore City College.

The Martyred Towns of France. By Clara E. Laughlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1919. Pp. xiii + 469. \$3.25.

In this well printed and invitingly arranged book Miss Laughlin takes advantage of the imminence of the greatest tourist season that the shipping and tourist companies have ever anticipated. Devastated France is the lodestone of most potent force. But to see what now lies in ruins will do little more than to increase the already great amount of pity for France and aversion to her enemy; a background is necessary against which to project both imagination and prewar reality. That background the author has provided.

Miss Laughlin has in twenty-two chapters ranged through as many cities or localities and given us both a chronological, from Gallic times to the present, and a gossipy, account of the doings which in the past have made famous, interesting, or notorious the places that the late World War have again brought to the recollection or attention of everyone. The book will doubtless be widely read by travelers.

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His Grace the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, recently reviewed this edition at length in *The New York Times*, saying: "I found myself irresistibly drawn by the charm of the book itself to seize the opportunity of venturing an interpretation of its message for America" as "one of the literary treasures of all time."

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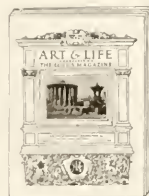
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VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1920

No. 3

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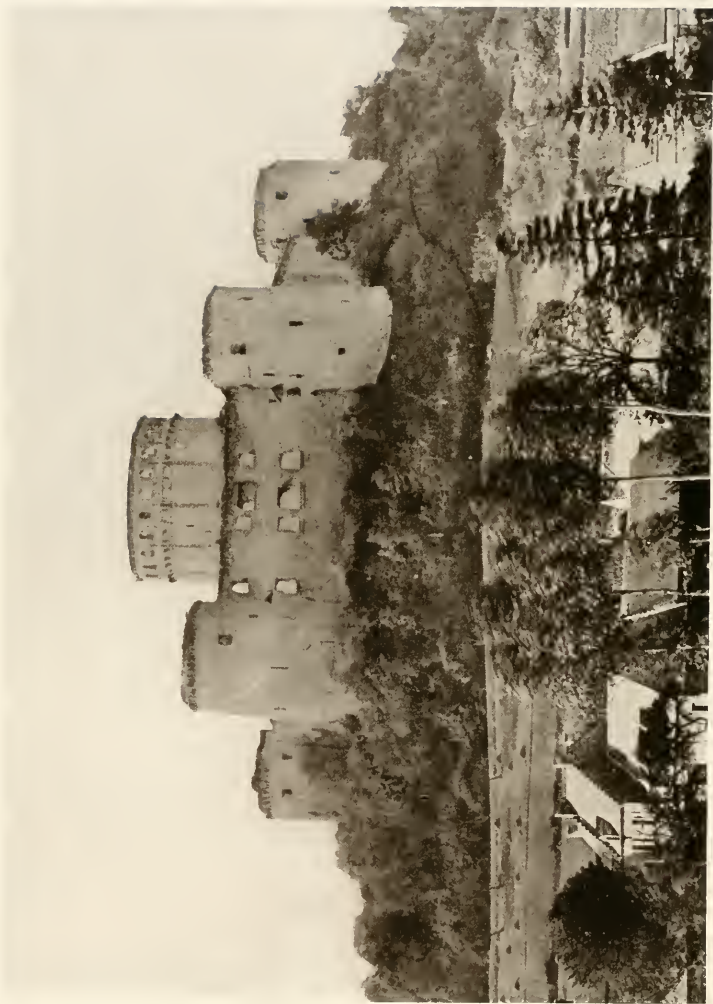
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Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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General view of the Castle of Coucy before the war.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1920

NUMBER 3

MARTYRED MONUMENTS OF FRANCE I. THE CASTLE OF COUCY

By COLONEL THEODORE REINACH,

Membre de l'Institut de France

NOTHING is more heart-rending, nothing has raised a deeper feeling of horror and disgust, not only among my own countrymen, but in the whole civilized world, than the wholesale destruction wrought by the retiring German armies at the end of the winter of 1917 in Picardie, Isle de France and Champagne.

Cities and villages, chateaux and churches, farms and orchards, walls and barns, the stately rows of elms and planes that lined our highways as well as the cheerful apple and cherry-trees scattered among our fields—everything fell a prey, not to the brutal outburst of an undisciplined soldiery, but to a systematic plan of devastation carried out with all the refinements of methods and science. The whole strip of land was turned to a hideous desert. Generations will rise and fall before this beautiful tract of France will have recovered something of its former aspect and prosperity; and how many, *many*

wounds, alas, are printed into its flesh forever, as an indelible monument of the achievements of "scientific barbarism."

Among the countless victims of that famous "Hindenburg withdrawal" none is more deserving of our regret and admiration than the feudal castle of Coucy. This celebrated structure was, in the words of one of our leading archaeologists, the most splendid keep in Europe, a work of Titans. Fancy that British generals, for fear that the invading Turk or Senoussi might use the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops as a point of vantage, should have blown up with gunpowder or dynamite that stupendous relic of remote ages and extinct civilizations: the crime against mankind would hardly have been more hateful than was the wanton destruction of the *donjon* of Coucy, a feat which Ludendorff, in his elaborate narrative of the clever withdrawal of 1917, avoids mentioning with a single word,



The "Salle des Preux" of the Chateau.

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as if perhaps even his armored conscience recoiled before the unpleasant subject!

However unimportant for military purposes in our own times, a glance at any good map shows how well chosen was the site of this famous castle from the point of view of the middle ages. Coucy rises on the spur of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Ailette, at the threshold of the well known "Massif de St. Gobain," a high, wooded tract, which forms, beyond the forests of Compiègne and Villiers Cotterets, beyond the long, steep ditches of the Aisne and Ailette, the further outward bulwark of the basin of Paris. The main roads from Chateau Thierry and Soissons to St. Quentin and from Noyon to Laon and Reims, cross each other at this point. Thus the master of Coucy, from his eagle's nest, could easily dart upon any of those flourishing towns, impede the traffic between them or exact a substantial tribute from the traders passing at the foot of his unconquerable "donjon."

Such a landmark must have been utilized and fortified since the earliest times of Gallic and again of Frankish history.

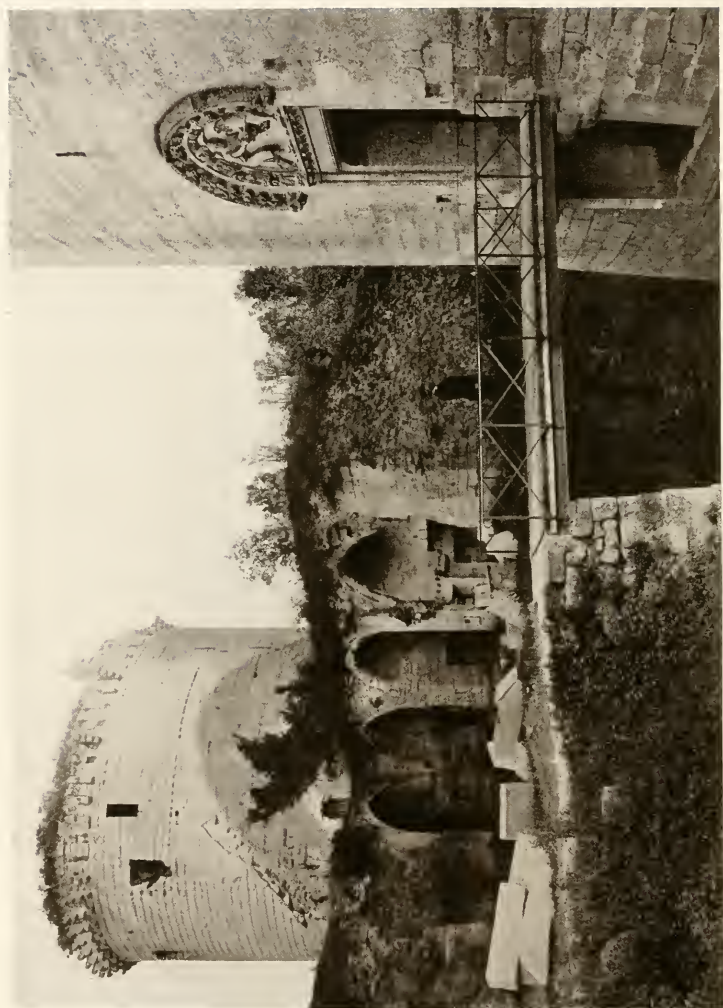
However, we have no record of a "castle" of Coucy before the tenth century and it was only in the first half of the thirteenth that the present castle—if the word *present* may still be used for a heap of smouldering ruins—was erected. This was the time when military architecture in our western countries rose to its zenith.

In the early days of feudalism—that is in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in the age of William the Conqueror and of Wace—there were as yet no keeps built in stone. The learned Caumont, who, about a hundred years ago, went over the whole of Normandy in

search of the strongholds of our old barons, found plenty of ditches, earthen hedges, mounds, but no remnants of walls, stones or foundations. The fact is that these early feudal castles, in France as well as in England, were nothing but large *square* towers of wood.¹ Our Norman barons used for their dwellings the perishable material that had served for the ships of their hardy ancestors, the half legendary Vikings, and, of course, time and casual fires made short work with them. It was not until the end of the eleventh century that some barons and kings began to raise keeps of stone, one of the first being the famous Tower of London. In the next century the fashion became general, but the architecture of these strongholds remained rather clumsy and primitive. The "donjon"—*dominium* from *dominus*—as its name vouches, was not simply a building of defence, but the actual dwelling-house of the feudal lord, and a very dismal one too, so dismal indeed that the French "donjon" became in English "dungeon," with the sense of a gaol. Fancy a square massive structure with very thick walls, very small windows, the ground-floor used as a store, the whole lordly family living in the large hall on the first floor, the only access to which was an outward staircase of wood—in fact rather a ladder than a staircase—which was removed at the earliest notice of danger. The spacious court-yard around this "donjon," closed in by a wall and ditch, served as refuge in time of siege for the neighbouring peasantry.

A new revolution in military architecture occurred at the end of the twelfth century, under the influence of eastern art, as has been convincingly

¹For representations of which see the tapestry of Bayeux.



Angkor Tower and entrance to the *donjon*.

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proved by the investigations of Viollet le Duc, Dieulafoy, Rey and other learned archaeologists. The barons of France and England, carried over seas by the Crusades, noticed in Syria, Armenia, and Cyprus many cunning and magnificent strongholds planned by the Byzantines and the Arabs, the type of which, derived from remote Assyrian and Persian models, had slowly improved under the pressure and by the lessons of unceasing warfare. Several beautiful specimens of these eastern castles may still be admired in Palestine, in Phoenicia, in Lower and Upper Syria, all countries now delivered from the secular scourge of Turkish misrule and, it is to be hoped, looking forward to a new era of prosperity and civilization. This new type was carried back to the west by such lords and kings who returned from the Crusade, especially by Richard Coeur de Lion and his rival Philip Augustus: the famous Chateau-Gaillard, the admirable ruins of which are still visible near the Andelys in Normandy, may be considered as the first, and perhaps the most remarkable, specimen of the new style of feudal military architecture inspired by the East, uniting the requisites of strength, comfort and beauty.

What a king had achieved at Chateau-Gaillard, a baron dared, a generation later, to realize at Coucy. True that Enguerrand, third of this name, lord of Coucy, was not an ordinary nobleman; he was a man of royal descent, his mother being a granddaughter of King Louis VI.

The whole family were renowned for their cruelty, boldness and utter unscrupulousness. Their history is a long succession of heroic achievements and dastardly crimes. Everybody knows their motto, the proudest of the French nobility:

*Roi ne suis, Ne¹ prince ne duc ne comte aussi:
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.*

Enguerrand III had been married three times; his estates were extended, his wealth very large, and some whispered that he stretched out his hand toward the crown of France. It was in the troubled times of the minority of King Louis IX—Saint Louis—under the regency of Blanche of Castile, that this man, to serve some obscure political aims, set about to build, or rather rebuild, the strongest castle which had ever been in France, nay in Europe.

As I said above, the advantageous site of the plateau of Coucy had long before that age been used for defensive purposes. It consists mainly of two twin hills, divided by a gully which was threaded by a draw-bridge. The eastern and lower one bore the small town of Coucy, surrounded by a strong rampart of irregular pentagonal shape, flanked with several round and fortified gates—especially the famous *porte de Laon*, a masterpiece of military architecture. The steeper hill on the west bears the lordly keep, enclosed in a wall of very similar form to that of the town, but of smaller development. A stronghold in this place, erected by archbishop Hervé of Reims, is mentioned as far back as 900 A. D. and was at that time deemed almost impregnable. But it must have been a child's toy compared with the gigantic structure now raised by Enguerrand the third, and which seems to have been, in all essentials, completed during a comparatively short space of time, between 1220 and 1242 A. D.

The ground plan of this "new castle," as professor Émile Male has well shown, offers many points of likeness with those eastern fortresses I have just mentioned, and especially with the

¹ Ne old French for *ni* (neither).



Restored view of the Castle of Coucy in the XIV Century.

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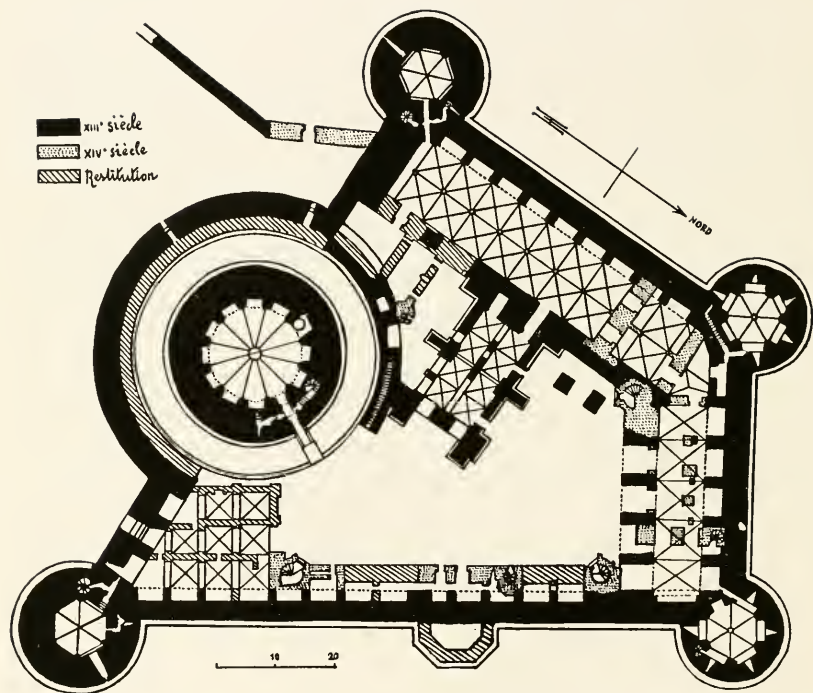
wonderful castle of Margat, near Tortosa, which the Arab Sultan, as the legend goes, was only able to conquer with the help of the four arch-angels, the airplanes of those days. The greater part of the surface of the enclosure—three sides of which are flanked with regular towers connected by curtains—are occupied by an immense outward court—*basse-cour*—a kind of *place d'armes* where a large garrison could assemble and manœuvre. Here are spacious magazines for stores, a well and a romanesque chapel of the twelfth century, instalments providing both for the health of the body and the welfare of the soul. Then, behind a large moat 60 feet wide, rises the manor proper, crowning the summit of the hill. It has the shape of an irregular quadrangle, clad in thick walls; at each angle stood a big round tower, 60 feet in diameter, capped with a conical roof. Notice that in those days all towers were made round, and for military reasons: the engineers had observed that square towers, as they had been formerly in use, admit at their corners of so-called "dead ground," on which an assailant can creep, unseen and unpunished, up to the very foot of the wall.

The towers of the quadrangle are, as the earlier *donjons*, both structures of defence and lodgings; each of them consists of several stories, and at every story there is a large Gothic hall, well heated and well lighted. However, these lodgings were supplemented by a much finer *suite* of apartments, forming two large rectangles, built inside the inner court-yard of the castle proper, solidly founded on rows of blind arches and leaning against the curtains of the western and northern walls. One of these buildings—the western and larger one—contained the so-called "Hall of the

Worthies" (*Salle des Preux*), thus named from a celebrated mantel-piece adorned with statues of nine famous warriors of legend and classical history—Joshua, David, Alexander, etc.—to whom, last, not least, Charles of Orleans added finally our own Duguesclin. In the northern building was a large hall, termed, for a like reason, the *Salle des Preuses* or "Hall of the Ladies." Both halls were provided with stained glass windows, and a document tells us how much money was requisite at one time to repair one of these "vitraux" which the favorite monkey of "Madame la Baronne" had broken, through. A large and beautiful chapel a spacious kitchen and various other dependencies filled up the space between the "Hall of the Worthies" and the "donjon." Not a little part of these additions, as well as the rearrangement of the two large halls and the tasteful restoration of the whole manor, are due to a descendant of the first builder of the manor, Enguerrand the seventh, the son-in-law of the king of England, Edward III, a valiant knight and clever statesman, whose long and romantic career found an end in the "crusade" of Nicopolis, against the Turks (1396 A. D.).

* * *

Now to the keep, or "donjon" properly so called, the main and central feature of the whole organization. In the middle of the southern side of the quadrangle, the side bordering on the "place d'armes" and therefore the most exposed to an attack, protruded an enormous semi-circular bastion or *chemise* 60 feet high, which, in its turn, enclosed a mighty round tower of unparalleled height, width and thickness. Indeed the diameter of this monstrous cylinder was no less than 93 feet, the walls were 22 feet thick. The main



*From the plan in M. E. Lefèvre Pontalis's book
 "Le Château de Coucy"
 by A. Ventra*

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structure rose upwards of 160 feet high; its attic, hooped with a wreath of oak, was crowned, instead of a roof, with four pinnacles which disappeared at an early age; at the top of each of these turrets the banner of the Sire of Coucy waved at a height of more than 200 feet, a quite respectable altitude even for a New York or Chicago sky-scraper. The base of this tower, by far the biggest ever built in Europe, instead of containing, as usual, a cellar, is a solid block of stone, about 17 feet in height, equally invulnerable to the sapper or to the miner. The entrance door, on the north side, to which led a draw-bridge, was surmounted with a handsome relief showing a knight fighting against a lion,¹ a not improper emblem for a castle the whole of which, with its battlements and corner towers, reminds a witty archaeologist of a lion driving solidly his claws into the ground!

Now the defence of this *réduit*, ensured by the tremendous thickness of the walls, was still enhanced by the ingenious arrangement of the finishing terrace. On the top of the tower, a series of protruding consols or corbels, communicating with as many Gothic arcades, were arranged as a permanent framework for a row of wooden beams; through these protected openings or *machicoulis* the defenders could hurl stones, fling flaming brands or any sort of missiles against an assailant as he tried to approach the slanting foot of the tower. The "donjon" seems not to have been used as a dwelling place, but as a gigantic store house and barracks; each of its three stories, connected by a large staircase, contained,

however, a beautiful Gothic hall vaulted over and resting on pillars, with a ring of niches not unlike the chapels around the apse of a cathedral. A thousand men of arms could easily find room in the hall of the second floor.

* * *

Notwithstanding its prodigious strength, which defied several sieges, Coucy was, in the long run, compelled to submit to the authority of the King of France. The feudal family of Coucy died out with Enguerrand VII at the end of the fourteenth century, and the castle passed by sale into the hands of the House of Orleans, which completed some of its interior fittings. Then it came by inheritance, in 1498, to the royal estate. In the seventeenth century, during the troubled days of the "Fronde," a rebel governor tried once more to use the castle as a stronghold; but the times were changed, and cannon proved mightier than the walls. Then it was that the gates and the splendid Halls of the *Preux* and *Preuses* were pulled down, nay Cardinal Mazarin ordered the "donjon" itself to be blown up with gunpowder by his famous engineer Métézeau. But, happily, gunpowder could not do the work (1652). The vaults of the several stories collapsed, the main fabric remained unshattered. From this time forth the walls of Coucy served as a quarry for the neighboring peasantry; the donjon, sometimes used as a prison, remained standing as a gigantic, empty trumpet of stone, where the wind blew freely in, amid the crumbling, but easily discernible, remains of the dwelling houses, enclosures and towers, all in all the most beautiful ruin in France, an incomparable lesson for archaeologists, an object of profound admiration for all

¹This sculpture—now completely disappeared—had been much restored in the time of Viollet-le-Duc. In fact little more than the lion's tail and one paw was quite genuine.



Present state of the interior of the Castle.



Present state of the interior of the Castle, another view.

minds open to artistic feelings and to the reverence of by-gone ages.¹

Such was the wonderful relic of old France which, in the spring of 1917, the Germans determined to blow up with dynamite. The pretence was of course that the tower *might* be used as a military observatory; but, if the retreating foe had offered to respect the time-hallowed monument, on condition of it *not* being used for military purposes, is there any doubt that the proposal would have been accepted? However, the case of the steeple of Reims which the Germans persisted in shelling under the same pretence until 1918, although

it was proved that *no* post of observation or signalization had ever been set up there since the 8th of September, 1914, shows that there was something else in this fearful deed than military forethought; it was an act of envy, of hatred and of selfish brutality. One of the glories of France, much admired and quoted ever by German scholars, was to be wiped out and it was so.

For, this time, the work was carried out thoroughly. The splendid "donjon" which had defied the gunpowder of Mazarin fell a victim to the dynamite of Hindenburg. Its colossal cylinder tumbled to the ground as a house of cards built by children; in a moment's time the main tower, as well as the lesser, but still formidable, towers of the enclosure, were reduced to a heap of rubbish, a quarry of stones, where

¹The castle, given back as an appanage by Louis XIV to the (new) house of Orleans, became in 1856 the property of the State, which was content with some very urgent cleaning and preservative measures, and the picking up of fragments of sculpture, collected in a small museum.

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even the trained eye of a scholar is at a loss to make out the design, nay the very place, of the magnificent structures of yore. A glance thrown on the compared photos which accompany this paper will show, plainer than any words, the extent of the devastation, the hopeless state of the ruin. I myself visited what remains of the castle last summer; I wandered through the endless dales and hills of smouldering masonry, searching vainly for the features, which, in a preceding visit, ten years ago, had so deeply engraved themselves in my memory. The words of the poet, *etiam periere ruinae*, came to my mind, and my only bit of comfort was to meet a gang of German prisoners, led by a few *poilus*, who were just going to take their night quarters in the vast cellars of the chateau, be-

fore beginning next morning to clean the neighboring fields from thousands and thousands of shells and to rebuild the shattered cottages of our unfortunate peasants. May the sight of the hideous work of destruction wrought by their Emperor,¹ may the sense of the just retaliation brought about at last by the "inward justice" of history impress themselves strongly on the minds of these men and foster in them, for the future, feelings more humane and a better notion of true civilization in contradistinction to *Kultur*!

¹ In the *Figaro* of October 29, 1919, Mr. Arsène Alexandre testifies to the following characteristic anecdote. A Berlin architect, Lieutenant Keller, said a few months ago, in Maubeuge, to one of our museum keepers: "It was I who was commanded to blow up the donjon of Coucy. It was a fine piece of work. Let me tell you that all the measurements were taken so that Germany might build it up again!" God preserve us from a "reconstruction" of which Hohkoenigsburg in Alsace offers such a terrifying example!



Outward view of the ruins of the Castle.

STONEHENGE REVISITED

By WALLACE N. STEARNS

THERE are few bits of country more replete with interest than the Wiltshire Downs. Here is a bewildering complex of rolling chalk ridges and winding valleys; of upland meadow and woodland; scattering fields now made more scarce by the multiplying aviation camps. At the heart of the Downs is Salisbury Plain, one of the most historic spots under the British flag. To the north is Avebury, at the center is Stonehenge, to the south is the tower of Salisbury—records of approximately 5,000 years of human endeavor.

The first impression of the visitor to Stonehenge is one of disappointment. With a vision of Stonehenge as pictured in "restorations," he is deeply depressed by the seemingly chaotic mass of rough-hewn monoliths. As he studies the pile, however, order rises out of chaos, fallen columns take their places, shattered parts are joined together, the Hele stone plays its part, and the structure stands out with something akin to grandeur. Stonehenge is one of the world's wonders.

Proceeding in orderly manner to the study of this ruin, we first see a circular rampart, a ridge of earth about eighteen inches high and three hundred feet in diameter. Within this rampart is a portion of a circular group of monoliths with two inner semicircles of smaller stones, the inmost flanked by five huge trilithons. Outside the group, but still within the rampart, are three other stones whose significance will appear later. An avenue flanked by two earth ramparts extends toward the rising sun as it appears at the summer solstice. Of this avenue sections have been traced for twenty-two miles in

the direction of Avebury, where are remains of a still more ancient monument, the precursor of Stonehenge. Avebury is a circular rampart ruin fourteen hundred and eighty yards in circumference and forty feet high. The pretty little village goes far toward effacing the outline of the ancient work, though there were once six hundred and fifty monoliths within this enclosure of twenty-eight and three-fourths acres.

The circular rampart of Stonehenge is well preserved. Now that the ground is a national park the damage done by a military road will be remedied and the rampart fully restored. Within this circle the ground was holy, and even to this day is so regarded by visiting sun worshippers, who on entering remove their shoes. Of the four concentric circles and horseshoes, excavations reveal the stumps or bases of all the component monoliths that are no longer standing. There can be no doubt as to the form of the original building. The outer circle of stones consisted of thirty upright columns roughly faced on one side at least, and bound at top by lintels held in place by rough tenons and sockets, the so-called "toggle-joints." These "Sarsens" are of the local Wiltshire saccharoid sandstone that once ages back covered the South of England. On these downs only huge scattered fragments of this stratum remain, known to the native patois as "Grey Wethers." They look in the distance like gigantic sheep. The term "Sarsen," by the way, calls up the medieval mind, to which anything so seemingly superhuman was devilish, Saracenic. The stones in the next circle are smaller and are alien to



Stonehenge in its original state

Stonehenge in its original state.

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England, brought, perhaps, from the Continent. Hundreds of chips witness that these stones were dressed after being brought to the site. The next group is a horseshoe of five huge trilithons, largest of the entire structure, megaliths of local origin. One of these huge columns, from which the lintel has fallen, was long known as the leaning stone but has now been restored to a vertical position. Nineteen feet six inches high this column stands, nine feet six inches in the ground, a total length of twenty-nine feet. One trilithon fell in 1625, another in 1797, and a third December 31, 1900. For generations back wandering gypsies had camped behind these ruins and built their fires in the lee of the monument. A long, soaking wet spell and the fierce storm of December 31 completed the destruction. After the damage was done the gypsies were barred from the site.

Next within this horseshoe is yet another horseshoe of the smaller, alien blue stones. Within these again and at the apex is a large altar stone of the native sandstone, deeply bedded in the earth.

Outside the monument but within the circle of the rampart are two smaller undressed sarsens, and just beyond the rampart to the northeast stands a third very large sarsen, sixteen feet above the ground. These three stones furnish the key to the solution of Stonehenge. This huge third stone, in medieval days known as the "Friar's heel," is a gnomon, a Hele stone. In line with this stone and just outside the group stands the sacrificial stone bearing a depression so marked as to be clearly the work of man. The two small sarsens stand respectively to the southeast and northwest.

At the summer solstice the rising sun shines down the rampart highway, and just as it seems to rest on the Hele stone like a ball of fire, sends its beams across the sacrificial stone, through the temple to the altar. The setting sun veers around to Hele stone number three, and sends its beams across the altar and through the temple to Hele stone number two. At the winter solstice the matter is reversed. The sun rises over Hele stone number two, shining across the altar to stone number three. The setting sun from the southwest shines through the temple, across the altar and sacrificial stone to the great Hele stone, the Friar's heel. The building was a sun temple or, possibly, dedicated to the heavenly bodies collectively. To religious purpose was added a scientific purpose as determining the seasons. The winter's fogs precluded any certainty of usefulness at the December solstice, but the June season is generally clear.

Sir Norman Lockyer's astronomical calculations reckon back to 1680 B. C., allowing a couple of centuries for possible errors. This is our first datum for estimating the antiquity of the structure. Eight feet and three inches below the present surface there has been found a stratum yielding invaluable evidence—stone chips, pottery, neolithic implements as hammers, axes, and mauls, in all a hundred specimens or more. There is no trace of iron and a single copper stain may be from an ornament. Again, chippings of the foreign stones occur in the barrows, confessedly of the bronze age. The barrows are later than the temple structure itself. Allowing a century for possible errors, scholars generally assign the date of Stonehenge to about 2000 B. C.



Looking toward the northeast. Between the central column stands the Hele-stone. At sunrise, June 21st, the sun seems to rest on this stone like a ball of fire.

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Wiltshire is rich in barrows, the long and the circular forms appearing. The long barrows were for interment, and beautifully clipped arrow heads appear and crudely shaped, undecorated pottery. Even secondary burials are indicated by the presence of bronze or even of iron articles. The long barrow men buried after cremation. Their burial urns were crude, hand-made jars, with primitive decorations, varying in capacity from a few pints to a bushel or more. The long barrow man, judging from numerous measurements, stood five feet six inches high; the round barrow men stood some three inches higher. The long barrow man is conjectured to have lived in the early Neolithic period. The round barrow men were later and of more advanced culture.

The work of erecting this temple was stupendous. Broken, perchance, from a large mass, hammered and picked into shape by the use of flint implements, dragged overland on rollers by oxen(?) and still cheaper human labor to their destination, these megaliths received their final preparation. By means of sloping trenches the columns were slid into the pits, and then, with levers, ropes of hide, and sheer physical strength, shoved over to a vertical position and filled in behind with rubble and earth, as excavations show. The marvel is the huge lintels stayed in place by the toggle-joints.

We would know more of the builders. Doubtless a rude nomadic stage was about this time superseded by a more settled form of existence, marked by the beginnings of a primitive agriculture. Already a community form of life appears, probably protective, and there must have been some settled form of government, and a recognition of rights. The ruler must have been an

autocrat, else how could so much labor be assembled with apparently so little hope of reward? The burials represent the members of the upper or ruling class, with whom wives and slaves frequently were buried.

There was some idea of life after death, else why the food and drink vessels? They were deeply religious whether that sentiment was prompted by wonder or by fear. Probably the spirits of the departed entered into the current worship, formed a part of the cult, and might be venerated or feared according to the character or reputation of the dead while yet living. That they prepared clothing for wear, and perhaps tents for protection, is indicated by the traces of animal skins used in the burials.

Then as now life on these downs must have been at times hard, and an unkindly climate helped to induce traits of fearlessness and resourcefulness, and gradually there must have prevailed a sense of law whereby men agreed, for the sake of mutual protection and safety, to abide by certain commonly accepted rules of community life. With this there came an increasing scale of culture, as is indicated by the growing traces of progress toward art in the successive burials. Their evident knowledge of the heavenly bodies, of days and seasons, stood them well in haud, and those to whom was entrusted this lore with the necessary leisure for study stood high in the esteem of the people, "the intellectuals," "the wise men." With this would be combined a religious distinction, the character of their worship and of their learning being akin. To these priest scholars there would come to be assigned an element of sanctity. They would become a caste. That lines would cross might often happen, but



General view from the southwest. Hole-stone is concealed. In the next view the stone stands erect and present attempts are shown to brace the stones against further calamity.



View from the south. The leaning stone now stands erect.



The coarse grain of the "Sarsons" appears, also the weathered condition of the stones.



There is a large aviation camp about half a mile distant from Stonehenge.

ruling and priestly—scholar classes were probably separate. Beneath these, with no middle class so far as we know, were hoi polloi, swayed by superstitious fear and doing the bidding of the Chieftain.

Stonehenge, however, is part of a larger problem. From Norway to Brittany, from Cornwall to India, Menhir, Cairn, and Cromlech bear eloquent testimony to a mighty though rude civilization. The broken, kelp-covered stumps of megaliths, awash at high tide, point to the time when the present multitude of British Islands were the western fringe of the continent, and designate possible lines of travel in those far-away times. The visitor to Brittany learns of more than six thousand of these memorials of the late stone age. These massive menhirs and dolmens culminate in the tremendous alignments of Carnac. This ruin

comprising twenty-eight hundred and thirteen menhirs, is the mightiest work of its kind on the planet. Three groups stand very nearly in a line, west, east and northeast, 3,900 meters long, probably survivors of a still greater construction:

Menes 1167m x 100m, 1169, E. by N. E.
 Kermario 1120m x 101m, 982, N. E.
 Kerlescan 880m x 139m, 579, E.

A host of legends, many of them from the Middle Ages, cluster about these monuments. It is to be noted that often ancient churches stand near these monuments and menhirs are sometimes found that bear a Christian cross on their crests. Over the door of the old church at Carnac is the interesting sculpture of St. Cornély and the oxen. It is well known that the church leaders and missionaries were wise, making use of the folk-tales and superstitions of the people but injecting the

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new Christian spirit. Back of St. Cornély and his story is the tale of Mithra. The Roman legions transferred from Asia Minor to Western Europe might well have carried with them the tenets of Mithraism. Indeed, the survivals of these shrines are found as far west as Britain and as far north as Germany. But back of all these are the indubitable marks that date at least the beginnings of these monuments to the Neolithic period.

On the site of ancient Gezer stand monoliths, perhaps not all erected at one time, but before the days of Hebrew occupation. This site dates as a high place to 2,000 to 2,500 years B. C. There was cave-life here 3,000 B. C. if not before.

Beyond the Jordan, in the volcanic region of Jaulan, shivered masses of

black basaltic rock have been utilized in the building of dolmens, the field of Ain Dakkar, for instance, covering an area of twenty acres. Here are additional links in the megalithic chain from Ireland to the Indies. Civilization was earlier in the East than in Western Europe, but interesting are these reminders of a crude culture wedged in between the progressive peoples of the Nile and Euphrates.

There is work ahead for the student of ancient history. There is need that some master hand synchronize the happenings of this ancient date and give us a picture of the world as it stood 4,000 years ago, that Hammurapi, Abraham, and Amenemhet may be lined up with their less known but no less interesting contemporaries.

McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

To A Tanagra Figurine

Little Lady, with step so stately,
Are you going to tea in Tanagra?
Rare and austere you are,
Yet mortal, not Goddess bright;
Knowing companionship, restful, charming
And sweet. For your high-born, daily grace,
Every delicate line of your garment fine,
With its quiet folds; your poise so firm,
Your dainty fan, your hat so chick
The gentle ways of society tell.

The thoughts you think, the things you love,
Your soft speech, crystal-clear, know I.
And you—with gaze so winning frank,
So true—my friend I name.
Then together let's go,
While blossomed winds call,
To tea in the gardens of Tanagra.

G. W. NELSON



"Peonies," by Edward F. Rook, awarded the "Third W. A. Clark Prize" of \$1,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Bronze Medal.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

By VIRGIL BARKER

BY THE time this number of "ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY" appears, the Seventh Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings will have become a closed chapter in the story of our artistic activities. That exhibits of this sort should come to an end is more often than not a cause for satisfaction among those who are critically concerned with them; for comparatively few of them do anything more than maintain a rather low standard of art. But in this respect the Corcoran's showing of current painting stands out from the majority in so pronounced a way that the brevity of its existence may be sincerely lamented. Indeed, those who saw it adequately

will long recall it as an example of how high an ideal can occasionally be realized in this type of exhibition. The praise given it by critics in the metropolitan daily papers and weekly journals was honest and ungrudging; and the monthlies devoted to the cause of art must likewise pay tribute, even though it be belated, to this exhibit's importance and beauty.

The widespread interest in the award of his generously donated prizes should be cause for pleasure to former Senator Clark; and the fact that he has played this rôle in every one of the Corcoran's series of Contemporary Exhibitions is reason enough to hope he will make permanent provision for their con-

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tinuation. Certainly the steady increase in importance attendant on the series, culminating in this latest show, warrants such action on his part. And just as the combined popular and artistic interest was this time manifested on a larger scale than ever before, so the combined popular and artistic approval of the awards made was more

the exhibit in the New York "Evening Post," wrote: "One searches in vain for a lovelier 'genre' picture of American origin . . ."

In addition to this canvas, Mr. Benson sent another which seems to some, the writer among them, even more lovely. It is a very simple subject, comprising only a table-top on which



"The Open Window," by Frank W. Benson, awarded the "First W. A. Clark Prize" of \$2,000, accompanied by the Corcoran Gold Medal.

general and more pronounced than on any previous occasion.

The measure of approval was especially marked in the case of the first-prize painting. Mr. Benson's position in our art has, of course, been long established; therefore to say that in "The Open Window" he has surpassed himself is high praise indeed. It is only fitting that such honor was paid to a work of which so distinguished a painter as Ben Foster, in his review of

are two candles, a bowl of fruit and a parrot; but the richness and charm with which these things are rendered make the picture one to love deeply and lastingly.

The second-prize picture, "The Sunny Hillside," by Charles H. Davis, was placed immediately beside Benson's prize-picture. This juxtaposition was a mere coincidence, of course, since the hanging was completed before the prize awards were made; but it made

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inevitable an enlightening comparison. To say that in this painting Davis failed to carry conviction is to express a merely personal judgment, to be sure; but it is an opinion held in common by a respectable number of persons.

The third prize was awarded to the painting "Peonies" by Edward F. Rook. This seems to be a painting for

works and in their hanging of all four in prominent positions would be fair occasion for congratulating the painter.

The fourth-prize picture, "October," by William S. Robinson, is a satisfying landscape in the best tradition of the American school for poetic quality and craftsmanship.

The jury responsible for the foregoing awards and for the beautiful arrange-



"Nude," by Richard E. Miller.

painters, much as Keats' poetry is for poets; it requires a painter to appreciate fully the mastery displayed in the handling of the pigment. Rook's pictures as a group made up an interesting contribution to the exhibition. In addition to his prize picture, he showed three others. Even without the prize award, the measure of approval by such a body of painters as this year's jury in their acceptance of these four

ment of the paintings shown was composed of Mr. Willard L. Metcalf, Chairman; and Messrs. Daniel Garber, Richard E. Miller, Lawton Parker, and Charles H. Woodbury.

All of these painters were well represented in the Exhibition. Mr. Parker's "Paresse" has had an interesting career ever since it won a gold medal at the Paris Salon; and though Washington had hoped for something



"Portrait of John D. Rockefeller," by John S. Sargent.



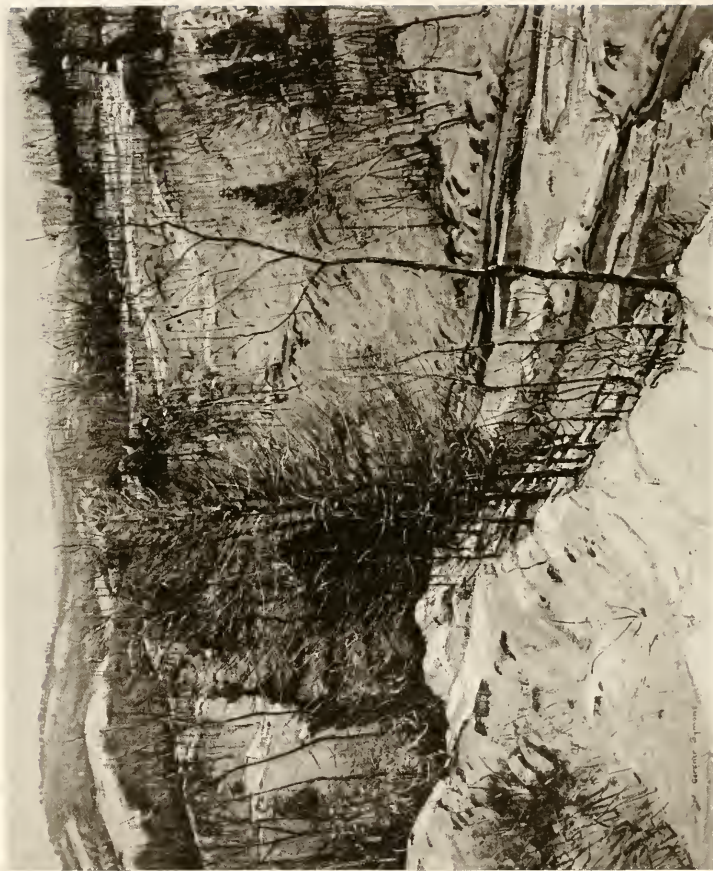
"At Home," by Gari Melchers.



"Overlooking the Valley," by Edward W. Redfield.



"October," by William S. Robinson, awarded the "Fourth W. A. Clark Prize" of \$500, accompanied by the Corcoran Honorable Mention Certificate.



"Where waters flow and long shadows lie," by Gardner Symons.



"Canton Street," by Frederick Clay Bartlett.

more recent from Mr. Parker, it was still glad to have sight of this distinguished work. Mr. Woodbury was represented, not by a brilliant marine such as the two he showed three years ago, but by a painting of Mount Monadnock, very strongly done and with a fine feeling for mass and weight. Mr. Garber sent two pictures very characteristic in manner; the smaller one, showing a little girl under an apple tree in bloom, was highly decorative. Two landscapes by Mr. Metcalf were justly admired; indeed, this painter

may always be trusted to maintain his generally acknowledged prestige. Mr. Miller's "Nude," herewith reproduced, is a work which well sustains his reputation as one of our most notable figure painters. The luscious quality of the light-bathed flesh, the firm yet yielding surface, so subtly and truly distinguished from the drapery and accessory still-life, all make this a brilliant piece of painting.

Gari Melchers' "At Home," included among the illustrations, is not only great in size but great in technical



"Boy and Angel" (unfinished), by Abbott H. Thayer.

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achievement. But a subject somewhat prosaic in itself would have gained in interest if done on a smaller and more intimate scale. This observation can not, of course, take away from the triumphant technique of the picture as it is; and Mr. Melchers is too fine a painter for us to be anything else than grateful to have him on any terms.

Not many are in a position to pronounce truthfully as to Sargent's faithfulness to life in his "Portrait of John D. Rockefeller"; but any who are willing can perceive the greatness of the painting itself. Certainly the public benefactions announced on the first day of this year were of a kind and on a scale proper to the man presented by Sargent; for from this canvas emanates a fine personality.

The talent for landscape painting which has perhaps always been the most outstanding characteristic of the American school is well exemplified in two more of the accompanying illustrations. Edward W. Redfield's "Overlooking the Valley," together with his others in similar vein, showed a great departure in subject-matter from his previous work, and the increased brilliancy of surface that accompanies this change is most welcome. The lengthily named picture by Gardner Symons is not only the finest thing yet done by this important painter but also one of the best seen anywhere in recent years. The Corcoran Gallery must have considered it a particular honor to present this work fresh from the artist's studio, for it signified as much by immediate purchase.

In addition to the landscape by Symons, the Gallery purchased, from those which have just been considered, Woodbury's "Monadnock" and the two prize-pictures by Benson and Rook.

Five more thus singled out are Felicie Waldo Howell's capable "New England Street," Bertha E. Perrie's truly observed group of boats "In Gloucester Harbor," Frederick C. Friescke's delicate "Lady in Pink," Robert Spencer's version of homely beauty called "The Red Boat," and Robert Henri's wholly delightful "Willie Gee."

The last of the ten paintings making up this notable group is here reproduced. Frederick Clay Bartlett's "Canton Street" is a most successful piece of decoration, not merely by virtue of novelty in subject but as well by reason of the skill with which all minor variations of color are eliminated for the sake of the striking effect. What in less capable hands would have been merely garish is here bold without offensiveness and charming without weakness.

In the judgment of the writer, the finest thing in the entire exhibition was Abbott Thayer's unfinished "Boy and Angel." (See page 138.) From a technical point of view, there is a Greek mastery in the handling of the drapery, admirable simplicity in the varying planes of the angel's foreshortened face, and compelling power in the gesture of the uplifted arm. But animating the whole there is a spirit which is apparently beyond the reach of the majority of our living painters, who are too easily content with skill of eye and hand. A very natural and human little boy, not in the least sentimentalized, is yet transfigured by the sight of what the angel points out to him. Immediately over his head the glorious yellow drapery of his mentor subtly assumes the appearance of flames, as if to symbolize what is essentially an act of consecra-

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tion. The angel might be repeating those beautiful lines by William Blake:

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

An exhibition which affords opportunity for showing this one picture is worthy of remembrance for a life time, for Thayer's painting embodies one of the noblest conceptions in the whole range of American art.

But aside from the interest of any and all individual pictures, the character of the exhibit as a whole is worthy of praise. Even so distinguished a jury as the one invited this time could not have assembled a fine exhibition unless the quality of the work had been high. Because of this, therefore, one is justified in predicting a period of notable

progress just ahead. There is indeed reason for encouragement in the fact that our painters have succeeded in maintaining artistic balance, not only amid the confusing and vociferative art movements which came to our shores from ante-war Europe, but likewise amid the greater upheaval in which all such flurries have been obliterated. As evidenced by this latest showing of contemporary work at the Corcoran, our artists are very sanely and very rightly concerning themselves still with their proper business—the creation of beauty. And though this unusual array of pictures will never again be seen together, the memory of it will remain as a source of gratification at what has already been accomplished and of inspiration toward even greater achievements.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Buried Cities

Who digs for gold finds what he seeks to find:
The vein of ore enveloped in the sand,
Which, brought to light, he fashions with his hand
Into material likeness of his mind.

But he who in the love of human kind
Attacks those settled showers of deathful dust,
Seeks in the ash beneath the sheltering crust
Old secrets hid from e'en the prying wind.

He finds the household gods, the amulets,
The jewelled trappings of a life refined;
An art for which more barren times have sighed;
Strength, beauty, love, and passion petrified.

EDITH WHITEHEAD WILMER.

A MARBLE VASE FROM THE ULUA RIVER, HONDURAS

By GEORGE BYRON GORDON

DURING a series of explorations which I made in 1894 and again in 1896-97 in the valley of the Ulua River in Honduras, I had the good fortune to discover a number of remarkable sites that yielded rich archeological treasures and proved that in ancient times the broad plain of Sula was the seat of a well-developed native civilization. My full report on these discoveries, published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, furnished abundant evidence of a strongly marked local culture with distinguishing characteristics that flourished in close contact with neighboring peoples of distinct cultures and in communication with several more remote peoples in different parts of America.

These points of contact between the ancient dwellers in the Ulua Valley and other centers of native American civilization left their marks in the form of numerous importations. The collection found during the excavations of 1896-97 includes objects in stone and in pottery that had their origin in parts as far distant as the Valley of Mexico on the one hand and Panama on the other.

A people who were so enterprising as to establish these various lines of communication and develop this far-reaching foreign trade would not have been slow to benefit by the contact with foreign ideas which that trade brought them, and their progress would not have failed to be accelerated in consequence of their traffic.

It is not surprising therefore to find that the purely local products exhibit

on the one hand a strong conservatism and on the other a degree of skill in their workmanship and an artistic merit that was not surpassed among any of the ancient civilized peoples of America.

This Ulua culture, like other ancient American cultures, is without date. That it was contemporary with the ancient Maya empire as well as with various cultivated peoples that flourished in Mexico, Costa Rica, and Panama, is proved by the products of these civilizations, unearthed at great depth below the surface in the banks of the Ulua; but until a sure method is found for determining the periods in the history of these better-known peoples, such associations will not aid us in establishing the dates of corresponding periods in the Ulua Valley.

Among the objects unearthed during the excavations in the banks of the river, none possesses greater interest than a group of vessels made of a fine white marble and carved on the outside with a bold design presenting highly distinctive features.

Two vases of this kind were already known in public collections, one in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and one in the Musée du Trocadero in Paris; but the provenance of these was unknown before the discoveries to which I have referred.

Some of the sites in which the excavations were conducted are near a native village called Santa Ana. It is an extensive site, and the excavations, although carried to a great depth in order to uncover the deep



A Marble Vase from Honduras, in the University Museum, Philadelphia.

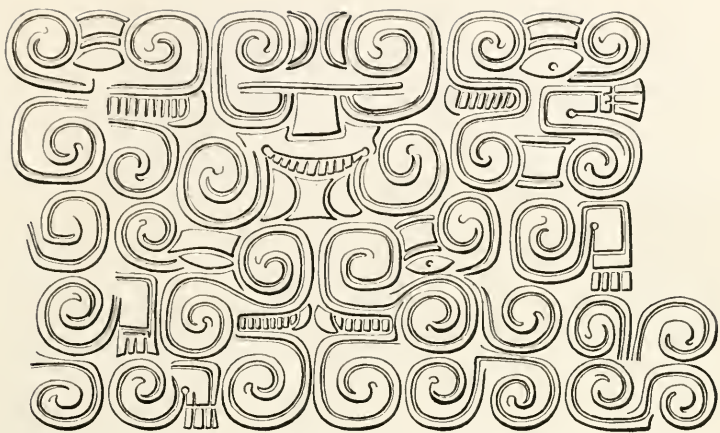


FIG. 2.—Development of Main Design, obverse.

layers that contained the buried relics, were by no means exhaustive. From time to time in succeeding years the annual floods, undermining the banks, have brought to light various earthenware vessels and carved stone objects similar to those obtained from the excavations on the same site and which are now in the Peabody Museum. Among the artifacts thus unearthed are examples of the elaborately worked stone vases already mentioned, several of which are now in the collections of the University Museum of Philadelphia. One of them illustrates so well the characteristic properties of the purely local art and industry of the Ulua Valley that it may stand as representative of the whole class, illustrating as it does the artistic and symbolic attributes as well as the craftsmanship that belongs peculiarly to this group of stone vases from the valley mentioned.

The vase measures nine and three-quarter inches high and six inches broad at the rim. On opposite sides the most striking feature is presented

in the form of a pair of projecting handles, which, carved from the one piece of marble, stand out boldly from the circular contour of the vessel. The design of these handles is quite extraordinary, and its execution is no less remarkable. Each handle represents a pair of animals of different kinds, the larger animal in each case, attached dorsally to the body of the vase, forming the main feature of the handle. The head, projecting horizontally, forms the upper part of the handle. The smaller animal is held in the claws of the larger. The position is so reversed that the head forms the lower termination of the handle. The ventral surfaces of the two animals, being brought into close contact, are not sharply defined in the carving of details. The dorsal part of the smaller animal however is carved in detail, with a serrated line which extends from the head to the end of the tail. The head of this smaller animal is turned sideways so as to face to the left in each case.

The animals represented in these two remarkable groups present distinguish-



FIG. 3.—Development of Main Design, reverse.

ing marks, but it would be idle to attempt to identify the species. There is a presumption in favor of supposing the larger one to be either the jaguar or the puma, because these are the two most conspicuous animals of Central America. There is some suspicion also that the smaller is the iguana.

The cylindrical surface of the vase is divided into four zones. The uppermost zone consists of a plain rim and a sculptured band. Next comes the principal band occupying the body of the vase and entirely covered with ornament of elaborate and curious composition. Below this is another band of ornament corresponding to the one at the top, followed by a narrow plain band. The fourth zone occupies the base of the vessel, which is an inch and a half high. This surface is again divided into two bands, the upper of which is perforated at intervals, while the lower is worked out into a simple decorative border. The broad central zone corresponding to the main field of decoration claims especial attention. (See fig. 1.)

In order to explain the elements or units that enter into the composition of this ornament it is necessary to have

recourse to drawings and to divide the contour into two semi-cylindrical surfaces separated by the handles. (Figs. 2, 3.) What may be called the principal unit in the design, is repeated with striking alterations on the other side. The unit of design, next in importance, occurs eight times, yet in no case is it repeated in the same form. The minor units of design are manifestly three in number, readily comprehended, each of which again passes through its conjugation on either side of the vessel in making up the composition of the ornament.

The distribution of the various units of design is such as to produce a well-balanced effect, and a first glance gives the impression that this balance is produced by repeating the units symmetrically in such manner that each unit is balanced by its counterpart placed in contrary motion opposite. To assume this to be the case, however, would be a great mistake, as anyone will find who attempts to copy the design. The variety of expressions with which the few elements are introduced in their assigned positions in order to give balance without repetition, and with the entire absence of

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mechanical effect, is admirable. A similar refinement of feeling distinguishes the entire vase. While in itself perfectly symmetrical to the eye, its lines are not mechanical, and they are not laid down by any instrument of precision. The ornament in all its parts betrays the same characteristic freedom. Even the bands above and below the main zone, although composed of the same elements, occur in different numerical combinations and in contrary motion.

It would be as useless to speculate concerning the symbolism of all this ornament as it would be to guess at the service for which the vessel was designed. We are at liberty to assume that so elaborate and refined an object had a ceremonial function and that its symbolism corresponds to ideas associated with its use, but its interpretation is quite beyond our reach.

What I am concerned with here, however, is not so much the interpretation of this object with respect to its symbolism as to call attention to its qualities as a work of art. These are of very high order and of such character that they afford striking demonstration of certain relations and bring into view a number of interesting facts. The artist that executed this work was a master of design; it would indeed be

difficult to match it anywhere. His art, moreover, is the expression of a liberal culture that must have had a wide application. It had those qualities of conscious power that everywhere marks a definite stage in the progress of human endeavor in the field of art. It corresponds to the period of instinctive feeling. It is a phase of art that belongs to that older inheritance of rugged strength and assurance in which the impulse of the artist's mind is as ingenuous as the work of his hand is spontaneous. It is a phase that always precedes, by a very long way, that period of labored affectation and painful groping that is our more recent inheritance in the field of art. It is so remote from our own artistic experience that we wonder at its appeal.

This ancient vase from Honduras carries with it qualities that are common to all treasures of antiquity wherever they may be found. It adds the weight of its testimony to the abounding evidence that culture in ancient America had made great and diversified advances, and that among many prehistoric peoples of the western continents a very fine artistic sense prevailed. It helps us to form a true estimate of the place which the prehistoric Americans occupied among the civilized peoples of antiquity.

The University Museum, Philadelphia.



CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

The College Art Association of America

THE College Art Association of America will hold its Ninth Annual Meeting April 1, 2, 3 at the Cleveland Museum of Art. The program presents a wide range of papers, and Round Table Discussions will be held on "Industrial Art" and "How Shall We Save the Humanities?". On Friday evening, April 2, a joint meeting will be held with the Classical Association of the Middle West and South. The Hotel Euclid will be the headquarters.

An Art Pilgrimage

An Art Pilgrimage to Europe under the guidance of Henry Turner Bailey, Director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, planned for the summer of 1920, will be sure to appeal to artists, teachers, students and all lovers of art who wish to form or renew an acquaintance with the supreme art centers of the world after the five years of deprivation incident to the world war. The itinerary that has been prepared by Intercollegiate Tours, Boston, extends from June 9 to September 13, and includes Paris, Pisa, Naples, Rome, Siena, Florence, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, Belgium, London, Oxford and many of the Cathedral towns of England. The lectures on art appreciation by Mr. Bailey in connection with the study of the masterpieces and his talks on individual artists will greatly enhance the value of the tour.

El Palacio

EL PALACIO, the journal of the School of American Research, Santa Fe, New Mexico, devoted to the arts and sciences of man in the southwest, appears as a 64-page monthly beginning with January 1920. The January number contains illustrated articles on "Los Hermanos Penitentes," by the editor Paul A. F. Walter, on "Archaeological Explorations in Northeastern Arizona" and "Pre-historic Villages" by Lansing B. Bloom, and interesting notes on Museum Events and Art in the Southwest. ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY has effected an arrangement whereby any of its readers may obtain an annual subscription to *El Palacio* upon payment of one dollar through this office. Specimen copies will be sent on request.

Vindication of Eve

Many of us felt, even before the rise and triumph of feminism, a great sympathy for Eve. In collateral, if unrelated, accounts of other Gardens of Eden, naive or sophisticated explanations, all over the world, of the origin of evil and death, one finds forbidden trees and fruits; but why should a woman be credited anywhere with bringing sin into the world and all our woe? We are speaking merely of myths, legends, folk stories of primitive races, past or contemporary; but even many reverent readers of the Bible must have regretted the weakness and irresponsibility shown by the grand old gardener in hiding behind his wife. There, speaking without irreverence, began the false and famous direction, "Cherchez la femme." It smacks of an Eastern, of savage, contempt for woman. It has been harped upon endlessly by long generations of theologians.

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From the famous Babylonian tablets in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania comes a contradiction of the masculine theory so far as our vanished but unforgotten friends, the Sumerians, dwellers in lower Babylonia in the dark backward and abysm of time, are concerned. A flood tale of theirs shows that NOAH ate the forbidden fruit after landing from the Ark. He was saved from the deluge by one of the goddesses so active in ancient Babylonia. Mother Eve is not in the story. This is a discovery singularly apt and contemporary.—*New York Times*.

The Union Académique Internationale and the American Council of Learned Societies.

A notable result of the war was the organization by the academies and societies of the allied and neutral countries, devoted to the pure and physical sciences, of the International Research Council. Following the example of their scientific colleagues the scholars in the various humanistic fields have, as the result of two conferences held in Paris in May and October of last year, organized the Union Académique Internationale with headquarters at Brussels. This new international union of academies is participated in by the academies and learned societies of most of the allied and neutral countries. In order that the scholars of the United States may cooperate effectively in maintaining the Union a loose form of federation bearing the name of American Council of Learned Societies has been adopted by the nine following societies: American Philosophical Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Antiquarian Society, American Philological Association, Archaeological Institute of America, American Historical Association, American Economic Association, American Political Science Association, American Sociological Society. Three other societies are expected to join the Council in the near future: The American Oriental Society, the Modern Language Association of America, and the American Philosophical Association. The first meeting of the Council was held in New York on February 14, when an organization was effected by the election of officers and the appointment of committees. The officers are: Chairman, Professor Charles H. Haskins of Harvard University; vice-chairman, Professor John C. Rolfe, of the University of Pennsylvania; secretary-treasurer, Professor George M. Whicher of Hunter College, who is also general secretary of the Archaeological Institute. The Executive committee is composed of the officers and professors Allyn A. Young of Cornell and Hiram Bingham of Yale. The committee on ways and means is made up of professors Joseph P. Chamberlain and James C. Egbert, both of Columbia University, the latter being president of the Archaeological Institute, and Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Council elected Professor James T. Shotwell and Mr. William H. Buckler delegates to the next meeting of the International Union which is to be held in Brussels in May. The Council considered and approved the recommendations drawn up by a committee of the Peace Conference, of which Mr. Buckler was a member, for the protection of archaeological and historical interests in the Ottoman Empire as it was in 1914. Other international undertakings which were considered and which the delegates were instructed to approve are the continuation of the Corpus Inscriptionum, both Latin and Greek, the publication of a general map of the Roman world, the collection of Greek Christian inscriptions, and the revision of the Glossarium of mediaeval Latin of Du Cange.

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The Red Man as the Supreme Artist of America.

Under the above title *Current Opinion* for March devotes three pages to an abstract of Marsden Hartley's article, "An American Plea for American Aesthetics" in the January ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY with reproductions from that number of "*The Corn Dance, Santo Domingo*" (Allan True) and "*Ancestral Spirits*" (John Sloan). *Current Opinion* says in comment:

"In a striking plea for a national esthetic consciousness, Marsden Hartley turns to the ceremonials of the red man, declaring that 'it is an imperative issue for every one loving the name America to cherish him while he remains among us as the only esthetic representative of our great country up to the present hour.' Under the title of 'An American Plea for American Esthetics,' Mr. Hartley pays an unqualified tribute to the red man as the one true esthete of our country. It is the red man, he asserts in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, who has written down our earliest known history—he has indicated for all time the symbolic splendor of our plains, canyons, mountains, lakes, mesas and ravines, our forests and our native skies, with their animal inhabitants, the deer, the eagle and the various other living presences in our midst. He has learned throughout the centuries the nature of our soil and has symbolized for his own religious and esthetic satisfaction all the various forms that have become benefactors to him.' * * * * Mr. Hartley writes these words after witnessing the various ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest. As an artist of the modern school, Marsden Hartley is an ardent champion of the red-man ceremonials, especially for their captivating artistry, for the great and perfected beauty of their esthetics: * * * *

"How many Americans are cognizant of this great artistic treasure-house so close at hand? The red man's sense of symbolic significance, declares Marsden Hartley, is unsurpassed. He is a genius in detail and in ensemble. He does not depend upon artificial appliances to gain his effects. 'He relies entirely upon the sun with its so clear light of the West and Southwest to do his profiling and silhouetting for him, and he knows that the sun will cooperate with every one of his intentions.' * * * *

"Marsden Hartley complains that as Americans we do not sufficiently value this esthetic prize. Our American Indian is a rapidly disappearing splendor, despite the possible encouragement of statistics. 'He needs the dance to make his body live out its natural existence, precisely as he needs the air for his lungs and blood for his veins.' * * * *

"As Americans, concludes the artist critic, we should accept the one American genius we possess, with genuine alacrity. 'We have upon our own soil something to show the world as our own, while it lives.' The red man possesses a superb gift for stylistic expression. 'He is the living artist in our midst.' * * * * He has created his system for himself from substance on through outline down to every convincing detail. The red man is poet and artist of the very first order among the geniuses of time. We have nothing more native at our disposal than the beautiful creations of his people.'

"In the same number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett declares that Americans ought no longer be satisfied with the notion of the red man gained at transcontinental railroad stations.

"Many have no other impression of the Indian, and judge the race therefrom. We must do away with this picture and get the archaeologists' view of America of a thousand years ago. We must see the race as it was prior to foreign contact.' "

BOOK CRITIQUES

Landscape and Figure Painters of America, by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. New York, privately printed, pp. 71.

Under a title perhaps too comprehensive for the actual contents of the book, Mr. Sherman considers a half dozen painters who were chosen, apparently, for that best of reasons, personal liking. The volume is essentially a book of appreciations; and as such it is to be welcomed.

As such, also, it is primarily an expression of personal opinions; and a certain type of reviewer could be easily tempted into a prolonged debate as to the correctness of some of those opinions. But what is here chosen for commendation is the prevailing moderation of tone. Only now and then, as in the essay on Lillian Genth, are the adjectives too strong. Mr. Sherman refuses to be swept off his feet into that foolish rhapsodical writing which always awakens in the reader's mind a doubt as to the writer's sincerity. For this relief amid the gush which goes by the name of art criticism, much thanks!

True words are spoken of Ryder, Martin, and Daingerfield. Mr. Sherman also performs a service in calling attention to a painter practically unknown to the public—Robert Loftin Newman. But the level-headedness which characterizes this volume is nowhere better displayed than in the essay on Blakelock, whose unquestionable but somewhat limited talent has been subjected to much extravagance of language.

In every case Mr. Sherman attempts the function of the genuine critic. Nowhere is he content to emphasize limitations merely or to complain that a painter does not give what he is incapable of giving; Mr. Sherman takes the trouble to put into words what he conceives to be the actual positive qualities possessed in each case. He is the sane and unaffected appreciator of the artists he undertakes to write about: and on this very account such words of praise as he gives are all the more effective.

The illustrations are refreshingly unhackneyed and their very abundance, in proportion to the size of the book, render it worth having.

VIRGIL BARKER.

David Edstrom and His Sculpture.

"A selection of articles and comments by eminent European critics and writers." Edited and translated from the original languages of various foreign periodicals through the courtesy of Dr. John M. McBride, Jr., and Dr. George M. Baker, both of the faculty of the University of the South. The University Press of Sewanee, Tenn., 1917."

This brochure is an excellent example of the printer's art; a paper-covered pamphlet of 30 type pages, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inches with large margins; illustrated with 21 insert pages of half-tone reproductions of his works, etc., in sepia, as is the printing.

From the evidence submitted in these criticisms of the artist and his creations, one is led to believe that Mr. Edstrom is making a distinct contribution to the real art of this generation.

It would be difficult to praise an artist more highly than he has been praised by critics from most of the European art centers, according to the testimony submitted in this collection of their writings; he is modern, personal, independent, progressive (sanely so), not ignoring the lessons learned through the years by his predecessors in his art.

The stamp of his own individuality is on his work, but still more evident is the personality of the subject if it is portraiture; if an allegorical or other illustrative subject it is the idea he is expressing that dominates; form, composition, and textures taking their proper places as means to this end.

His technic is varied, and wonderfully expressive of the thought which he embodies in clay, marble, or bronze. David Edstrom was born at Hvetlanda in 1873, a village of Smoland, Sweden; six years later he came to America with his parents. At 21 years of age, after having worked in America at rough work in various trades, he returned to his native land and entered a technical school to learn the first principles of art; later he entered the Royal Academy, subsequently studying in Italy and France. One writer characterized him as a Swede by birth, an American by bringing up, and a cosmopolitan in his art.

WALTER B. GALE.

Baltimore City College.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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(TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

VOLUME IX

APRIL, 1920

No. 4

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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A detail from the altar of Zeus, at Pergamum, Athena fighting with a giant, Victory flying to crown her, while the goddess Earth rises from the ground to aid her children.

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VOLUME IX

APRIL, 1920

NUMBER 4

HELLENISTIC CITIES OF ASIA MINOR

PREFACE

ASIA MINOR is a name so loosely applied, and one so broad and inclusive, that it requires definition or delimitation, especially when used in connection with so small a collection of brief and summary articles as are included in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. These articles are limited, for the most part, to a single period of the art history of Asia Minor, the Hellenistic Period—and, even within this limitation, they are unable to present more than a series of general sketches of the more recent, and more important, archaeological discoveries. It would be a pity if these sketches should convey to the mind of the general reader, who is perhaps unacquainted with the history of Asia Minor, the notion that the Greek and Hellenistic periods are either the only ones worthy of consideration or the only periods which have been the subject of extensive archaeological research. The vast treasure of archaeological material and the wealth of monuments of art, which Asia Minor holds stored among its ruins and hidden beneath its soil, have only begun to be brought to light by the explorers and excavators of

the past century. It is important, at this particular time, that the American people should be fully aware of the great importance of this field, when the immediate future of Asia Minor may depend largely upon their will in connection with the League of Nations.

To recall what archaeological material this vast country has buried, hidden, and stored away within its boundaries, a brief survey of its history will prove the best reminder. Lying north and northwest of the Taurus Mountains, Asia Minor reaches out, as an arm of the continent of Asia, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, almost to the point of touching Europe at the Dardanelles. "Planted like a bridge between Asia and Europe," it has been, since remote times, the battle-ground of two continents. Its history has been a kaleidoscopic picture of races, ever emigrating westward from the heart of Asia, who have sought to establish states and empires within its area. The history of this ceaseless struggle divides itself into seven broad periods, each period having a more or less distinct artistic and racial character.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

In the beginning, Asia Minor was inhabited by peoples perhaps not Aryan, of whom the Hittites, who appear in historical records before the year 2000 B.C. were the most aggressive and highly organized. The remains of this civilization, which are scattered over the whole central portion of the peninsula, have only recently begun to attract the interest of the archaeological world through the discoveries at Boghaz Köi. Following the Hittite and non-Aryan period came the Aryan period when new races from the east invaded the country and by the eleventh century before Christ had already commenced to establish separate states. This second period includes the Homeric Age, with its remains at Troy which Schliemann brought to light; it covers the time when Greek colonies settled on the islands and the coast and when Ionian art was in the process of development; and it closes with the overthrow of the Lydians, under the wealthy King Croesus, by the Persians.

The third period, commencing with the conquest of Lydia by the Persian Cyrus in the middle of the sixth century, was short, for the Persian rule was lax and quickly succumbed before the armies of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C. Under the Macedonian chieftain and his generals, who divided the land into separate states on Alexander's death, the fourth period was the most productive artistically, for Asia Minor was inoculated with the spirit of Greek culture. This Hellenistic period, with some of whose archaeological remains the papers in this number deal, gave way to the Roman political rule in the second century B.C., without any basic change in the artistic traditions of the country. The Roman period, which is the fifth, extended to the establishment of the Byzantine Empire and the general spread of Christianity throughout Asia Minor in the fourth century A. D.

During the whole of the Roman and Byzantine periods the racial, and hence the artistic, character of the country was undergoing change and modification due to the constant inpouring of Teutonic and Slavic tribes from the north and east. The sixth, or Byzantine period, offers as great archaeological material and interest as any of the former periods, for it is coming to be realized that, in all likelihood, the style in art, which we call Byzantine, germinated in, and spread from, Asia Minor.

The Byzantine domination was shaken by the inroads of the Sassanian Persians in the seventh century A.D. These inroads were quickly followed by the Arab conquests and, while the government at Constantinople was able to expel the invaders, the country had once more been subjected to a new racial influence from the Orient. The period, however, extended until the eleventh century when the Seljuk Turks established a grasp on the region which, at a later period, was transferred to the Ottoman Turks whose domination has only recently been shaken and is probably never to be entirely loosened. While the Ottoman rule has been productive of little which is of artistic value and has been responsible for the cloud of ignorance and mystery which has lain over the historical and archaeological remains of Asia Minor, the Seljuk Turk was a lover and producer of art in his own way. The remains of his artistic activity which are still to be seen in his mosques and palaces are scarcely less interesting and valuable than those of former periods.

Now that the history of Asia Minor stands on the threshold of a new era, the archaeological world can only hope that the eighth period, be it American, British, Greek, or Allied, will provide a government which will open this store-house to the world and preserve its treasures for future generations.

EDITOR.



Figure 2.—Restoration of the Acropolis of Pergamum. (After Thiersch and Blaum.)

PERGAMUM AND EPHEBUS

By DAVID M. ROBINSON

THE remains of the crowned spots are indeed of surpassing interest and importance. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon as the best gem upon her zone, that most splendid jewel which shines on the Athenian acropolis, but it is impossible rightly to understand the history of ancient Greece or of Athens itself without some knowledge of the Holy Land of Asia Minor, that immense land of beautiful landscapes and flowing rivers, the America of antiquity, which forms such a splendid natural contrast to barren Attica, and which was indeed the greatest secret of the power of the Greeks in earlier as well as in Hellenistic times. There is not space for me to discuss the whole of Asia Minor, and as the other articles in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY deal with several of the Greek and Roman sites, I have been asked to limit myself to two of the seven branches of the Asia Minor candlestick, Pergamum and

Ephesus. Even with this limitation it will be possible in the space allotted to me only to give a sketch of the two ancient cities in the Near East which were so important in Hellenistic and Roman times.

Pergamum (Fig. 1), one of the seven Biblical churches, the city which invented parchment when the jealous Egyptian kings cut off the supply of paper or papyrus and gave its name Pergamena to the new invention, was perhaps the most celebrated town of Asia Minor. It was, however, only a small settlement till the beginning of the third century B. C. when, according to Strabo, the Augustan geographer, Lysimachus deposited there in the care of Philetaerus his treasury of 9,000 talents or about nine million dollars. After the death of Lysimachus, Philetaerus, in a somewhat modern spirit, appropriated the treasure, and made himself king of Pergamum from 283 to 263 B. C. In 281 he joined Seleucus

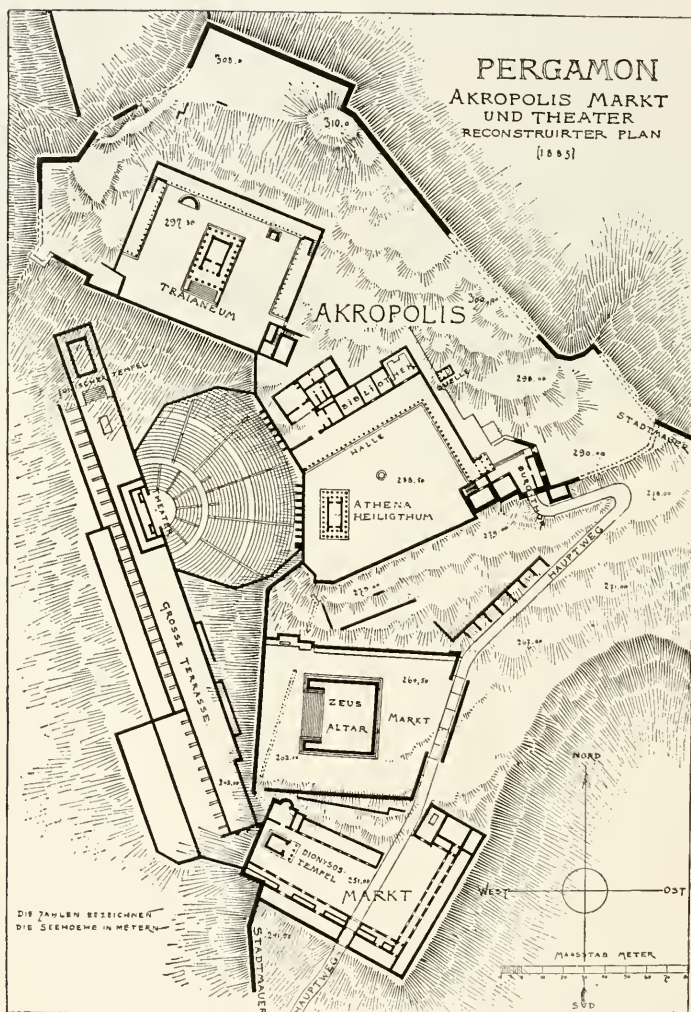


Figure 1.—Plan of the Acropolis of Pergamum. (From Fabricius.)



Figure 3.—The Acropolis of Pergamum. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

and married his brother Attalus to a Seleucid princess Antiochis and founded the city of Philetaireia. The son of his brother Eumenes (263–241) and his own son Attalus overcame the Syrians and Gauls and brought the kingdom of Pergamum to its height. Under Eumenes II, who ruled from 197 to 159 B. C., and under his successors Attalus II and III, many important buildings were erected, and art found such a foothold that a Pergamene school of literature and art arose. The Pergamenian kings became the Medici of antiquity. Here still remain the foundations of the library, which contained two hundred thousand rolls or volumes, given by Antony to Cleopatra (according to Plutarch) and later transferred to Alexandria, and I suppose it became a part of that great collection, part of which Julius Caesar destroyed, the rest of which Amr, the Arab general of Omar is said—perhaps wrongly—to have destroyed in 640 A. D. because “If these writings of the Greeks agree with the books of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed.” Here the wonderful reliefs (frontispiece) representing the fight of the gods with

the giants which adorned the altar of Zeus (Fig. 2), or seat of Satan, as it is called in the book of Revelation, built perhaps by Attalus II, and not Eumenes II, were discovered some time since and taken to Berlin. There in the Pergamum Museum the altar was reconstructed. But it was since discovered from a Pergamene coin that the reconstruction was faulty. The old museum was pulled down, and an entirely new one is being erected for a new reconstruction. Shut up in the Berlin Museum the reliefs seem overpowering and oppressive, but if one thinks of them on the altar, high up on the hill of Pergamum, and visible from afar, they become great works of technical art and skill. One of the illustrations shows the ancient acropolis (Fig. 3), a rock rising 270 metres above the plain, self-centred in impregnable strength. To the west the Selinus stream divides the Turkish quarter of modern Bergama on its right bank from the Greek quarter on the left bank. The Cetius flows some distance to the east, and both empty into the Caicus about two miles away. Bergama is a thriving modern village, but owing to the bad roads which connect it with the sea at Dikeli and with the



Figure 4.—The House of the Consul Attalus. (*From Athenische Mittheilungen*, xxxii, 1907, pl. xv.)

French railway at Soma—a rough drive of about six hours in either case, as I can testify from two visits—its trade in wine, olives, cotton and silk is mostly local. Above the town where there are remains of Roman baths, a theatre, and amphitheatre with a stream flowing through its middle, and other ruins, you can see the ancient road ascending the steep slopes to the plateau, which inclines toward the south.

On this long road with its pavement well-preserved in long stretches, there are several important ancient things to see to-day which the Germans under Conze and Dörpfeld have excavated. We can only briefly enumerate some of them. There is an important south gate with an interesting system of towers and gateways, through which the road passes. There is a lower market place (the upper one being near

the altar of Zeus) where time was told by a peculiar clock consisting of a Hermes with a cornucopia out of which water flowed at definite intervals. The market police had their offices here and business was conducted in two-story porticoes which surrounded on all sides an open court, paved with trachyte, 34 by 64 m., where later a Christian church was built. The forty-four or more shops were let out to private persons and in at least one case the rent was paid to one of the temples. The life of the market with its merchants and fishermen and other dealers is pictured in inscriptions as noisy and gay and undoubtedly in the bargaining and other features we have the ancestor of the modern bazaars of Constantinople and Smyrna. In the market place were the tables of the money-changers and small change was a



Figure 5.—The middle terrace of the gymnasium. (Photograph of D. M. Robinson.)

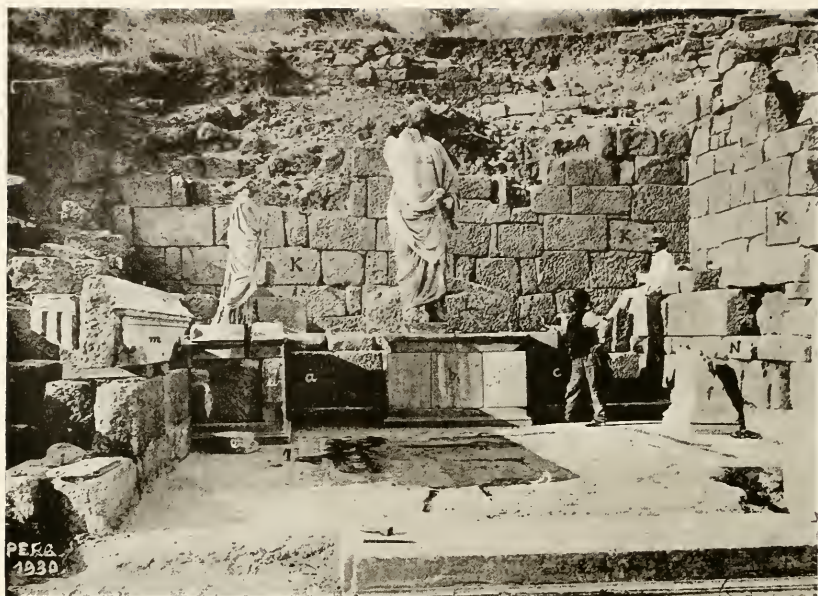


Figure 6.—The Temple of Hera. (*From Athenische Mitteilungen*, xxxvii, 1912, pl. xxxii a.)

monopoly of the state as to-day in Turkey where one must carry a bag of piasters to avoid loss caused by changing money. We hear of dishonesty and extortion and even "hush money" and Hadrian enacted laws against the bankers and set them up in the agora, fixing the agio and formulating other regulations. The ancient life of Pergamum as we can reconstruct it from inscriptions seems very modern to one who has paid a high rate of exchange for a bridge-ticket at the Galata bridge at Stamboul or has been offered false coins to-day, since the Pergamene money-changers bought up false or old coins and sold them to others. One can see also in ascending the road to the top of the acropolis an old patrician Pergamene house built in the time of the Pergamene kings but much rebuilt in the second century A. D., by the

Roman consul Attalus (Fig. 4). Here was found the Herm and Hermes of Alcamenes, which changed our ideas about the rival of Phidias and the date of his work, a copy of a statue which originally stood in the Propylaea at Athens. Here also were found remarkable mosaics and wall-paintings with interesting scenes.

Excavations have also been completed in the great gymnasium which was built on three terraces. It was erected originally in the second century B. C. in three sections above the long ascending road. But since that time there has been considerable destruction and restoration. It shows the ingenuity of the Greeks in making use of the steep slope of the hill. The lowest terrace is twelve meters below the second, and the second is twelve meters below the third. On the ter-



Figure 7.—The Theatre at Pergamum. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

races were three separate gymnasiums, dedicated respectively to the boys, the ephebes of eighteen to twenty years of age, and the young men. Near a fountain-house on the road there ascends from the lower gymnasium a vaulted stairway to the middle gymnasium. The middle terrace is 150 by 36 meters, and contains at its eastern end a small Corinthian temple (Fig. 5). The northern side is formed by a long double colonnade, which was single in its original form. Above the middle terrace was a cryptoporticus or covered running track which was destroyed by the extension of the upper terrace to the south. The upper terrace is the largest and contained the Panegyric gymnasium where were the public competitions. There is an open court 36 by 74 meters, originally surrounded by a Doric colonnade, which was changed to Corinthian in the time of Hadrian. Numerous rooms opened on to the colonnade, including an Imperial Hall, and a theatre. In the last cam-

paigns of the Germans a precinct of Hera was found on a terrace above the gymnasium, and completely excavated. The fine cult statue of Zeus stood intact, except for the head, on a base in the middle recess of the cella of the temple, with a female statue on either side. Except for the front portico, which was of marble, the trachyte temple, with its mosaic floor, is well preserved (Fig. 6). The temple was erected by Attalus the second (159 B. C.) as an inscription on the architrave shows, and is the earliest marble building at Pergamum; some scholars even think that the statue which was found there is a portrait-statue of him, and not Zeus. To the east of the temple was a stoa, where a fine female portrait-head of the first century B. C. was found. It is part of a statue and wore a golden wreath, as the holes in the hair show.

The narrow terrace which leads to the Ionic temple past the theatre cut in the side of the hill is shown in one of the illustrations (Fig. 7). An inter-



Figure 8.—Entrance to precinct of Demeter. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

esting thing about this theatre is that it had a movable wooden stage-building in Hellenistic times, and down to Roman times. The sockets into which it could be set are still visible. When no performance was on, the stage was removed, so that people could pass by to the temple of Dionysus. Near this terrace is another, which proved recently to be a precinct of Demeter and her daughter Persephone. In the foreground are the ruins of a temple and altar, to the right the underground rooms of a portico which was $91\frac{1}{2}$ metres long, with three rows of columns and commanded a beautiful view over the valley of the Caicus. In the distance are two columns of a gateway or Propylon, which have been re-erected (Fig. 8). This temple was originally dedicated about 262 B. C. to Demeter alone, but a portico of six columns was added to the temple by the Roman G. Claudius Seilianus Aesimus, in whose behalf an altar was erected near the gateway or Propylon to virtue and temperance by Julia Pia, his wife.

The dedication was made to include Kore also, as the inscription on the later architrave informs us (Fig. 9). On the altar, eight metres long, was the inscription: "Eumenes in behalf of his mother Boa to Demeter," which proves that the altar was built at the same time with the temple on the original architrave of which occurs the same inscription. This Eumenes is Eumenes, the elder, and not the son of Apollonis, whose name occurs on the Propylon. In front of the Propylon were also found two altars, the one to the left with an inscription to Virtue and Temperance; that to the right with the inscription to Faith and Concord. The unfluted columns with reeds carved on the capitals have been re-erected. To the right is the Roman nymphaeum or reservoir, which has been excavated; and above a sort of Odeum. Here the people could sit and watch the initiations and mysteries and rites in honor of Demeter as at Oropus and Eleusis. Many inscriptions, including perhaps the first epigraphic evidence for a cult



Figure 9.—Architrave with inscription from precinct of Demeter. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

of the unknown god such as St. Paul mentions at Athens, were discovered in the precinct. In a cistern were found several beautiful Roman heads, among them splendid portraits of Augustus and Tiberius. These are now in Constantinople, but at Pergamum one still sees a relief of the three-headed Cerberus, Hades' watch-dog, the hound of hell, who would appropriately find a place in a sanctuary of Demeter and Persephone. Also appropriate is a relief representing the priestess or goddess herself near an altar with torch in one hand and bowl in other. Near her is a steer with its feet on bases, and tied with a rope to a ring in the pavement such as have recently been found at Ephesus and Sardis. There is a similar relief in Athens, and Pausanias mentions a similar group in the Eleusinium at Athens, but the interpretation is doubtful.

The reconstruction of the acropolis (Fig. 1) shows at the top to the left the temple of Trajan, with a colonnade on three sides. Below, on the next lower terrace is the temple of Athena,

built in the 4th century, and the two-story colonnade above contained in the rear the library built by Eumenes the second, who is thought by some to have erected the great altar on the next lower terrace about 175 B. C.

EPHESUS.

Ephesus, the church of Waning Enthusiasm, which is forty-eight miles south of Smyrna by rail, is about the only ancient site in Asia Minor which can be easily and comfortably visited. It was one of the twelve Ionian cities, but differed from some of the others in not having a natural and well protected harbor. Beautifully situated on two rocky hills, Mt. Pion and Mt. Coressus, Ephesus had, however, an artificial inner basin which communicated by means of a canal with the River Cayster and so with the sea. Ephesus was inhabited from very early times. After the Phoenicians and Carians came the Ionian Greeks, who entered into friendly relations with the natives and established the cult of the great goddess Diana, whom Asia and all the world



Figure 10.—Site of the great temple of Diana at Ephesus. (Photograph of D. M. Robinson.)

worshipped. Under the Ionians Ephesus flourished, but it was hard pressed by the rising Lydian kingdom, and finally was conquered by Croesus, whose name appears on some column fragments of the great temple of Diana, which have been taken to the British Museum. After the fall of the Lydian kingdom in 546 B. C., Ephesus passed into the hands of the Persians, and remained there until Alexander the Great came in 334. About 290 B.C. Lysimachus changed the site of the city to Mt. Pion, where the Austrians, under the late Benndorf and Heberdey, conducted the excavations. Ephesus shared the fate of other Asia Minor cities in passing under the yoke of Rome but being the terminal of the great commercial route from the interior, it anciently was always a thriving town; and hence perhaps the most important of the seven churches, where St. Paul spent almost three years. He was probably imprisoned here, although what the guides point out as St. Paul's prison was only an old Roman tower in the wall of Lysimachus. Ephesus suffered much from the Goths in 262 A. D., but most of all from the destruction in

the 13th century by the Turks. The ancient harbor has been silted up, making Ephesus an inland city, changing its site according to Biblical prophecy. Such in brief is the history of this important ancient city.

Hogarth's recent excavations at the Artemisium (Fig. 10), which was one of the seven wonders of the world, his unearthing of three earlier temples, and his finding of a wonderful deposit, dating from the time of Solomon, of ivories, gold statuettes, ornaments and coins have been the subject of lectures and a book by Hogarth himself, and of an illustrated article in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*, v. 1917, pp. 13-19; hence I pass them by and limit myself to the recent Austrian excavations.

The illustration in Fig. 11, shows the theatre where the events recorded in *Acts XIX* took place during the tumult caused by Demetrius the silversmith, who objected to Paul's preaching because its spirituality lessened the sale of the pretty little shrines of Diana; "And the whole city was filled with confusion, and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions, they rushed with

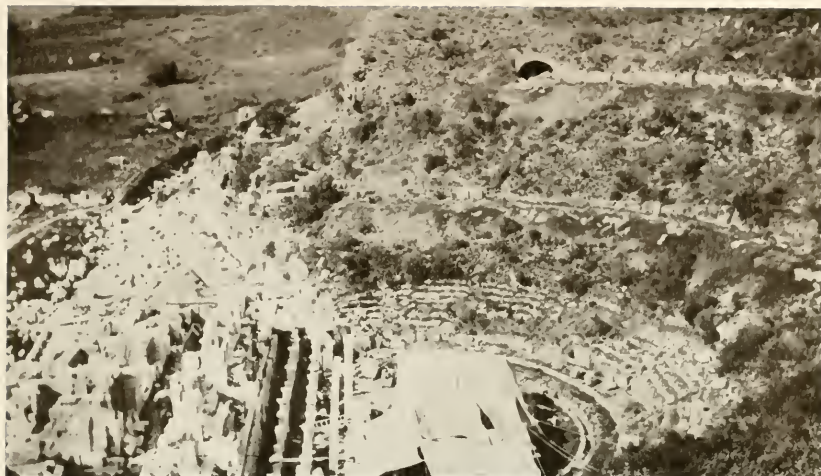


Figure 11.—The theatre at Ephesus referred to in Acts XIX. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

one accord into this building, crying 'great is Diana of the Ephesians'." The theatre is one of the largest in Asia. In the three divisions taken together it had sixty-six rows of seats, and could seat twenty-five to thirty thousand people (Fig. 12). The seats were of common stone veneered, as it were, with marble. The two ends were built up of stupendous masonry, thirty meters high, with arched entrances to the two horizontal passage-ways. Behind the orchestra was the stage. This was six meters wide and nearly three meters high, and was supported by a triple row of columns. It was approached from the sides by two sloping ramps, and from the inside by three staircases. Behind the stage are the remains of a two-story building, with broad passage-ways and rooms which formed the dressing apartments for the actors. The original theatre was built by Lysimachus, but it was much restored in later times, and it is the theatre of the third century A. D. which appears here. The theatre has been a useful quarry for the natives of Ajas-

soluk, and even in the ancient day many stones were taken to build the so-called Gate of Persecution. It formed the entrance to the citadel in Justinian's time, and above the arch were formerly reliefs, one of which represented the death of Patroclus and Hector, whence the gate got its name. From the theatre a large paved street led south towards the Magnesian gate, passing the market place on the right. In the distance to the right are the ruins of the double church of St. Mary Theotokos, one of the oldest Christian churches, which has been entirely excavated during the last few years (Fig. 13). In the southwest corner of the agora has been discovered a circular Greek building about eight meters in diameter, with three courses of well cut stones preserved. The Austrians in general have not dug deep enough to strike Greek things, but this is an exception. Near the round building where the street turns toward the Magnesian gate is the most important building excavated, namely a library built about 115 A. D., at his own



Figure 12.—The stage of the theatre at Ephesus. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)

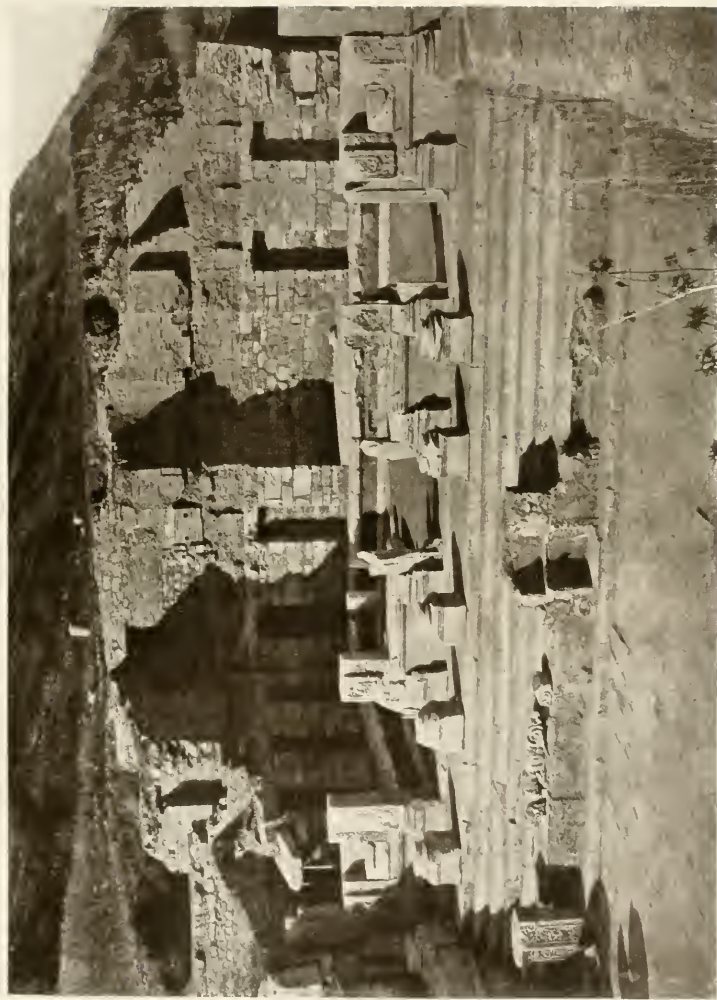


Figure 14.—Ruins of the Library of Celsus at Ephesus. (*Photograph of D. M. Robinson.*)



Figure 13.—Part of Church of St. Mary Theotokos at Ephesus.

expense in honor of his father, Tiberius Julius Celsus Polemaeanus by Tiberius Julius Aquila, who gave many books, and 25,000 denarii for the purchase of other books (Fig. 14). Nine steps, 18 meters broad, flanked by two large bases on which stood statues of Celsus, lead up to the portico of eight columns arranged in pairs. Seven of the column bases still remain in situ. Behind these was a wall broken by three door-ways, whose richly ornamented pilasters, corresponding to the eight columns, still remain in their lower part. Between the pilasters were niches in which stood four statues discovered in fragments by the excavators, representing in human form respectively The Wisdom of Celsus, The Knowledge of Celsus,

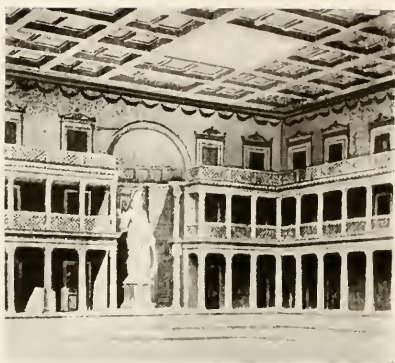


Figure 15.—Restoration of the interior of the Library of Celsus. (After Niemann.)

The Virtue of Celsus and The Goodwill of Celsus, and a headless statue of Celsus himself has been found. The main library room, entered by three doors, was sixteen and a third meters wide by eleven meters deep. Opposite the middle door at the rear was an apse, (Fig. 15), four and a half meters broad, in which stood an image of Athena, as in the library at Pergamum. In an underground room directly below was the burial place of Celsus, where his sarcophagus has been found. In the walls themselves, in front of which were six columns on the sides and eight at the rear, were rectangular niches half a meter deep, and about three meters high and one meter wide. There were three on the two sides and two on either side of the apse. In these niches, of which there were three stories, wooden shelves were placed for the ancient book-rolls. There was space for about 100,000 books, only half as many as at Pergamum. So many architectural fragments have been discovered that it has been possible to make an accurate reconstruction.

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Figure 1.—Ferry across the Maeander at Miletus.

MILETUS, PRIENE AND SARDIS

By HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

DEVOTEES of ancient Greek culture, even many enthusiastic students of the literature and art of the Classic period of Greece, often forget how much Hellas, or European Greece, owed to Ionia, the Asiatic cradle of Greek civilization. We think of Athens and Sparta, of Corinth and Argos, of Delphi and Olympia, as the most important sites for the study of Greek antiquity; often ignoring the fact that Miletus and Ephesus, Pergamum and Magnesia, Didyma and Colophon, were not only just as important in the history of Greek culture as the cities of Hellas but were perhaps the leaders and teachers of European Greece. We all re-

member Troy, and, sometimes no doubt, think of the Trojan war as representing eternal enmity between the opposite shores of the Aegean sea, not realizing perhaps that the war made so vivid by Homer was in reality only a family quarrel, and that both sides of the sea were occupied by a single race. A brilliant English archaeologist has said "the Greeks of Western Asia Minor produced the first full bloom of what we call pure Hellenism." One has only to consult his classical dictionary to learn that many of the greatest figures in the art and literature of the Greeks were natives of Asia Minor; and a casual student of the history of free social institutions will discover



Figure 2.—Retaining wall of the Theatre, at right facing the Cavea.

that Ionia was the land in which the democratic city state first reached full development.

That bold, irregular strip of shore extending from a little above Smyrna southward along the eastern side of the Aegean sea almost to the southeast tip of Asia Minor, which we call the Ionian coast, with its high rocky promontories stretching out to the islands, its deep bays and estuaries into which several great rivers pour a continual deposit of rich soil snatched from the inland mountains, is almost all there ever was of ancient Ionia. In a straight line it measures hardly 60 miles; but the actual coast line would measure fully three times that length. Within fifteen miles of the coast are situated the remains of ten of the twelve cities of the Ionian confederacy, Miletus, Myus, Priene, Ephesus, Colophon, Lebedus, Teos, Erythræ, Clazomenæ and Phocæa; Samos and Chios, the two other

members, were cities on the neighboring islands which bear their names. Many sites of other cities not members of the confederacy, and of centres of religious cults, are known all along the Ionian litoral and in the hills above the sea. To the north the Aegean shore extends 100 miles farther embracing Aeolis and the Troad, each with many important ancient sites. To the south lies Caria with still other remains of once powerful cities, and eastward, over the mountains, is ancient Lydia whose kings from time to time overcame the independent cities of the coast and controlled them.

And yet all this is only the fringe of Anatolia, a land which has known civilization from the almost forgotten days of the Hittites of the mainland and the Cretans of the sea, a land which saw the earliest beginnings of our own civilization, and figured prominently through the Hellenistic, Roman, and Byzantine periods, producing great men

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and great works of art, through more than a thousand years, giving to the Christian church a number of its most renowned fathers, and bearing aloft the torch of civilization until it was overwhelmed by the Turks. Only a few spots, and not all of these the most important ones, in all that vast country with its hundreds of ancient sites, have as yet known the excavator's spade. A few of the ancient cities are now the sites of crowded Turkish towns. Most of them still conceal their historical and archaeological secrets, and their treasures of art, below the earth that has been accumulating for centuries. Turkish misrule which has been largely responsible for their ruin, has been responsible for the darkness which still enshrouds them. But it may be that a brighter day is dawning over ancient Anatolia.



Figure 3.—View in the Interior of the Theatre.

The traveller hardly knows which of the sites to visit among so great a number, and the archaeologist with permission to dig finds difficulty in deciding at which of the many unexplored places he would prefer to work. The traveller chooses the places which have been at least partly brought to light by the excavator. The excavator, on the other

hand, looks for a site still buried, and as far away as possible from large modern towns; a site like Colophon which is so old as to have no history so late as Roman times, and so fortunate as to retain unchanged the Greek termination of its name.

Among the excavated, or partly excavated, cities of the coast district are Troy, Pergamum, Ephesus, Priene, Halicarnassus, Cnidus, Magnesia ad Maeandrum, Teos, Phocaea, and Didyma; in the interior only Boghaz Köi, the ancient Hittite Capital, Antioch of Pisidia, Sardis of Lydia and Gordium have known the excavator's spade.

Of these numerous sites, Ephesus, Pergamum, and Cnidus are described elsewhere in this number. Below are brief descriptions of Miletus, Priene and Sardis; the first an Ionian city of the first rank, the second a smaller member of the Ionian confederacy, and the third the capital of the Mermaid kings who were often the overlords of the cities of Ionia.

MILETUS.

Miletus held her place as the greatest Greek city until Hellenistic and Roman times when she was supplanted by Ephesus. Investigations at the site show that the city was flourishing in the later Minoan period. In the sixth century she peacefully owned the sway of the Lydian king Croesus, in the fourth she opposed Alexander; but eventually became a free Greek city again, and when Ionia came under Roman rule was a favored city of the emperors, particularly of Trajan.

The city lay on low land on the south shore of the Latmic gulf, not far from the open sea and a little below the mouth of the Maeander which in later centuries has filled up her port and made her an inland city. The river



Figure 4.—Seljuk Mosque at Miletus. (Photograph by C. N. Read)

flows today under her walls following the old line of the bay, and one approaches the modern town by a primitive ferry across the stream (Fig. 1). From the river one looks up to the ruins of the theatre, one of the largest in Asia, a structure of the Roman period built on older foundations. The city boasted no high acropolis of the form common in many Greek cities, though the hill against which the theatre was erected suggests one. The view of the theatre as seen from the river shows one of the great retaining walls of the *cavea*, or auditorium, with a large arched side entrance. Similar entrances appear on the face of these end walls (Fig. 2) on either hand. The walls are of marble exquisitely laid in late Hellenistic fashion, the arched entrances have rich face mouldings which are carried upon carved pilaster caps, and the stairs within, by which one mounted to the upper tiers of the seats are quite modern in proportions and

design. There were fifty-four rows of seats divided into two tiers by a broad aisle, the lower tier still preserves its twenty rows of marble seats and the flights of steps which divide them, in almost perfect completeness (Fig. 3), and the substructures of the high Roman stage are quite well preserved. With so much of its marble facing still in place, this building at Miletus is one of the most beautiful of ancient theatres.

Passing from the theatre, in front of which there lie some very beautiful architectural details of the Hellenistic and Roman periods and several rather crude relief sculptures of animals, the visitor in search of remains of the ancient city encounters two difficulties which no doubt had been serious obstacles to the excavator, Dr. Theodor Wiegand, who laid bare a part of old Miletus under the auspices of the Berlin Academy. One of these difficulties is the proximity of a modern



Figure 5.—Entrance to the Mosque.

town of medium size which actually covers one of the most important parts of the Greek city, the other is the result of the silting up of the bay, and the consequent rising of the level of the river, which causes the deep excavations to be flooded throughout a good part of the year. The nearness of the town obstructs the view of the newly recovered ruins, and makes it necessary to barricade the excavations against the rapacity of the inhabitants for building materials, and the water usually prevents a thorough examination of the ruins. The water had very recently dried up in June 1914 when I last visited the place, and the lower parts of the marble buildings were covered with slimy mud. The excavators have found a Hellenistic agora, and near it a very interesting building, built somewhat like a small theatre and believed to be the Senate House. East of this is a large open space, like a huge atrium, surrounded by porticoes and enclosing a great altar of Artemis. Two

temples were found, both existing in scant remains, one an archaic sanctuary of Artemis, the other dedicated to Apollo Delphinus.

Miletus is one of the few towns in western Asia Minor which preserves remnants of Seljuk art. The first wave of Turkish invaders differed from the later Ottoman conquerors of the country in that they were artists. The mosque here represented (Fig. 4) is a charming example of the work of these first Mohammedans to reach the Aegean. Constructed of excellent brick, and faced with white marble torn from Greek and Roman buildings, it presents no appearance of being patch-work. The tall octagonal base of the lofty dome is well proportioned to the cubical mass of the main body of the structure. The cornices and other carved mouldings are not fragments pieced together from the ruins of some Hellenistic building, but details of new Oriental patterns designed for their places. The windows are framed in richly carved



Figure 6.—View of Priene from the south, across the Maeander.

mouldings, and capped with diaper work of inlaid tiles in brilliant hues or intricate Arabic lettering once gilded upon coloured backgrounds. The triple-arched entrance is executed in marbles of various colours, and abounds in richly wrought mouldings, intricate diaper-work and open work grilles of marble executed with incredible delicacy. (Fig. 5.) The tomb in front of the Mosque is an example of later Turkish art.

PRIENE

Between Miletus and Priene once spread out the blue waters of the Læmic Gulf; but the ever-busy Maeander has converted the bay into a plain, so that one now travels from one city to the other over moist fields and reedy marshes, crossing and recrossing the windings of the river many times on his direct march. Miletus was larger, richer, and more powerful than Priene; but Priene looked down upon Miletus.

Poised upon her lofty crag, a spur of giant Mycale which rises behind her to the north, the little city held one of the most imposing and most beautiful situations in the world of her time, looking south over the gulf at her feet, beyond Miletus, Pyrrha and Myus, to the highlands of Caria, and westward far out over the Aegean.

As the traveller of today approaches the high-perched city, deserted now these many centuries, a view is presented to him not unlike that which greeted travellers in ships in ancient times (Fig. 6). The same walls stand out boldly from their rocky slope, the terraces upon which the city's buildings still stand in ruins, rise one above the other surmounted by the lofty platform of Athena's temple, all ascending like giant steps toward the pinnacle of the high acropolis. It is not difficult from a distance, to restore the outlines of the marble buildings, and, in imagination to repopulate the streets, the



Figure 7.—Terrace of the Temple, from a street below.

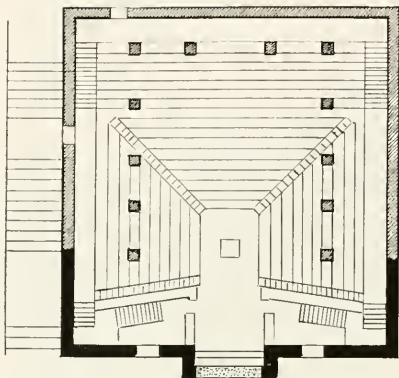
walls, and the agora, with living men and women.

The early history of Priene is unknown. The city was destroyed by Ardys, King of Lydia, in the seventh century; but soon recovered, and, in the middle of the sixth, reached the zenith of its career. Having fallen to Cyrus in 545, it passed under Persian sway, until set free by Alexander the Great who became a generous patron of the city. Hard times came upon Priene after Alexander's death; the kings of Pergamum and Cappadocia threatened her from two sides and she was saved eventually by the Romans in 155 B.C. The city flourished under Roman rule and was a place of some importance under the Byzantine empire.

Priene has been thoroughly excavated. In this case too Dr. Wiegand was in charge of the work. But the absence of a modern town, and the height and dryness of the situation made the site a far easier and pleasanter one to uncover than Miletus. The excavations brought to light the most

complete example in existence of an ancient Greek town, most of its remains belonging to the period of rebuilding in the fourth and third centuries B.C. Priene is often called the Pompeii of the Greek world, and indeed, certain views of its residential quarters suggest the victim of Vesuvius. Though built up on terraces on a steep hillside, the town was laid out with great regularity, having six main avenues and fifteen narrower streets; all paved and provided with side-walk and gutters, dividing the city into rectangles. Besides the beautiful temple of Athena Polias situated on a high broad platform (Fig. 7) the city boasted a number of less important sanctuaries, a fine colonnaded marketplace surrounded with shops and public buildings, a smaller market in which fish and meat were sold, a theatre, an assembly hall and two gymnasia. Practically all the buildings which we see today are remains of the fourth and third centuries before Christ. The scant remains of the temple of Athena

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PRIENE. EKKLESIASTERION.

Figure 8.

which were standing when the site was examined by the Society of the Dilettanti in 1765 and 1868, have all but disappeared, having been taken to embellish European museums, and we now find only a few broken, but very beautiful, architectural fragments lying upon the smooth white surface of the temple platform. Before the temple stood the great altar, still plainly visible in its ruins, and, to the east of this, the Propylaea, one of the later embellishments of the temple precinct. A fine flight of about fifty marble steps, with buildings enclosing it on either hand, descends to the northwest angle of the great agora. Through this fine marble-paved marketplace passes the principal east-and-west street of the city. Along the north side of the street, facing the agora, extends a long double colonnade set upon a sort of terrace of several steps above the level of the pavement. This fine structure was about 350 feet long. Its rear wall, throughout the greater part of its length, is filled with doorways which

open upon small chambers like shops; but near the east end the stoa fronts upon the ecclesiasterion or assembly hall which is one of the best preserved and most interesting of ancient Greek civic buildings. It has the general form of a theatre, but is square instead of curved. (Fig 8.) A square space with a beautiful little altar in the middle occupies the place of the orchestra. From this the tiers of carved seats rise on three sides in straight lines (Fig. 9) and have steps at the angles and at the ends. At the top is a broad aisle. Square marble piers were placed at intervals along the sides and across the rear which probably helped to support a roof. At the back an upper tier of seats rises higher than at the sides. In front of this, occupying the place of the stage in a theatre, is a rectangular exedra with carved benches on three sides—the seats of the mighty. On either hand is a doorway leading out upon the great colonnade, and at the back of the exedra is a broad arch, still partly preserved, which provided a wide semicircular opening forming a sort of window above the bench of the presiding officers. This arch, with another which spans the east entrance to the agora, is one of the earliest examples of arch construction in Greek architecture.

The other sides of the agora are provided with colonnades of columns in a single row, behind which are little shops, and on the east is the straight rear wall of the sanctuary of Asclepius. The open square is dotted with larger and smaller bases for statues, marble exedras, and honorific stelae.

In another part of the city, high up to the north, against the steep hill-side, is the little theatre, one of the most interesting of all the smaller theatres of the old Greek world. Only the



Figure 9.—Interior of the Ecclesiasterion, or Assembly Hall.

lower rows of its seats (Fig. 10) with five carved thrones in the lowest row, remain of the *koilon*, or auditorium; but the stage building preserves enough of its colonnaded front (Fig. 10) to have aroused once more, without definitely settling, the long-disputed controversy as to whether the Greek players stood upon a raised platform or upon the orchestra level. A row of piers with engaged columns of the Doric order carried a light entablature and a set of stone beams, like a roof-structure, providing a narrow shelf, about 12 feet high and 9 feet wide which some authorities would have us believe was the actual stage.

From every point of vantage in the ruins one looks down upon the residential parts of the city which the excavators have uncovered. It is amazing to see the checker-board plan of squares of private houses, divided by straight white streets well paved and drained, quite as regularly laid out upon the uneven slope as if upon a flat

plain. The houses are built of stone, not infrequently of marble, on the Greek plan with open court, columned porch and living rooms large and small, four residences to a block or *insula*. (Fig. 11.)

The stadium and gymnasium were built in the lowest section of the city, within the walls, just above the sea level, and a long flight of steps descended to them from the marketplace. The stadium was a curious structure with banks of seats on one side only, the other being open toward the bay. In front of the seats, the actual floor of the stadium was an artificial terrace held up by a high, stout retaining wall. Behind the seats ran a long covered portico. The gymnasium joined onto the stadium at the west. Like other Greek buildings of its kind, it consisted of an open colonnaded court with halls and smaller rooms on two sides. In the lavatory one still may see a row of large marble wash-basins along the wall, below a moulding which carries



Figure 10.—End of seats and part of stage building in the Theatre of Priene.

a water conduit and is pierced with openings masked by well carved lions' heads, one to each basin (Fig. 12); all so well preserved as to give a sense of living reality to this place in which the youth of Priene exercised and played, and contended in their sports over two thousand years ago.

SARDIS.

A traveller in ancient times, wishing to travel from one of the coast cities of Ionia inland to the great Lydian capital, would probably have gone first to Ephesus, and from that city would have followed the great highway, or Royal Road, over the mountains, out into the plain of the Hermus, and along the south side of that plain to the ancient city of the Merinnadae which sat astride the great trade route and beside the gold-bearing sands of the Pactolus, a little less than a hundred miles from Ephesus. Modern travellers would find the journey over the mountains both long and tedious. The railway from Smyrna

avoids the mountains, making a long detour along the bay, and finally entering the valley near the mouth of the Hermus. As the site of Sardis is approached one observes, away toward the north across the river, a group of conical tumuli of various sizes, two of them appearing as large as the great pyramid of Egypt. These are the famous tombs of the Lydian kings, described by Herodotus. On the opposite side of the railway extends a long range of tall crags and pinnacles rising out of the edge of the plain against a dark background formed by the masses of the snow-capped Boz-Dagh, Mt. Tmolus, the legendary birthplace of Bacchus. These crags and pinnacles are made of deep red clay, and erosion has given them their fantastic architectural forms. One of them turns out to be the acropolis of ancient Sardis (Fig. 13). Fragments of walls are balanced about its crumbling crest and half buried ruins of late Roman buildings cluster around its foot. The earliest historical

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Figure 11.—Group of Houses.

references show that this acropolis was in existence in the eighth or ninth century before Christ, and it is probable that the place was a stronghold in far more distant antiquity. The hill now terminates in a sharp ridge by no means large enough to have held the upper city and the fortifications described by the early writers. It is plain that the acropolis, like the hills on either side of it, has been worn away by erosion to its present shape. There are no remnants of the early walls, the present ones having been made in Byzantine times out of marble blocks and other fragments taken from Greek and Roman buildings (Fig. 14). But this is actually the remnant of the hill which was rendered impregnable, before the dawn of history, by King Meles who, by direction of the oracle at Telnessus, carried a lion around its walls. It is the hill unsuccessfully besieged by the Cimmerians in the earliest historical period, lost by Croesus to the Persians, regained by Alexander, and treacherously betrayed under Achaicus. It is a matter of historical record that the city of Sardis was destroyed by earthquake in A.D. 17, and it is probable that part of the acropolis collapsed in that catastrophe. It is evident that the hill

has been rapidly disintegrating ever since, and the washing away of its fabric has buried the lower city, between it and the Pactolus.

The excavation of the ancient city has been undertaken by an American society. Work was begun in the early spring of 1910 and carried on, at periods of five months in each year, until the summer of 1914. The area covered by the city is very extensive, on the north and west of the acropolis and on both sides of the Pactolus. A beginning was made at the river-side on the west of the hill, at a point where two large Ionic columns protruded half their height above a field of barley (Fig. 15). At the end of five campaigns, a temple of Artemis of colossal dimensions, had been brought to light (Fig. 16). This temple, all of marble brought from quarries on the side of Mt. Tmolus, was begun in the fourth century, or perhaps



Figure 14.—Walls of Acropolis, view from the south.

earlier, on the site of an old temple destroyed by fire during the Ionian revolt in 506 B.C. It was roofed, and certainly in use, before the end of the century, and was repaired in later centuries as the remains show. The problem of excavation was a difficult one; owing partly to the depth of the



Figure 12.—Lavatory in the Gymnasium.

accumulated earth and débris, which rose from twelve feet at the west end to sixty at a point east of the building; this latter being by far the greatest depth for excavations yet undertaken in this part of the world. But the temple proved to be preserved almost

exactly in proportion as it was deeply buried, and now stands free as one of the best preserved of the Greek temples in Asia Minor (Fig. 16). Its plan shows that there were eight column at the ends and twenty on the sides, the porches were deep with interior



Figure 13.—Valley of the Pactolus, Acropolis of Sardis on the left and Mt. Tmolus behind.
(*Photograph by D. M. Robinson*)



Figure 15.—General view of the American excavations at Sardis, view from the west.



Figure 16.—The Temple of Artemis, view from the east.



Figure 17.—The East Porch of the Temple, view from the north.



Figure 18.—The East Porch of the Temple, view from the south.

columns unusually arranged. The cella was composed of a long chamber divided by two rows of five columns each, and a treasury chamber; this latter has a long inscription in Greek—a mortgage—upon its walls. As seen from the north or south (Figs. 17 and 18), the east porch of the temple, with its two complete columns and thirteen others which preserve half their original height, with its projecting anta walls, its portal standing to one third of its original height, and numerous interesting details lying about, presents an effect of spacious dignity. Some of the carved details are unusually beautiful, particularly some of the capitals which were discovered deep down in the earth.

East of the temple, with its front wall almost touching the two columns

at the south end of the east row, a little Christian church was unearthen (Fig. 15). It is built of brick and is of oblong plan with a small apse at its east end perfectly preserved. Outside the small apse is a larger apse, the half dome of which has fallen in. Coins of the third and fourth centuries were found in the cracks of the pavement. The little building is interesting in view of the reference of St. John in the Revelation to a church community at Sardis.

Many fragments of sculpture were found in the process of excavation, and a lion figure of the Lydian period resting upon a stepped base together with a second lion, much mutilated, and an eagle, all in marble. Among the sculptures which have been found representing the best period of Greek art

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in Sardis is the spirited head of a horse.

Of great scientific importance was the discovery here of an unknown language in a large body of inscriptions in the tongue and script of the ancient Lydians. The finding of a bilingual inscription, that is, an inscription in the unknown Lydian with a translation in Aramaic, has made important progress toward the deciphering of this new language. Simultaneous digging carried on in the old necropolis across the river from the temple has brought to light a vast number of objects of daily use in the life of the ancient Lydians, objects which shed much light upon the state of civilization to which this great non-Hellenic kingdom had attained, and

many of them are of unusual beauty. Among the various classes of objects are pottery of new shapes and designs, bronze utensils and other objects, terra cottas, ivories, silver ware, coins, gold ornaments and engraved gems. Among the terra-cottas are mask-like figures in archaic style, showing the entire front of the body above the waist, and preserving beautiful colour designs, and figurines of many types, some plainly from the Myrina manufactories, others of types quite new. Although these excavations were hardly more than begun when the war put a stop to further progress on the work, enough material has been recovered to afford a very good foundation for restoring the civilization of ancient Lydia.

Princeton University.



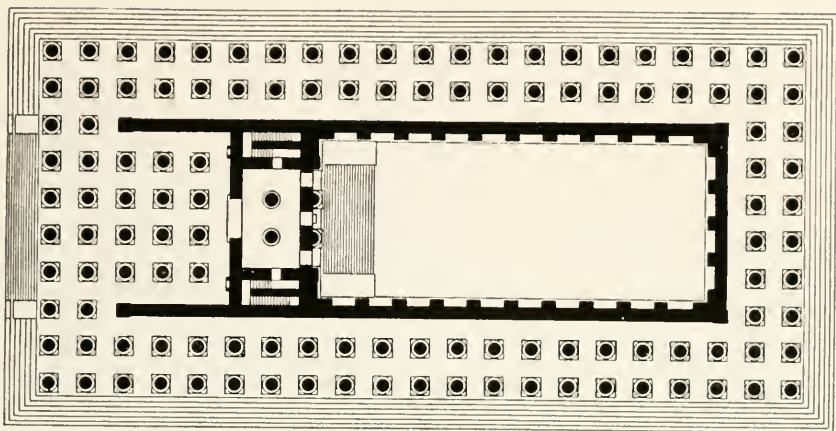


Figure 1.—Plan of Didymaeum (*after Wiegand*).

DIDYMA

By F. BALDWIN SMITH

GREATEST of all religious edifices erected by Greek antiquity," writes Strabo, "is the Didymaeum." Great it was, though not actually the largest in size. Still it was not alone the tradition of its dimensions which inspired Vitruvius to rank it among the four great temples of antiquity, and second only to the Artemisium. Its architectural fame must have rested, to a large extent, upon those unique and ambitious features of its construction which made it so radically different from all other Greek temples.

Before investigating the fascinating and rather baffling mysteries of the actual temple, the reader, like a visitor to the famous site, must, even at the expense of some wearisome moments, make his geographical and historical approach to the prophetic shrine of the Ionians. The temple, dedicated to Apollo, was built by the people of

Miletus, in their own territory, about ten miles south of their city on the promontory of Poseideion, at Didyma, which is today the flourishing little Turkish town of Hieronta. Didyma, in ancient times, was often called Branchidae, after the priestly caste who guarded the treasures of the temple, ministered to the oracle, and were supposed to have descended from Branchus the youth beloved of Apollo.

During Greek times Didyma was inaccessible by land, even from the mother city Miletus, and was always approached by sea. The principal port was Panormus where landed all the pilgrims from the Mediterranean world who sought guidance of the prophetic utterances at the shrine of Apollo. From Panormus to the sanctuary runs a Sacred Way, in length about a mile and a half, which was flanked on either side by huge, archaic, seated statues of the former worshippers. This Sacred



Figure 2.—East end of Temple.

Way, with its ponderous and rough-hewn statues, recalls the sacred avenues of sphinxes which led from the Nile to the great Egyptian temples, and suggests, as does the general type of the seated figures, the influence of Nilotic art upon the Milesians. It was not until Roman times, under the Emperor Hadrian, that an actual road was built connecting Didyma with Miletus.

There was an ancient Ionic temple of Apollo at Didyma which was destroyed. While the first Artemisium was not burnt until the night of Alexander's birth according to ancient legend, the earliest Didymaeum, after having first been plundered by the Persian Darius in 494, was finally sacked and burnt

to the ground by Xerxes in 481 B.C. During one or the other of these devastating inroads the celebrated bronze statue of Apollo by Canachus was removed to the Persian capital at Susa, taking with it much of the prophetic fame of the shrine. It is a sad story, the sack of the first Didymaeum, if we can believe the story which has come down to us, that the hereditary priestly caste of the Branchidae betrayed the temple's riches to Xerxes, as he was returning from his ill-fated expedition against the Greeks, and then went into voluntary exile beyond the river Oxus to escape the vengeance of the outraged Milesians. It was there, beyond the Oxus, that Alexander the Great found their descendants in 328, and exter-

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Figure 3.—Great Portal at east end (after Wiegand).

minated them, men, women, and children, as punishment for the sins of their fore-fathers.

For about a century the Milesians seem to have been either unable to rebuild the temple or to have felt it useless to restore a shrine from which the famous cultus statue of the god has been removed. Therefore, it was not until the year 333 B. C., at the request of Alexander, that the work of erecting a new structure was commenced. Perhaps the Macedonian chieftain promised that the cultus statue would be rescued from the barbarians and returned, as soon as a suitable sanctuary should be ready for its reception. Whether or not such a promise stimulated the people of Miletus to revive the prestige of their shrine by a new and even greater monument, we know that in 295 B.C. Seleucus I, did restore the sacred image to the new temple.

The actual work commenced in 333 B.C. and, if we can be sure that Vitruvius was describing the second and not the first Didymæum, the architects were Daphnis and Paconius, the builder of the Artemesium at Ephesus. Either the conception of these architects was too ambitious or the times too rife with war, for the work languished, lapsed, and was revived periodically for several centuries, without the colossal temple ever having been entirely completed. While the temple was left gableless and unfinished, the last work having ceased apparently in 41 A.D., it was nevertheless in use, and was considered one of the greatest monuments of antiquity and excited the admiration of all the Roman writers on architecture, including Vitruvius, Strabo, Pliny, and Pausanias.



Figure 4.—One of side entrances at east end (after Wiegand).



Figure 5.—Cella, looking west.

Even now our approach to the temple is not entirely cleared, for its mysteries are only in part those of incantation and mystic divination. For centuries a veil of mystery and uncertainty has hung over the whole architectural character of the building, with the result that no text book or work on architecture has been published containing a plan of the temple which gives an accurate or adequate idea of the unparalleled features of this unique monument of Hellenistic Greek architecture. The reason why the students of architecture have had such erroneous conceptions of the building is easily explicable and excusable, and can be accounted for by a brief survey of the European investigation of the Didymaeum.

The darkness which closed over the ancient world during the Middle Ages, and which enveloped the Didymaeum along with all the other works of classical antiquity, was lifted, in the case of

the Apollo temple, in 1446, when Cyriac of Ancona visited the site and described the greater part of the temple as still standing, although the *cella* had been converted into a fortress by the Byzantines. Upon the arrival of the next recorded visitor, the Englishman Dr. Pickering, in 1673, the temple was found to have collapsed, due probably to the great earthquake of 1493. In 1764 and 1812 the Society of Dilettanti sent expeditions to explore the ruins, and in 1873, the "Rothschild Expedition" under MM. O. Rayet and A. Thomas, visited the site, sent certain sculptures to the Louvre, and published "*Milet et le Golfe Latmique*" with a plan of the temple which was largely conjectural. No excavations, however, were made until 1895 when Haussoullier and Pontremoli visited the site and cleared the western façade, and part of the east front, but had to limit their excavations to the outskirts of the



Figure 6.—Cella, looking east.

temple because they found that the Turkish village had encroached upon the ruins and had established a formidable wind-mill immediately above the heart of the temple. With the new material they had uncovered, with the inscriptions pertaining to the work, and with the results from pits sunk in various parts of the ruins, the French expedition published its results under the title "Didymes." Their plan, however, failed to disclose the exact nature of the innovations of the strange edifice. In 1905 the French rights were ceded to Dr. Th. Wiegand, the German excavator of Miletus, who proceeded to clear the whole temple and remove the inconvenient wind-mill. The full revelation of this uncovering is even yet unpublished, although in 1911 Dr.

Wiegand published a report of the work made before the Prussian Academy of Sciences, in which were an almost correct plan of the building and some very interesting photographs. The illustrations in this article are taken from his report, with the addition of other unpublished pictures taken by Professor Howard Crosby Butler after the site was cleared.

Turning now to the actual temple and approaching it, as the ancient pilgrim did, along the Sacred Way, the road leads one into the sacred precinct on the north side, so that the visitor has to pass down the temple to the left before the great entrance on the east is reached (Fig. 1). The precinct was a walled enclosure, semicircular at either end, and, from its form and from

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the remains of banks of seats on the south side, recalls a *stadion*, or race-track, which Dr. Wiegand declares the site originally to have been.

The temple itself is in the Ionic order, is decastyle, dipteral, has twenty-one columns on a side, and has three rows of four columns in antis on the east end. Translating this cryptic description into plain English, the temple is surrounded by a continuous colonnade of two rows of columns, ten across the east and west ends and twenty-one down each side; at the east end there is a recess between the cella walls which is filled with twelve columns in three rows of four columns each.

The whole structure rests upon a seven stepped platform, or *crepidoma*, and measures, along the edge of the top step, in length about 360 feet and in width about 163 feet. Being of such gigantic size, the steps, as is the custom in classical architecture, are scaled to the building, and are too high for comfortable approach. Therefore the actual approach on the east front is by means of thirteen smaller steps extending along the front of the temple between the third column from each side and flanked by parotids on either side. These parotids, as the photograph shows (Fig. 2), are unfinished and were intended to have been carved and decorated. Having ascended the *crepidoma*, the visitor is confronted by an avenue of vast columns which leads into what is usually called the *pronaos*, which is here a *dodecastylon*, or portico of twelve columns, and then brings up at what might naturally be expected to be the main entrance of the temple. At this point the idiosyncrasies of the Didymaeum commence. The inscriptions of the workmen, found in the temple, speak of the ante-room with the twelve columns not as a *pronaos* but as a *prodomos*,

the reason being, no doubt, because it is not actually *pro naos*, as another chamber interposes between it and the *naos* where the image of the god was enshrined. In addition to the change of name, this *prodomos* is unlike any *pronaos* in Greek architecture in its wilderness of vast columns. We are accustomed to two, or even three columns *in antis*, but to find as many as twelve suggests only a Persian *apadana* or an Egyptian hypostyle hall.

The greatest surprise, however, awaits the visitor at the end of the *prodomos*, at what should be the main portal of the sanctuary. Here is the huge portal, as is to be expected, with remains of its carefully carved door-jambes; but what of the door-sill! It is over six feet high with no steps leading up to it, and evidence, in its carefully executed and carved torus and scotia mouldings which carry out the base mouldings of the cella wall (Fig. 3), that no steps were ever intended to ascend it. Where then was the entrance? At either side of the main portal, almost next to the side walls of the *prodomos*, are doorways (Fig. 4), flanked on each side by pilasters, and capped by huge rough quarried lintels whose faces were intended to be carved. These doorways give access to long, descending ramps roofed at first by deep coffers and then by beautifully cut arches, one of the earliest, if not the first, example of the Greek use of the arch. These ramps, in descending, pass under the chamber which lies between the *prodomos* and the *naos*, under a long flight of steps which lead back up from the *naos* to this chamber, and out into the actual cella which was unroofed and sunk far below the outer level of the temple. The floor of the cella is about 14 feet below the top of the *crepidoma*, and on all sides appears to consist of a high,

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Figure 7.—Column of Peristyle on northeast corner.

twenty-foot podium, or platform, from which the walls rise, broken at intervals by strong, salient pilasters (Fig. 5). At the west end of the cella was the adyton or covered shrine of Canachus' Apollo.

Standing now in the cella, and looking back towards the east, the visitor is confronted by another striking structural feature of the building. A long, broad, and majestic flight of twenty-two steps, about 53.25 feet wide and 19.66 feet deep, leads up to the chamber under which one enters the cella. At the top of the steps are three doorways, the central one being flanked by two half columns, of the same scale as those on the exterior of the building, which are supposed to have been capped by Corinthian instead of Ionic capitals (Fig. 6).

Passing through any one of the three doorways it is discovered that the level of this chamber is almost flush with the

top of the sill of the main portal opening into the *prodomos*. In other words, its level is about six feet above the top of the crepidoma. Within, at either side of the center of this room, two columns without plinths, and of a scale slightly smaller than the exterior columns, are placed as supports to the now vanished ceiling. This chamber, from inscriptions found within its ruins, was called by the builders the *chresmographion*, or the place of the writing of the oracles. It was therefore the business office of the temple. On each side of this *chresmographion* a door opens upon a flight of stairs which ascends, in two stages, to a sort of room which, in all probability, included only the small space above the stairs and in height was about equal to one half the height of the *chresmographion*. The ceiling of these stairs has a very remarkable square-and-key fret very deeply cut into the stone. From the inscriptions we again learn that these storied side-chambers, with their broken flights of stairs, were called labyrinths. It is likely that they gave access to the store-rooms of the temple where the treasures and entrusted riches were guarded, and where the *prytanes*, the officials of the oracle, kept their records. Every Greek temple, besides accumulating vast riches of its own, functioned as the forefather of the modern bank, guarding the wealth intrusted to its care, and loaning out money at interest on safe collateral. The absence, then, of the *opisthodomos*, or treasury, at the west end of the temple, makes it necessary to accept the second story as the banking quarters of the Branchidae priests and their more honest successors.

The architectural and sculptural forms of the Didymaeum, while in many cases unfinished and for the most part of relatively late date in the history of Greek architecture, present a variety



Figure 8.—Entablature of Didymaeum (*after Haussoullier and Pontremoli*).

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and inventiveness in harmony with the original and ambitious plan of the temple. The great columns of the peristyle, huge channelled shafts of sixty feet in height (Fig. 7), have, with the exception of the outer row across the east end, the typical bases of the Hellenistic period, consisting of a torus moulding, with horizontal channellings, resting upon two scotia which in turn are supported by a square plinth block. Across the front of the temple the bases of the eight central columns of the exterior row are each different in the forms of their mouldings and are richly carved with various ornamental motives. While they are all set upon plinth blocks, the bases of the two central columns have, instead of the traditional torus, a flat band of sculpture, consisting of alternating palmettes and anthemions, resting upon a double scotia. Other bases of this row have anthemions carved upon the toruses, and frets carved upon circular plinths which take the place of scotias, while one base, near the center of the façade, has a torus decorated with vertical water leaves, raised upon a twelve-sided plinth, each face of which is sculptured with a different conventional floral motive.

Regarding the Ionic capitals of the columns, as in the case of the whole superstructure of the temple, the question becomes somewhat conjectural due to the devastation of time, man, and the elements. The three capitals, which are still in place on their tall shafts, are rather depressed and late, but perfectly ordinary examples of Hellenistic work. Among the ruins of the façade were found fragments from which a peculiar and very interesting capital has been reconstructed and which is illustrated here from the restoration of Haussoullier and Pontremoli (Fig. 8). Instead of the spiral volutes, it has the busts

of Apollo and Zeus, one on either face, the sculptured heads recalling most suggestively the influence of the Pergamene School of sculpture as it appears on the Great Altar of Zeus at Pergamum which belongs to the second century B.C. In the center of the capital, in place of the echinus of eggs, is a salient head of a bull, beneath which is a band of palmettes and anthemions. Other fragments found among the débris of the temple suggest as great a variety of capitals across the east façade of the temple as there are bases, although the two examples already described are the only ones sufficiently well preserved to permit of restoration.

The entablature, as restored from the fragments by Haussoullier and Pontremoli, shows a very late and ornate treatment; its interesting features are the heavy dentils whose faces are each carved with a different motive, and the heavy acanthus rinceau, with a Medusa head in the Pergamene style, carved upon the frieze. Beyond the entablature it is impossible to go in the reconstruction of the temple, for as Strabo says, the temple was so large that it had no roof, and excavations have shown that it was left unfinished and probably without even a gabled pediment at the east end. Within the cella there are some exquisite pilaster capitals which are much more vigorous and pleasing than any fragments which remain from the exterior of the temple, and suggest an early period in the erection of the sanctuary. The fact that after nearly five hundred years the temple was unfinished does not seem to have lessened its glory and fame in the eyes of classical writers, and, when its remains are finally published, its greatness, as the most picturesque temple of antiquity, may once more be fully appreciated.

Princeton University.



Figure 1.—Acropolis of Cnidus and site of city from southwest.

CNIDUS

By T. LESLIE SHEAR

A VISITOR to Caria in southwestern Asia Minor, who stands on the hills of the Dorian peninsula, "whence Cnidus, light of Caria, is revealed," sees spread out before him a varied and noble panorama. Nature has been lavish in endowing with beauty the islands and coasts of the Aegean, but here at the steep and rugged point where the cold waters of the north meet the southern waves she seems to have lingered with peculiar fondness. The lofty range of mountains which constitutes the peninsula is terminated at the west by a high hill that is isolated from its range by a deep-cleft valley. This hill is the acropolis of the city and by its very nature justifies the descriptive epithet applied to Cnidus in the earliest reference to the city in Greek literature, the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, where mention is made of "lofty Cnidus." On the east a sharp spur, at right angles to the acropolis, runs to the sea, and the goodly space bounded by these hills and washed on the other sides by the waters of the sea is a natural and inevitable site for a city. (Fig. 1.)

The climate here is unusually salubrious, as the heat of summer is always tempered by a cooling breeze, and in winter the southern sun rarely hides his face. A refreshing fountain still gurgles in the ruins and occasional rains revive the drooping trees. The city's nearest neighbors are the island of Nisyrus on the south and the island of Cos on the west, the latter famous as the home of Hippocrates and the centre of medical lore for the ancient world, the former

still a Mecca for invalids in quest of its healing sulphur baths. Cnidus, too, had part in this culture of medicine and hygiene and made full contribution to the medical cause in giving to the world the renowned historian and physician Ctesias.

Terrace upon terrace, street after street, buildings innumerable, still even in their ruin impress the visitor with the extent and magnificence of the city. We wonder at her wealth when we think of the famous treasury and paintings dedicated by her at Delphi; we admire her taste when we look upon copies of the Aphrodite of Praxiteles; we recognize her engineering skill in the attempt to cut a canal through the peninsula at Bybassus. But thwarted in this engineering project, subjugated by Persia and humbled by the loss of her walls, the city subsequently sought to steer a neutral course in the quarrels of her neighbors. The larger harbor was the rendezvous of Cimon's fleet in 466 B.C., and for years the city paid tribute to Athens, though in 394 B.C. when Conon defeated the Spartans in the naval battle of Cnidus, the place was held by the Lacedaemonians.

On a headland just east of the harbor, conspicuous far and near, by land and sea, especially glorious in the sunset light, when the nearer point gleams gold against a burning red, stand the ruins of a lofty monument, once crowned by a colossal lion. Sir Charles Newton, in 1858, carried this lion to London, where it now adorns the British Museum, and since Newton's time there has been general acceptance of his



Figure 2.—Points east of harbour of Cnidus. On the most distant stood the Lion Monument.

theory that this monument was erected in commemoration of the naval victory of Conon. (Fig. 2.)

Newton made scattered excavations in the city in the spring of 1858 and was so fortunate as to discover and transport safely to England the noble marble statue, usually known as the Demeter of Cnidus. (Fig. 3.) Thus we have evidence that the city fostered the fine arts rather than developed military science. And though her walls were rebuilt, by Alexander's permission, so massively that they are visible to-day throughout their entire circuit, yet the city's chief accomplishment in the fourth century was the purchase from Praxiteles of a statue of Aphrodite. The sculptor offered to the people of Cos the choice of two statues of Aphrodite, one of which was draped, the other nude. The Coans made their selection

and the undraped statue fell to Cnidus, which thenceforward became the shrine for worshippers of beauty throughout the world. (Fig 4.)

Who has not drifted languidly on a smiling sea, with Lucian and his friends into that welcoming harbor, and passed through the busy streets of the city, noticing, perhaps, on one side the stoa of Sostratus, on the other, may be, the observatory of Eudoxus, or other temples and public buildings, ultimately to come to the precinct and temple of Aphrodite of the Fair Winds? The grounds about the temple were richly planted with groves and gardens, with flower and vine, affording delightful places of resort for votaries of Aphrodite on her festal days. Within the temple the Goddess herself greeted one with a benignant smile. Impossi-



Figure 3.—“Demeter,” from Cnidus, in the British Museum.



Figure 4.—Walls on north-west end of Acropolis of Cnidus.

ble is a description of the beauty revealed and only its effects are recorded.

When reading Lucian it is difficult to believe that he is describing a visit now eighteen centuries past; when roaming over the ruins of Cnidus it seems incredible that we can not conjure back the Goddess and her temple. Yet we know full well that Aphrodite of Cnidus was long since burned in Constantinople, and that no trace of her temple has been found.

Newton dug occasional holes, here and there, within the city's walls, and was richly rewarded for his pains, but as a whole the city is lying beneath the dust of ages in beautiful isolation, rarely visited except by the shepherd and his sheep, waiting until in the fullness of time the archæologist shall again uncover its streets and squares, reveal and reconstruct its temples and its homes.

Columbia University.



CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Notes from the National Gallery

THE National Gallery of Art has just received through the State Department, as a gift from the Duchess of Marlborough and other American born English friends of this country, a full length statue in white marble of Lord Chatham. It is by Francis Derwent Wood, a Royal Academician. The pedestal of gray marble is inscribed as follows: "This statue of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the British champion of American liberty, is presented by American women living in the United Kingdom as a memorial of the one hundred years peace between the two kindred nations and as an expression of their love for the land of their birth, and the land of their adoption. 1815-1915."

Two important canvasses, "Evening Tide, California," by William Ritschel, and "Gray Day," by W. Granville Smith, have just been added to the National Gallery collection. They were acquired through purchase by the Ranger fund in accordance with a provision of the will of Henry W. Ranger, recently deceased. A fund of some \$200,000 left to the National Academy of Design; the income to be used for purchasing paintings by American artists; the pictures to be given to art institutions in America maintaining public galleries; and this upon the express condition that the National Gallery shall have the option and right to take, reclaim, and own any picture so purchased by the Academy. The gallery has also received a very charming replica of Power's Greek Slave, the gift of Mrs. B. H. Warder.

King Solomon's Mines

The Arts Club of Washington on March 25, 1920 had an illustrated lecture by Courtenay De Kalb, Mining Engineer, just returned from making a special investigation of the mineral industry in Spain, Portugal, and Morocco for the Department of Commerce, on "A Visit to Some of King Solomon's Mines." Following generally accepted views of European, and especially Spanish, scholars, Mr. De Kalb identifies Spain with the Biblical Tarshish. Tartessus was probably a name derived from Tarshish. It included the whole of the valley of the Guadalquivir, the adjacent territory now politically separated as the province of Huelva, and seems to have included the east coast of Spain on account of the trade with the interior from the mart of Saguntum, now called Sagunto. Ezekiel mentions Tarshish as the source of silver, iron, tin and lead. Elsewhere in the Bible copper is added to the list of these resources. The copper and silver came chiefly from what are today the pyrite mines of Huelva, the principal mines being called the "Rio Tinto" and the "Tharsis." Remains of an ancient Phoenician furnace have been found at Rio Tinto, and the slag-piles of the Phoenicians and Romans at this single mine exceed 13,000,000 tons, representing an estimated output of 2,500,000 tons of copper and 700,000,000 ounces of silver. A son of King Solomon is said to have lived in a castle, the remains of which exist upon the summit of the peak called Cerro de Salomón, overlooking the mines today. This is possible, since the representatives of Solomon went wherever the joint operations of Solomon and Hiram extended throughout the then known world. A

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tomb has been reported as being discovered among the ruins of the rich archaeological site of Sagunto which bore an inscription stating that Adoniram, collector of tribute for King Solomon was buried there. The site of Saguntum, with its magnificent ruins, has never been the subject of archaeological investigation except in so far as was possible without the assistance of funds, by the talented Antonio Chabret. Almadén, still the greatest quicksilver mine in the world, was also known to Solomon and Hiram. It is said that Solomon requisitioned from these mines the cinnabar which was ground into vermilion for decorating his palace at Jerusalem.

An Art Pilgrimage to Europe

The Art Pilgrimage to Europe for artists, teachers, and all who love art and travel, June 19 to September 13, as planned by *Intercollegiate Tours*, under the intellectual guidance of Henry Turner Bailey, Director of the Cleveland School of Art, will offer a rare opportunity to college students who wish to supplement books with first-hand experience, to teachers who wish to increase their acquaintance with the masterpieces, and to the general public, who desire not only the pleasures of travel, but something of its inspirations.

The Archaeological Outlook for Jerusalem

If some of the plans of the present provisional Government of Palestine for the preservation of Jerusalem be carried into execution, that ancient city will be the cynosure of archaeologists. The Jerusalem Government proposes a control over the development of Jerusalem which shall as far as possible leave the antique untouched and provide for the building up of a metropolitan area about the city. Accordingly the plans as proposed would mark out three zones: first, the city within the walls, in which there would be a rigorous control of all new building, along with probably a good deal of condemnation of unworthy buildings. Second, a parked area about the city, which would include many of the sacred sites, and extend as far as Bethany. A large part of this area is actually unoccupied, and it fortunately includes a considerable section of the southern part of the ancient city now lying outside of the walls. This parked circle about the city would be cleaned up and building in general prohibited, so that the city with the old natural environment might agreeably present somewhat of its ancient aspect. The third zone would be devoted to the metropolitan area of the new Jerusalem, and would be the field of all that is best in the art of city-planning. The parked areas could of course be made the object of excavations, and fortunately a large portion of the ancient city could thus be excavated. Under proper governmental control and with the assistance of the learning and wealth of those interested in archaeology, a brilliant future may be expected for the archaeological study of the city which vies with Athens and Rome in the interest of the world.

Our American School by its forwardness in immediately entering upon its work at the conclusion of the war is in a privileged position to do its share in this archaeological future. Before the end of the past year the full staff of the School was on the ground, Director Worrell, Professors Clay and Peters, and the Thayer Fellow of the Institute, Dr. Albright.

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The Summer School of the Pennsylvania Academy

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is conducting a summer school at Chester Springs, Chester County, Pa. This will be the fourth year the school has been open and the success of the three former years has been remarkable. During the summer of the school's third year, which began in April, 1919, there was a total enrollment of 169 students, who came not only from Pennsylvania, but from far distant points. The chief object of the Academy in establishing a school in the country is to afford fine art instruction in the open air, with all the beautiful surroundings of nature herself, in order to supplement instruction within the walls of classrooms, and afford an opportunity for the study of art in the summer to school teachers and others who cannot spare the time to study in the winter. The methods of instruction at the Chester Springs school are substantially the same as those at the Academy in Philadelphia during its regular winter courses, special attention, however, being paid to landscape drawing and painting and to the study of sunlight and shade.

American Excavations in Asia Minor

It is nearly forty years since the first work of archaeological investigation in Asia Minor under American auspices was undertaken. From 1881 to 1883 an expedition sent out by the Archaeological Institute of America and directed by J. T. Clarke excavated on the site of ancient Assos in the Troad. The remains of the Doric temple of Athena were entirely unearthened and excavations were extended into various parts of the ancient town with gratifying archaeological results.

In 1909 permission was granted by the Turkish Government to Professor Howard Crosby Butler of Princeton University, editor of this Asia Minor number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, to excavate at Sardis, the capital city of ancient Lydia. Funds for successive campaigns of excavation were furnished by a small group of financiers interested in archaeology and art. At the end of the fourth season a society was formed under the name of "The American Society for the Excavation of Sardis", which proposed to carry on the work of excavation and publish the results.

Work was begun early in the spring of 1910, and was continued in campaigns of six months each year until the end of June, 1914, when the war put an end to the undertaking. It is expected that the work will be resumed as soon as Asia Minor is again tranquilized. The results are briefly described in this number. The rich fund of inscriptions have been published by David M. Robinson in the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY.

Since about 1910, Dr. T. Leslie Shear of Columbia University, has been conducting investigations and private excavations on a more modest scale, but with gratifying results, in southwestern Asia Minor and on the Island of Rhodes. More in the line of general exploration, with a view to making a complete survey of Asia Minor, was the work of the late Professor Sterrett of the Cornell University expedition. This expedition reported a large number of sites of archaeological interest and collected a number of inscriptions. The untimely death of Professor Sterrett arrested the execution of his extensive plans for a full report on the ancient sites of Asia Minor.

BOOK CRITIQUES

THE ART BULLETIN. *An Illustrated Quarterly published by the College Art Association of America. Vol. II. Nos. 1 and 2 (September and December, 1919).*

We welcome the appearance of the first two numbers of "The Art Bulletin," the new name under which the College Art Association of America publishes its Bulletin as an illustrated quarterly periodical, with David M. Robinson as Editor-in-chief and John Shapley as Associate Editor. The four annual bulletins heretofore published are taken as Volume I. Vol. II. No. 1 has articles on The Future of the College Art Association, by John Pickard; the Sources of Romanesque Sculpture, by Charles R. Morey; the Significance of Oriental Art, by Ananda Coomaraswamy; Camouflage and Art by Homer Saint Gaudens. No. 2 presents papers on Supply and Demand, by Ellsworth Woodward; A Student of Ancient Ceramics, Antonio Pollajuolo, by Fern Rusk Shapley; Antique Glass, by Gustavus A. Eisen; Recent Contributions to Art History, by John Shapley. Several of these articles are illustrated. All give evidence of the ripe scholarship and abundant output of the members of the Association. We bespeak for THE ART BULLETIN a growing influence in extending the influence and power of the College Art Association, which has recently held its ninth annual meeting at the Cleveland Museum of Art.

M. C.

Parks, their Design, Equipment, and Use, by George Burnap, with frontispiece in color, 163 illustrations and 4 diagrams. Large 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

George Burnap, the landscape architect of public buildings and grounds, Washington, D. C. has furnished in this handsome volume not only an authoritative manual for park officials, but also a readable volume for every public spirited person interested in city-planning. Mr. Burnap has been for nearly ten years the architect of outdoor Washington and his artistic judgment and good taste are seen in the greater charm of the parks and drive-ways and circles of the Capital City. This is the first book of large scope to be published on the subject, and the author has not only elaborated in his text his theories of park design, but has illustrated from his own photographs almost every recommendation he has made. He treats the

relation of park design to city planning, the principles of park design, the use of architecture and sculpture, the decorative use of water, the planting design and disposition of flowers, and many other themes of paramount interest in park embellishment. A book so rich in valuable suggestions and so replete with illustrations of the best that has been accomplished in the parks and public areas of England, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and North and South America, will prove of service to novice and expert alike in the ideas it unfolds.

M. C.

The Foundations of Classic Architecture, by Herbert Langford Warren. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1919.

In this posthumous work, the late Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University has "presented in enduring form the essence of his vital teaching of the history and principles of architecture." The manuscript left at the author's death, ended with the opening words of the final portion, "The Parthenon," and was edited by one of his students, Fiske Kimball, who also completed the volume with the aid of the author's own notes and of notes on his class lectures. The task of collecting and preparing the plans and illustrations, 119 in number, fell mainly on the editor. They have been gathered with great care from the best sources and furnish a body of authentic documents unsurpassed in any other general work discussing ancient architecture.

The author traces the development of the style of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, the Aegean, and Greece to their culmination in the architectural masterpieces of the Acropolis. The historical narrative is suggestive in its presentation of the stages of the evolution of architecture, but far more important is the author's analysis of the fundamental principles of architectural expression, and his exposition of universal forms, such as the classic mouldings and the Greek orders. The illustrations constantly assist the reader in a clear understanding of the subject, and command the warmest praise. This is a work which will be read with profit and interest by students, laymen and architects, and will furnish the basis of knowledge essential for the appreciation of the whole subsequent development of architecture.

M. C.

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American Painters of Yesterday and Today, by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. New York, privately printed, pp. 64.

Mr. Sherman's earlier volume, to which attention was directed in the March issue of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, has been followed by another of the same type, both in its dress and in its content.

The format adopted is marked by an individuality under the control of good taste, a combination of qualities in book-making which deserves comment because of its comparative rarity. A binding of the blue boards whose charm Mr. Mosher was perhaps the first to reveal; type which of itself induces the desire to read; board margins of a paper that is pleasant to the touch; abundant illustrations both novel and of good quality—when such characteristics as these are brought together in any specimen of book-making, they deserve commendation on their own account and apart from the text which they set forth.

As for the matter of Mr. Sherman's essays, it is to be questioned whether Mr. Sherman, in stretching his appreciation to include the early imitative work of Harry Watrous, is not being *too amiable*? And a man who can write

pleasantly of this type of painting can hardly be expected to follow Arthur B. Davies in the latest stages of his quest for beauty. So perhaps even a reviewer may point out the inadequacy of the essay on that painter.

Mr. Sherman's talent for writing about paintings appears at its best in his words about men who have not strayed very far from the beaten paths of painting. He places a true estimate upon that once fabulous personage, Benjamin West; he writes well of Wyatt Eaton and George Fuller; he speaks with understanding of the work of Dwight Tryon. And he does good service in pointing out comparatively unfamiliar aspects of J. Francis Murphy and Winslow Homer.

Indeed, the character of all Mr. Sherman's essays is that of brief footnotes to history. He draws passing attention to the lesser-known who who deserve something more than forgetfulness; he throws into momentary relief unfamiliar aspects of the better known. He is the wide-knowledged connoisseur favoring those of more limited range with interesting glimpses through his eyes. The rôle sits well upon him, and a public which has all too little of level-headedness in art criticism may well hope that he will continue to fulfill that grateful function.

Virgil Barker.

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1920

No. 5

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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Basilica of St. Mark's. Vista of the Piazzetta

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1920

NUMBER 5

VENICE, THE MUNICIPAL REPUBLIC.

By JOHN CANDEE DEAN

VENICE was never a territorial state; she was a municipal state.

She was not the capital of Venetian territory, but was herself the whole state. Brescia, Verona, Padua, Vicenza, Cyprus, Crete and other possessions were dependencies and had no voice in the government of the Republic. The City of Venice was supreme over all her Italian and Mediterranean territory. During the fifteenth century, with but 200,000 inhabitants, she was mistress of provinces populated by millions.

For thirteen centuries no hostile troops ever secured a footing on her shores. This security from invasion made possible the light beautiful style of building that still enchants the eye of all visitors. Venetian architecture proclaims peace and security without defence. The sky line of her roofs are wreathed in graceful imagery of golden globes and floral forms. Sullen feudal walls, maculated corbels and moated bastions were never erected at Venice. Of the towers that lift their graceful forms above her palaces not one was for defence. Of the millions of piles forced into her sands, none was driven to sup-

port city wall, or fortress. Her most costly palaces were built at the water's edge, where an enemy might have forced in the entrance doors and windows, with their spears, without leaving their boats. Her noble palace of state faced the lagoon, destitute of even a parapet to separate it from the water, and at times of extremely high tide, its supporting columns were washed by the sea.

In time the highest legal authority of the state became vested in the Council of Forty. Membership in the Council of Forty, the Senate, and in the Great Council of 480 members, was limited to families whose ancestors had, within a certain period, sat in previous councils. The constitution of Venice, however, was not fully perfected until the creation, in the fourteenth century, of another body called the Council of Ten. This was a powerful committee of public safety which exercised almost unlimited powers down to the final overthrow of the Republic.

As the strong and capable oligarchy developed, commerce expanded, wealth accumulated, grand churches and splendid palaces were built. In 1301, the



THE DOGE'S PALACE: JUDGMENT CORNER.
Subject of the Group—The Judgment of Solomon.



THE DOGE'S PALACE: NOAH CORNER.

Subject: Drunkenness of Noah.



VENDRAMIN PALACE.
Grand Canal.



GROUP AT CANOVA'S TOMB.
Designed by Canova, Church de' Friari.



BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

erection of the present Doge's Palace was begun. This great work of Venice engaged her best architects and masons, her greatest painters and decorators. It has no archetype in the world. The arcaded sea front was completed about the year 1420 but that facing the Piazzetta, or public square, was not finished until 1439. Architecturally it has been to Venice what the Parthenon was to Athens. Its design combines Gothic, Arabic and Roman influences and it has been called the central building of the world. Its type of architecture was not the result of slow development, but was the spontaneous invention of one man who produced and established in perfection a national style which was followed as long as Gothic architecture prevailed in Venice. This genius was Pietro Baseggio, sculptor chief architect and engineer of the oldest part of the present palace. He devised the beautiful quatrefoil tracery that pierces the walls over the arches of the second story which afterwards became the characteristic form of the Venetian Gothic arch employed with many modifications in a large number of private palaces built during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The sea front of the Ducal Palace exhibits the full strength of its Gothic powers. Above the lace-like tracery of its arches is a lofty third story faced with red and white marble blocks, in large diaper pattern. The cornice does not project but terminates in carved marble crestings similar to those that crown the walls of Arabian mosques. In beauty of design, richness of invention and masterly execution its columns are unsurpassed by any in Europe. Probably the Judgment Corner is noticed more by travelers than any other angle, because of its proximity to St. Mark's Church and to the palace entrance. The Porta della Carta is the

magnificent gateway which forms the principal entrance to the palace. The figure kneeling before the lion over the gateway, is a portrait of Doge Francesco Foscari, the hero of Byron's tragedy, who completed the building in 1441.

The wealth of the republic was prodigious.

"Her daughters had their dowers,
From spoils of nations, and the ex-
haustless East,
Poured in her lap all gems in spark-
ling showers,
In purple was she robed, and at her
feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their
dignity increased."

The wealth of Asia flowed through her hands and all Europe paid tribute to her merchant-princes. Her ships were laden with spices, nutmeg, mace, ivory, ebony, fragrant sandalwood, costly camphor from Borneo, rare fabrics from China and Bengal, diamonds from Golconda, pearls and precious stones from India and musk from Thibet. In 1362, while living in Venice, the poet Petrarch wrote as follows:

"From my window on the Riva degli Schiavoni, I see vessels, as large as my house with masts taller than its towers. They sail to all parts of the world, and brave a thousand dangers. They carry wine to England; honey to the Scythians; they return, laden with merchandise to be distributed all over Europe. Where the sea ends, their sailors quit the ships and travel on to trade with India and China; they cross the Caucasus and the Ganges and reach the Eastern Ocean."

The foreign policies of kings and parliaments have usually been framed to promote trade. As the Municipal Republic grew in power it exercised greater authority over foreign commerce; and



Lion of St. Mark's, Venice.

while individual Venetians still owned and navigated ships, they were subject to strict state regulations. Private vessels sailed with the state fleet, under command of officers appointed by the government, subject to all the rules of the fleet, and owners of vessels were not permitted to sell them except to Venetians.

The law regulated the size of ships, their model, equipment, number of their crews, their duties, anchors, cables etc. Each ship carried its band of music and the crew was proportioned to the load, one man to every ten thousand

pounds. In her glory Venice could master 3300 ships, 36,000 sailors and 16,000 dock hands. Her greatness, her wealth, her political power and the stability of her institutions, were chiefly due to her maritime supremacy and to her genius for commerce.

The Venetians had a passion for collecting columns from distant countries and Venice became a city of shafts and arches. Having no quarries of their own they were compelled to bring stone from great distances in ships of small tonnage. They built from the ruins of other cities and their highly cultivated

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sense of color led them to select the most costly marbles, jaspers, porphyrys, agates, and other intrinsically beautiful stones. Thus Venice was decorated with a wealth of precious marbles and St. Mark's became a shrine dedicated to the splendors of the spoils of war. The shafts were always cut from one block of stone, and were sometimes erected as mere objects of inherent beauty with no work imposed on them. Some of the columns in the interior of St. Mark's sustain no burden, and even the two ranges of beautiful columns in the façade, carry but little weight.

In the Piazzetta are two familiar shafts of Egyptian granite which were brought from Syria in the twelfth century. The gray column is surmounted by the famous bronze statue of the lion of St. Mark in Byzantine style which was cast and mounted in 1178. It was regarded by Ruskin as one of the grandest things produced by medieval art; admired by all men, but drawn by none. He says—"I have never seen a faithful representation of his firm, fierce, fiery strength." The red column carries the marble statue of St. Theodore and the Crocodile, placed there one hundred and fifty years later.

The population of Venice was too small to furnish soldiers for her armies, and the military spirit had softened by the pursuit of the peaceful arts; hence the condottieri or professional military captains, with their troops, were often employed to fight the battles of the Republic. These alien mercenaries were mostly cavalry, clad in heavy armor from head to foot.

Before the end of the reign of Doge Foscari, a famous condottiere was employed by the Republic to win the duchy of Milan. This was Bartolomeo Colleoni, the foremost tactician of the fifteenth century. He was loved and

admired by the Venetians, was a great patron of the arts, and at his death left 100,000 ducats to the Republic.

The most famous piece of Venetian bronze work is the statue of Colleoni, said to be the finest equestrian statue in Europe. The original was modeled by Verrocchio, who died of a cold caught at the casting. It was finished by Alessandro Leopardi, who also designed and finished the pedestal. The beautiful bronze sockets for supporting three red masts in front of St. Mark's Church, were also wrought by Leopardi, who developed Venetian sculpture to its highest plane of perfection. These masts were used to display the gorgeous silk emblems of Morea, Cyprus and Candia, then dependencies of the Republic.

While Venice was a city of splendid churches, her government was the first to recognize the advantage of separating church from state. Ecclesiastics were excluded from any share in her councils, and when ecclesiastical matters came up for discussion, all senators who were in any way connected with the *Curia Romana*, were compelled to retire. No relative of the Doge was allowed to accept preferment from the Church. Bishops were chosen by the Senate from among the Venetians and criminal clericals were tried by civil courts. The clergy were subject to taxation. Sentences by the Inquisition were reviewed by civil officers, and, as a consequence, the stake was never erected in Venice. Thrice Venice came into serious conflict with the Pope and the interdict was issued, commanding all to cease trading with Venetians, or of paying debts due to them. Each time, sentence of excommunication was launched by the Pope. Notices of excommunication were forbidden to be posted in Venice, and the Doge in the

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THE GRAY GRANITE COLUMN.

With Winged Lion of St. Mark.

Great Council declared that the Pope had no concern with things temporal.

The chief influence that made Venice the most important centre of printing in Italy, was the library of St. Mark's.

The books and manuscripts bequeathed to the Republic by Petrarch and Cardinal Bassarione formed the nucleus of the celebrated library. The beautiful building now known as the *Libreria Vecchia*, and still used for the Library of St. Mark's, was built by the Florentine architect and artist Sansoveno. Palladio declared that it was probably the richest, most ornate edifice erected since the time of the ancients.

Music was a passion with the Venetians. They were the first to establish the opera and Venice was the seat of ancient operatic schools. All the theaters of Italy drew musicians from Venice, and up to the eighteenth century, it was the greatest school of vocal music in all Europe. Her painters were masters of the subtleties of color and of aerial perspective. Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, the three Bellinis and other great painters covered the walls of Venice with masterpieces that spread their fame throughout Europe. They adorned the ceilings of the Ducal Palace, guilds, fraternities, and private palaces with superb representations of the glories of Venice.

About the year 1362 Petrarch described a tourney in the Piazza of St. Mark's as follows:

"The crowd was immense. Not an inch unoccupied, and yet no confusion, no tumult, no ill-humor. The sport was held in that square to which the world cannot show a match. The Doge and his suite viewed the spectacle from the platform in front of the church where stand the four horses, and, to shield him from the sun, a rich and many-colored awning was spread above us. I was there myself at the Doge's right. The Piazza, the church front, the tower, the roofs, the porticoes, pre-

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sented a living wall of people. At one side of the basilica was a magnificent pavilion for the Venetian ladies, who to the number of four hundred lent splendor to the scene. Some consins of the King of England were present, and the strangers were amazed at the sight of so much magnificence."

The primal cause of the decline of Venice is usually attributed to the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope in 1497, by which the world's trade shifted from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and passed into the hands of the Dutch, Portuguese and English. This route saved the breaking of bulk between India and Europe and avoided the duties exacted by the Turks of Syria and Egypt.

We hear much cant nowadays regarding the debasing influence of commercialism, and the historian is apt to assign wealth and luxury as potent causes of the decay of nations and the fading of arts. Yet no nation has been preeminent in art and general culture that did not excel in commerce, and no nation has been great commercially that was not successful in war. Human progress is intellectual. The Venetinas began to show a decline of intellectual vigor in the early part of the fifteenth century. The defeat of Carlo Zeno for Doge in 1414 was indicative of political retrogression. Up to that time the Venetians had selected the ablest and noblest man among them for their Doge or Ruler. He was surrounded by a strong, truly noble, and capable aristocracy, which really represented the best class of citizens. The fendal system was never extended to Venice, she, therefore, escaping feudal influences, and as a consequence class distinctions were not sharply drawn. Here was found the greatest tranquillity and con-



BRONZE SOCKET.

There are three of these for supporting the red masts in front of St. Mark's Church. Made by Leopardi.

centration of wealth in any European state.

During eleven hundred years the victories of Venice had been purchased by the sacrifice of her bravest and strong-

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

est men. The best that she bred, including two Doges, died in battle. In time, destructive military selection displaced the processes of natural selection; the unfit survived to become the fathers of future generations of inferiors, whom fame could not use.

The discovery of the Cape Route; the turmoils of Italian politics; the advent of France and Spain, and the League of Cambray all combined had far less destructive influences than the extinction of Olympian men by long wars. The weak and cowardly survived, and from their brood sprang lovers of luxury and vice. The card table, the coffee house, the play and fatuous masquerading displaced the serious interests of life. Venice was in her dotage when she became—

“The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of
Italy.”

Arts declined, except those subservient to vice and luxury. Trade languished,

population decreased, while public shows increased in splendor. The procession of Doges stretching back for nearly three centuries contained but one name of historic prominence, that of Francesco Morosini, Doge from 1688 to 1694.

Beyond the Alps a man rose naturally to Emperorship, for whom the dying Republic had long been waiting. In May 1797 Napoleon approached, with his battalions, and the ancient municipal republic “Sank like a seaweed into whence she rose.” For the first time in more than a thousand years the isles of Venice were trodden by the feet of conquering soldiers. Thirteen hundred and seventy-six years after the establishment of Venice as a state Napoleon proclaimed the Republic a thing of the past, and the last of the Doges passed his cap to an attendant saying—“Take it away, we shall not need it again.”

Indianapolis, Ind.

To The Demeter of Cnidos

(Written in the British Museum.)

BY

EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

Lone waters where the ships vex not the sea,
Dim lakes at twilight where the lilies sleep
And blacken with their whiteness deep on deep,
Are not serene as is the brow of thee.
Some far-off sun of peace I can not see
Shines still upon thy cheek and chin which keep
A shadowed splendor where I fain would steep
My soul in sunsets of serenity.

Great Mother, on thy throne of tragic calm
Which shakes me as the sunlight shakes the star,
Just once, Great Mother, ere for aye I cease,
Upon my futile heart let fall this balm
Grant me to glimpse within some gate ajar
The pearl-pale sunrise of thy pagan peace.

* See illustration, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, IX p. 199 (April, 1920.)

MINO DA FIESOLE.

By ALLAN MARQUAND.

MINO da Fiesole (1431-1448) is one of a group of Florentine marble sculptors who flourished during the second half of the fifteenth century. To this group belonged also Desiderio da Settignano, from whom Mino received much inspiration, Antonio Rossellino, Benedetto da Majano and Matteo Civitali. Each of these sculptors exhibited in his work more or less of the accomplishments of preceding sculptors, and each had his own individual peculiarities.

Mino in his busts and reliefs exhibits a strong realistic sense: such as the late Gothic sculptors displayed, especially in designing floral forms, or such as Donatello revealed in his portrait sculpture. But realistic sculpture was not Mino's chief delight, and we find him more interested in decorative sculpture.

As decoration, what could be more charming than the tomb of Bishop Salutati, with its exquisitely designed pilasters and the sarcophagus decorated with such originality and charm. The rounded sarcophagus is raised aloft on brackets, leaving below a sheltered, panelled wall where the fine bust of the Bishop is displayed to great advantage. All the details of the bust indicate that it is Mino's handiwork. There are a number of busts attributed to Mino, of which that of the Bishop Leonardo Salutati of Fiesole is the finest. It exhibits Mino's decorative sense, his refinement and grace, and withal a realistic sense of life to which he was no stranger. The kindly old Bishop lives in this bust, shedding a personal influence down through the ages. No wonder that the sculptor of this bust,

though born in the Casentino and educated in Florence, came to be known as Mino da Fiesole. It is Fiesole that still rejoices in the possession of Mino's best work, the tomb and the marble altar-piece erected in memory of Bishop Salutati.

Of the many busts attributed to Mino we mention as especially characteristic—that of Rinaldo della Luna in the Bargello, a fine bust of a young woman in the Berlin Museum, and the bust of Diotisalvi Neroni, in the Dreifus Collection, Paris.

There can be little doubt that Mino was occupied in relief portrait sculpture as well as in sculpture in the round. In the tomb of Bernardo Giugni in the Badia, Mino introduced in the lunette a portrait medallion of the occupant of the tomb. Possibly on this account there have been attributed to Mino a relief portrait of Francesco Sforza and a companion relief of Federigo di Montefeltro Duke of Urbino. The portrait of Federigo seems not unrelated to Piero della Francesca's well known portrait of the Duke in the Uffizi gallery. The attribution of these marble reliefs to Mino may not be absolutely secure, but for the present it is not a very wild guess to associate them with the Salutati bust as early works by Mino.

Portrait sculpture and religious sculpture were closely associated in Florence. Donatello did not hesitate to make living persons represent the Prophets of the Old Testament; Botticelli and other artists transformed beautiful women into Saints or impersonations of Our Lady herself. Similarly Desiderio and Mino were inspired by the youthful scions of Florentine



Bust of Bishop Salutati, Fiesole, Cathedral.

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Federigo, Duke of Urbino.
Bargello, Florence.

families when they represented the Youthful St. John. According to Apocryphal legends the boyhood of the Baptist was spent in the desert. So he is represented wearing haircloth. There are several of these busts from Mino's atelier. The one in the Musée André, Paris, formerly in the Della Bardella collection, Florence, shows perhaps most of the master's handiwork, but the one here published seems also executed under the eye and in part at least by the hand of the master.

As a sculptor of Madonnas Mino was eminently successful. Here he found a field where delicacy and refinement were given their full value. In the Madonna of the Via Della Forca, we see the use of very low relief, introduced to

the Florentines by Donatello and Desiderio. The Madonna, seated on an ornamented faldstool, wearing a transparent veil, thinly robed, gazes with fond affection upon the Child who is seated on a cushion upon her lap. The youthful St. John stands in the background. The Florentines of the second half of the fifteenth century were not deeply religious and hence we feel it to be an affectation when Mino half closes the eyes of the Madonna and child, and St. John. True religious feeling is lacking, but no doubt Mino had seen in the churches many a lady of noble family with her well-instructed children in similar religious pose.



Ciborium at S. Croce.



The Youthful St. John.

The medallion of the Madonna from the Badia is still more characteristic of Mino's treatment of this subject. It comes from the lunette of the sepulchral monument of Count Ugo. This Count had died in 1016, leaving most of his fortune to this church. The monument, a somewhat belated memorial, was

commissioned by the Abbot Don Salvatore in 1469; it was unfinished when in 1471 Mino was summoned to Rome to make a tomb for Pope Paul II. I am inclined to believe that the Madonna was then already finished. It has a Florentine rather than a Roman character and represents Mino at his best. The Ma-

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Madonna, Via della Forca, Florence.

donna and Child are well bred, without pretentious Roman grandeur. Head-dress and draperies are treated with a fine, decorative sense. We may wish for more open expression in the faces of both Madonna and Child—but for a sepulchral monument the artist has made a wise choice. Removed as it appears here from its surroundings, we feel nevertheless its solemn character. If not religious, Mino was certainly human, and here he exhibits a very proper respect for the dead.

Florentine sculptors were trained in architectural composition. Mino had commissions not only for free standing sculptures and reliefs, he had also to design tabernacles, altar-pieces, pulpits, tombs. Ciboria or tabernacles were depositories for the Sacred Host or for the

Holy Oil; sometimes attached to the wall, as in S. Croce, or free standing as in the Baptistry at Volterra. In the ciborium at S. Croce, sculptural decoration is subordinated to the architectural composition. Pilasters, architrave frieze, cornice, lunette, are all clearly expressed. The purpose of the monument is also evident. Before the door which shelters the elements of the Sacrament angels bearing candelabra bow in adoration. Below is the usual inscription *HIC EST PANIS VIVVS Q(VI)DE CELO DESCENDIT*. This particular ciborium had a considerable influence. With slight modifications it was repeated by the Della Robbias in glazed terra-cotta and found its way to almost every country church in Tuscany. Mino also made altar-pieces for Fiesole and Florence, pulpits for Prato and Rome, and many sepulchral monuments.



Madonna, Badia, Florence.



Ideal Portrait, Bargello, Florence.

Idealized portraiture was not foreign to the spirit of Mino. In the Bargello there is a very beautiful relief of a laurel-crowned young man inscribed

AVRELIVS CAESAR AVG. It is not a copy from a Roman coin, but an idealized representation of a noble young Florentine. So the charming

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Faith, Paul II Tomb, Rome.

relief inscribed ET IO DA MINO O AVVTO EL LVME, "I also from the hand of Mino beheld the light." Surely this cannot be, as has been suggested, the wife or daughter of the sculptor, but represents some noble lady from the high life of Milan, Florence, Urbino, or Rome. The peculiar headdress covered with ringlets, the pearls, the elaborate brocade recalls Piero Della Francesca's portrait of Battist Sforza, Duchess of Urbino, wife of Federigo. If not a por-

trait of that lady it certainly portrays a lady of similar high station.

In 1471 Mino was called to Rome to design a tomb for Paul II. He had already in 1463 worked in Rome upon a pulpit for Sixtus IV, which was to be erected on the exterior of St. Peter's. But Rome was a tragedy for Mino. This pulpit was never erected, and its many fragments are now hidden in the grottoes of the Vatican. In this second visit Mino was at once engaged upon a



Hope, Paul II Tomb, Rome.

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splendid tomb in honor of Pope Paul II for the interior of St. Peter's. The base of the monument was decorated with putti and garlands; a second pedestal represented in niches Faith, Hope, and Charity, and reliefs of the creation of Eve and the Fall; in the center of the monument was the figure of the Pope upon a sarcophagus, with a relief of the Resurrection on the wall behind; beyond the two engaged columns which supported the entablature were the four Evangelists in niches; overhead, the lunette with a relief of the Last Judgment surrounded by highly decorated mouldings. Our general notion of the tomb is based on a drawing made by Ciacconius in 1630. Today the tomb is dismembered and fragments of it dispersed. A part of the pedestal is in the Museum of the Louvre, other fragments are in the dark grottoes of the Vatican. Thus Mino's career in Rome was a tragic one. His two principal monuments have been dispersed and the many others designed for various churches were executed in conjunction with other sculptors, Andrea Bregno of Milan, Isaia of Pisa, Giovanni of Dalmatia. Mino's individuality was

thus undervalued in the cosmopolitan city. Still we cannot fail to recognize his handiwork, broadened, imperialized, but still characteristic. From the monument of Paul II we reproduce the reliefs of Faith and Hope. Faith, with chalice and cross, is certainly the handiwork of Mino da Fiesole. It is signed OPVS MINI. The noble ladies of Florence fixed in Mino's mind the type which recurs in his female Saints and Madonnas. His draperies are still Florentine and *sui generis*. At the other end of the pedestal Hope with folded hands looks heavenward. She is more robust in type and her draperies are fashioned in a very different manner. On the base of this statue is inscribed IOANNIS DALMATA OPVSE. Hence we can distinguish clearly between the work of Mino da Fiesole and of his coöperator Giovanni Dalmata. Mino's style was not materially changed by his visit to Rome, but his Madonnas henceforth became more pretentious, more disdainful, less genuinely aristocratic, slightly more Roman, somewhat less Florentine.

Princeton University.





CLOUDS.

Thiel Gallery, Bronze, Hosse Collection, Berlin, Bronze, by David Edstrom.

DAVID EDSTROM—AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

By GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM

AN ARTIST of versatile moods is the Swedish-American sculptor, David Edstrom. Sometimes it is in the grand and monumental that his temperament seeks expression, again in the purely lyric composition, and at other times in the more studied portrait. Certainly he is never commonplace, but always one finds in him the profound psychologist, penetrating beneath the surface and portraying in his work the psychic character of the subject. He is the Romanticist, but at the same time always faithful to realism. Perhaps he might be termed with propriety a Romantic-Realist.

An exalted love of life may be observed as the basic quality of Edstrom's work. He has also been characterized as "essentially a sculptor who conceives in relation to air, light and shade."

His study of human passions has found expression in metaphysical

sculptures, portraying "Fear," "Pride," "Envy," "Caliban," "The Cry of Poverty." In the last-named, the artist has sought to represent the whole of humanity, stretching out in misery the helpless hand. This was suggested to him on his way home late one evening, when he was accosted by a beggar with outstretched hand. The impression became an obsession from which the sculptor could free himself only by giving it plastic expression.

One may turn away in horror, even in disgust, from Edstrom's psychological delineation of "Fear," a creature half human, half brute, distorted in an agony of terror. But one will return, asking, "What was it, after all, that I saw there, in that terrible thing?" The sculptor's explanation is this: "I observed, with men and animals, that the effect of fear is to produce contraction; the whole being seems to recede



OPHELIA.

By David Edstrom. Marble Winter Exhibition, National Academy of Design, New York



ISIS.

By David Edstrom. Scottish Rite Temple, Washington, D. C.



THE ATHLETE.

By David Edstrom. Terra-cotta original in private collection,
Bronze, in National Museum, Stockholm.



COLONEL J. T. TREZEVANT,
Confederate Army Veteran.

By David Edstrom. Marble, privately owned in Texas.

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towards the heart, as though it would hide there or vanish entirely. It was this discovery which I sought to portray in the figure called 'Fear.'"

Of the "Caliban," a demon awakened through suffering, the artist wrote the lines:

"Let not Thy light break through the veil of flesh,

Quickening before its time, the seed of immortality.

Until the base elements which enswathe my soul,

Respond to Thee."

A silver medal was awarded for this sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition, in 1904.

Not all of Edstrom's work is so terrible. There are graceful, idealistic subjects, which make one question, "Is it the same artist—this sculptor of consummate beauty, of aesthetic rapture?" There is the lovely "Ophelia," a lyric conception in marble, recently shown in the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York. Another is the "Clouds," a marvelous composition in bronze, of light and airy cloud forms, two recumbent figures. "Day and Night" are represented by a youth and maiden on whose shoulders rests the world. In the enigmatic "Sphinx" the Egyptian type is retained but with a strong infusion of what might be called modern mysticism.

Two Egyptian statues, "Isis" and "Nephthys," recently unveiled in the Scottish Rite Temple, Washington, D. C., exhibit classic qualities of dignity and repose, with regal splendor. "Isis" symbolizes the ruling intelligence, spiritual intuitions and domination, while "Nephthys" represents the earth and the instincts. Problems of costume have been faithfully studied and Egyptian ideas complied with in these works, as comprehended by the sculptor from "The Book of the Dead."

In Edstrom's Canadian war memorial, dedicated at Montreal by H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, there is striking beauty in the whole composition and particularly in the wonderfully expressive faces of the young soldiers.

With his portraits Edstrom is especially successful. The British critic, Major Haldane Macfall, says of this work, "The basic value of a portrait is the utterance of *character*; and with



JOHN ERICSSON MONUMENT.

Proposed Memorial over the Inventor of the *Monitor*, by David Edstrom.

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what power Edstrom states character!"

* * * Under his method of treatment "the clay becomes an affair of lights and shadows, moving like a live thing in the atmosphere," producing an extraordinary illusion to the eye. There is a gracious quality in the charming bust of Karin Ek, the Swedish poetess, whose temperament and writings have been compared to those of Sappho. In this portrait we feel also a Renaissance quaintness. Among Edstrom's patrons have been the royalties of Sweden, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Ellen Key, and many other celebrities of Europe and America, including the Swedish minister at Washington.

Edstrom was employed by the city of Gothenburg in 1914-15 on plans for the Public Square. In his more recent study for the John Ericsson Monument the conception and decorations are all handled in ancient Far-Northern rune style. Edstrom's symbolic group, "The Significance of the League of Nations" teaches a profound lesson of sympathy. (See frontispiece, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, VIII, No. 6, Dec. 1919.)

This Swedish-American sculptor of the Middle West has risen through great difficulties. At thirteen he was a newsboy, eagerly studying the faces about him and wishing to draw them. Later as a factory-lad of twenty-one the vision came to him, and he made his way as a tramp from Ottumwa, Iowa, to New York, and thence stoked his passage to Stockholm. There he starved and studied under much hardship, in the Technical School and then

the Royal Academy. Afterward he worked in all the great art centers of Europe, and in a comparatively few years' time had risen to marked recognition. He has successfully exhibited in London, Paris, Florence, Vienna, Venice, Munich, Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Gothenburg, besides New York and elsewhere in America.

Now he has returned to the United States, and is at present engaged upon a monumental subject in his studio in New York. Edstrom believes and preaches that "American Art must grow out of the soil of America, must be created by America, of America, for America. It must conform to and find its means of existence in the nature, life, traditions and ideals which constitute and govern America."

In his intellectual keenness and analytical intensity, as expressed in Edstrom's work, one may feel a kinship to Swedenborg's mysticism, again a reflection of Greek simplicity and completeness, and further the awakened spirit of the Renaissance. He gives promise of far greater things to come, of some day fulfilling a modern critic's description of the celebrated Renaissance sculptor: "At last appeared the man who was the pupil of nobody, the heir of everybody, who felt profoundly and powerfully what to his precursors had been vague instinct, who saw and expressed the meaning of it all."

"Do not say how well I have done!" pleads David Edstrom. "Rather demand, why have I achieved so little, why have I not accomplished more?"

Smithsonian Institution.

THE WAR SERIES OF CLAGGETT WILSON.

By HARRIET HUNGERFORD

EXHIBITIONS of French war pictures we have had, and have looked at reverently—but with disappointment. English war pictures have hung in popular galleries and with reverence have we looked at these also—still with the same unconfessed disappointment, as though it were untrue to our allies not to like them. But the American war pictures—where were they?

The recent exhibition of Claggett Wilson's war pictures at Knoedler's answers the question. But when they are called war pictures, the story is not half told. They go far beyond the paintings that portray marches, muddy roads, crater holes, trenches, in an effort to give the *mise-en-scène* of the Great War. Nearly every one makes an appeal to the imagination, and therein lies its power. Nearly every one sets one thinking, nearly every one arouses feeling almost as intense as actuality can do.

Claggett Wilson has found the secret of arousing in others the emotions he himself feels, and that he feels intensely is patent. For this reason his war pictures will live. When other pictures of the Great War have become to us mere records of arms, of uniforms and of trench warfare, these paintings will continue to make their spiritual appeal as vividly as now. As an example of what he sees in war, with a poetic and spiritual vision, is the vivid picture of Marie Consolatrice—a night of glowing blue enfolding the quiet fields of pain, and rising high above the trenches, tall and slim, the figure of a Gothic Virgin, on her face a holy, enigmatic smile, in her arms the Child, whose eyes she covers

with a slender hand lest he see the anguish of which she is the consolatrix. Poetry, reality, the eternal pain of man, and the eternal refuge, these are told in language that all men understand.

The hospital picture is more than a room of cots, it is the timid fearsome return of a soul to consciousness. The picture is dominated by the figure, flatly painted, of a colossus that has its head against the ceiling, its broad torso filling half the wall, a wonderful fantasy such as comes to the sick, a being belonging to the spirit world where one has wandered in the long blank. A little more of reason's light, and the figure is traced to a gowned surgeon standing before a lamp, and the huge genie is but his shadow. Then at last cots are visible, and men upon them. Thus does one severely wounded return, step by step, from that land of nothingness which is so near to death.

Terrible things there are in this series of pictures, that have to do with tortured bodies, but somehow they are never portrayed without conveying an ideal of heroism, of spirituality or of elation. There is for example the runner who has lost an arm, but who has triumphantly got through with his message. A picture of the first dressing station shows a surgeon binding a wound in the side of a slim fair body which is held standing with arms out—instantly one thinks of the voluntary pain of Christ, and the brotherhood of suffering.

With all his delicate sentiment, and deep spirituality, Claggett Wilson is a modern in art. The method of the academician is never his. He paints with broad significant strokes, with wide



VISION.
Easter Morning in the Trenches before Rheims.



SALAD.

A Cleaned-up Machine Gun Nest, Bois de Belleau.

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surfaces of color, and sometimes with great intensity of tone. He has studied long the vivid pallor of dawn over the trenches, and has absorbed the beauty of velvet nights and has vibrated to the pulse of white noon. These things he uses with powerful effect of contrast with his subjects—as when he paints a fair June day, a tree-girdled wheat field thrilling in the breeze, all this as a setting for a detachment of marines, springing with hope, these lithe young boys, yet just beginning to fall before a hidden machine gun.

These pictures all are the portrayal of scenes which were burned into heart and brain, and each one has its story. Lieutenant Wilson volunteered with the Marines as soon as we entered the war. He fought with the French the first few months. He was twice wounded and was gassed, returning ever to the tense business of winning the war. His experiences were those of Chateau Thierry, Bois de Belleau, Chemin des Dames, the Argonne forest, and he was fighting when the armistice was signed, after which he went into Germany.

During the war he found occasion on which to scratch down notes of scenes, hasty scribbles on the lined pages of note books. Later when peace gave more leisure he began painting with furious fervor, and finished about forty aquarelles.

With this precious vintage in the ship's hold, he started home. None knows how, but the paintings were lost.

A less determined man might have accepted his fate, but Claggett Wilson hid himself on the Maine coast all last summer and early winter and worked unsparingly to repaint the lost scenes. He so thoroughly defied destiny that the second set of pictures are more inspired than the first.—so he says himself.

Twice he has painted for a year in Spain, and the evidence of that is plain in all work of his former manner. His series called "A Spanish Holiday" is full of poignant suggestion in color, in drawing, in subject. He lived while there among the bull-fighters of Andalusia, and in sympathy with the fascinations of the Spanish gypsy as seen on the other side of the Darro.

Earlier yet, he studied in New York's Art schools, and earlier still he was a lad in Washington, D. C., where his teachers fell under the cruelty of a lad's humorous and facile pencil.

What he will do next is being discussed as though a creator in art had any choice but to express the things that are within him. Wilson will choose his own work, and judging by these War pictures, he will always have something vital and vivid to say.

One and another is trying to pluck from the War Series their own favorites. For the good of the many, it is to be hoped that the artist will persist in his decision to keep them intact. They are America's best contribution to art of the war. A feeling of patriotism should impel us to protect them as a whole.

New York City.

FLANDERS IN JUNE

By HELEN MANSFIELD

I

Horizons wide and level distances,
With silvered grove and spire, or gentle swell;
The varied crops, in their young harmony,
One vast unbroken stretch of soft rich green;
The water-courses masked with osier-tufts;
Chateaux with stately groves of copper-beech,—
Three-score fifteen would be their measured mark,—
Estates secure within a bounding ditch:
Stone cottages, red-tiled or, maybe, thatched,
Banked up in orchards:—All is fair to see
By fleeting shower or rain-washed sharp June air.

And Ghent is full of flowering elder-bloom,
Swaying its tender tracery 'twixt canal
And mould'ring church or hospice's blackened stones.
The beauty!—and the memories:—"the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable."

II

'Twas hereabouts was acted that strange scene
When Charles the Bold, taking his father's place,
Had come to Ghent for her acknowledgement.
And suddenly above the people's heads,
A man, who sprang up from they knew not where,
Stood on the balcony and spoke to them.
No heed he paid to Duke or Counsellor,
But rudely forced a passage to the front,
And on the railing struck an iron hand.

III.

"Brothers down there!" he said, "assembled now
To lay your grievances before your prince,
What is your first demand?—The punishment
Of those who robbed your prince's power and yours.
Is it not so?"—The people answered yes.
"You want that tax abolished?"—"Yes!" again:—
"You want your closed gates opened?"—"Yes, and yes!"
"You want to rule again the open land,—
Wear white capotes, all as in days gone by?"
And when their answering shout filled all the square,—
And not before, he turned him to the Duke:
"My lord," he said, "you hear the people's will.
Dismiss me now. 'Tis your part to fulfill."
The Duke looked on his lords, and they on him,
Uncertain how to cope with one who braved
His prince more roughly than he would have done
The simplest chevalier in Christendom;
Then faintly said he had been overbold.—
He passed from sight, and in three days the Duke
Had signed all these demands to get away.
In two years' time he had avenged that day.

IV

From one town to the next the level road
'Neath overarching boughs goes stretching on;
The middle paved, where, drawn by two brave dogs
That look not right or left, a tiny cart
Bowls steadily on its unguided way,—
The tenant coiled inscrutably within,
Invisible.—Is this the Ghent Canal?
Its towing path deserted, set with elms;
And Bruges, a mile away across the plain
Dotted with farms, red-roofed with whitened walls,
Unseen behind its circling belt of trees,—
Lindens and poplars,—topped by Notre Dame
And Saint Sauveur alone. The Belfry—where?
That salient tree falls back to give it room.
A magic hedge, and mystery within!
A place to seek a fairy princess in
Some dreamy July noon.

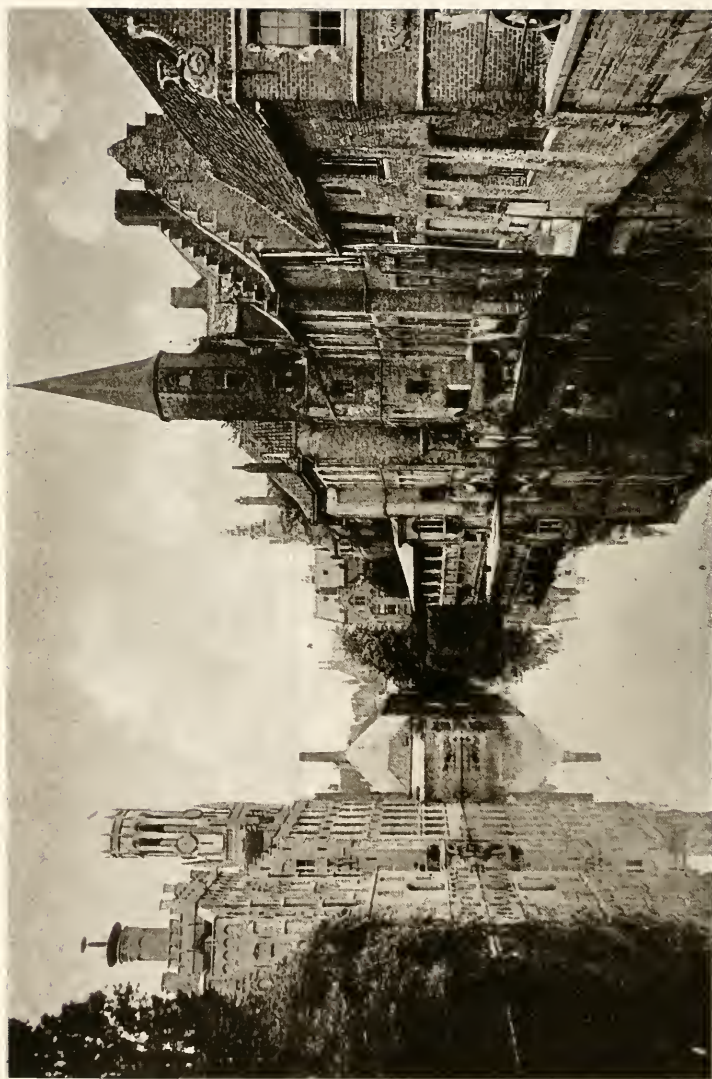
V

But cross the moat!
Fear not to enter on the silent streets,—
And pass up boldly where dark Notre Dame
And St. John's blackened front hem in the way:
A narrow way, where every passer-by
Must drive you from the curbing, or you him.—
The Rue des Pierres:—the Belfry, looking o'er
A row of quaint step-gables, stands aslant
With air of strange remoteness,—for 'tis close,—
Touched softly out against a flying sky
Peppered with jackdaws—Bruges, at last!

VI

The London of the past, her trade was kind
To us late comers: for it went away,
And left her in her beauty undisturbed,
Dreaming among her bridges and her quays,
Grass-grown and silent, vast waste spaces all.

Her narrow north canals, doubtless the bound
Of a far smaller city, are grown up
With shrubs that leave room for no bigger craft
Than swallows, that go skimming up and down
The shadowed way. The ruined bastion serves
As garden-wall, nasturtium-capped, white strips
Of garden moulder on the outer side,
Flush with the water, held by rotting stakes,
Untouched by all save hand of Time, or foot
Of aged knitter, seated there content,
Heedless of rheumatism.—Houses with base
Reflected in the water under bridge,
A story lower than the street we tread



Bruges, "topped by Notre Dame and Saint Sauveur alone"

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"The Minnewater from St. Katherine's Bridge"

What can they be within? Without, all flowers,
While the canal twists, and gives or takes away
Some beauty at each step. All angles march,
Compose, dissolve,—are always beautiful.—
And all is crowned with softest mottled tiles
Once red, now everything, and always true.

VII

The Minnewater from St. Katharine's Bridge
At ten o'clock at night.—'Tis not yet dark
In this long northern twilight. Color's gone,
But every detail sharp, and Notre Dame
Flings down its tapering length almost among
The water-lilies sleeping at our feet.

VIII

See Bruges next morning from the steep rampart
Under the blooming linder s' double row
Of densest shade and fragrant pungency:—
Fair Bruges within her weedy inner moat,
Across a rich rose-garden, row on row
Of low red roofs and gables roched and bent;
And, though they're low, little but sky beyond
For very flatness,—but the Belfry's there.

The other way, over the parapet,
Steep slopes with shrubs and trees above the moat,
Where blackbirds whistle sweetly out of sight—
There turns the Ghent Canal, and far to south
Stretch water-breathing meadows set with rows,—
So close, 'tis marvel that one sees them all,—
Of poplars, dim with every shade of grey;
And yet 'tis fair, and one sees far today.

IX

Back to St. John's, and through the garden pass:
A convent-garden, closed on every side
With whitewashed walls; the borders pebbled round:
A stunted mulberry the only shade.
You pass the kitchen with its great brass pans
On to a rain-bleached portal, where you knock:
And he who opens bears him like a priest
Within a sanctuary,—and you enter there,
As one who comes in silence to a shrine.—
St. Catharine weds the babe upon a dais
Behind a railing that you may not pass,
Though you may have the volets turned at will,
To show the patrons of the Hospital
In blacks and pearly whites.—But the right wing

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Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, Bruges

Bears all the sweetness, the nobility,—
St. John the Evangelist, with that trusting look
On his sweet homely face turned up to gaze
Upon the fairest vision given man.
And in the dark green water at his feet
That vision casts the fragment of a bow;
Just such an one as afterward I saw
Under the ship's bow on the passage home.

The Reliquary's at your back, and there
You see the story of St. Ursula
In six small panels, three on either side,—
With such sweet distances and clear faint skies,
And soft bright hues, you cannot gaze enough.
St. Ursula's in trouble with her maidens there,
With whom, poor souls!—the dwellers on the Rhine
Have taken issue: will not let them land,
Because they are so ugly, I suppose.—

X

Now the Museum! for St. Christopher
And John Van Eyck, with his gold thread and gems.
Beware of stepping on the candlesticks
They're always setting here beside the path,
To sun, in dozens, after polishing.
See! here's a little epilobium.
I do not know the name. It grows at home.

XI

The towing-path beside the Sluys Canal.
Some movement here, of barges to and fro,
And bathing boys, between the double rows
Of poplar-trees, their fuzzy blossoms swept
Into a snowy wreath beside the path.—
Wide, level fields of wheat stretch west, cut up
At intervals by poppies in a trench,
Where a small, tripping bird steps daintily,
All black and white, a white spot on his crown.
Grey willows, low red roofs, and back of all
The dark-green mass that marks the Ostende road.

XII

The towpath lures us on; but we must turn,
And follow down the moat to enter at
The Kruispoort,—Porte Ste. Croix,—the rampart where
You overlook the gardens on that side;
The soft pink walls of weathered brick, and whence
You look across the roofs of all the town.
But what goes there? The Lancers, coming in
With reeking horses. Common folk must wait
Until the long files pass; and two by two,
They cross the bridge, and move in out of sight,—
The pennons on their lances fluttering,

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Till blotted in the darkness of the arch,
Nothing but soldiers in this month of June:—
Knapsacks of spotted cow-skin, red and white,
Good tempered boyish faces, and fair hair.
At six a bugle rings along the street,
And back they come at noon,—this monstrous square
In its diagonal too great a space
For a whole regiment marching by fours.

XIII

What must have been the sight in other days
When the guilds formed, and set their banners there!
Or Charles or Philip, as the case might be,—
Set up the lists in honor of his bride,
While round about the tameless thousands surged.
This space was made for them, and they are gone.
Men call their empty places "Bruges la Morte,"
"Une triste ville," and like condescending names.
But one must first have lived, else cannot die;
And when this summer moon, so broad and pale,
Comes up and stands above the Rue des Laines,
And, slanting over, throws its mellow light
Behind the Belfry, and with hidden steps
Creeps up and out, those vanished shapes come back
And hold dominion, as they did of yore.

XIV

'Tis Corpus Christi, and "la processée."
The neatly-gathered heaps of dust removed,—
Last vestiges of busy market-day,—
The people gather in a solid wedge
Upon the Grande Place, on the northern side
Over against the Belfry, blocking up
The Rue Philipp-Stock, where a shrine is set.
Then comes down on them from a rush-strewn street
A troop of Lancers, riding in platoon,
And cuts a lane that keeps its width intact
Till lined with gentlemen without their hats
And in full dress, all bearing long brass rods,
Supporting each a tiny swinging lamp.
And on in endless series come whole troops
Of angels with gilt wings, bare-headed monks,—
Bare-footed, too,—in sandals and brown frocks;
Groups of small toddlers, bearing up the ends
Of long rose-garlands drooping from a pole;
Pages in sky-blue silk; more angels still,—
With white swans' wings, these last,—and then come
priests
In rich cream-colored robes all worked with gold.
Red-skirted boys in white lace tunics swing
The gilded censers with their reeking fumes,
And now a gilded image of the Christ
Is borne along, and all the people kneel.

XV

Launched from above, the while, a mighty tone
Out of the Belfry charges all the air
With one unbroken note majestic. 'Tis the song



The Reliquary—"Story of St. Ursula"

Of the great bell "La Triomphe," fitly named
Hung not above a church, it bears no less
A lofty message to the soul of man.
Triomphe, what is thy will? What'er it be,
I could not choose but do, under thy spell.
Or wilt thou only that the sons of man
Leave not their praying till thou set them free?
O mellow-throated monster that thou art!
Why do I love thee so? Thy voice is new
To me, yet cometh to my eager ear
Like strain long missed, most intimate, most dear.
What would'st thou have of me, thou mighty one?
Thou hast no need to ask:—thou canst compel.
Dull soul were his that stirred not at thy call,
Triomphe, sublime as nature's deepest tone,—
The fretted stream, the threat'ning cloud, the sea
Beneath the cliff. And thou canst be the work
Of man, Triomphe? What manner of man was that?
His strongest children Philip drove away
Because they thought. And so they fled from him
Across the Narrow Seas to dwell in peace
Till Charles took up his mantle; and they fled
Again, and put the broad seas once for all
'Twixt them and tyranny.—Was't one of these?
And I, his far-descended child, come back
To glory in his work?—Certain it is,
I have my part in thee, and thou in me.
Knowst thou thy Vondel, Triomphe? and his songs
And counter-songs? It is as if those harsh
Church-voices,—Notre Dame and Saint Sauveur,
With boom and jangle insonorously
Did ask of thee, the beautiful and strong:—

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Hans Memling

"St. John the Evangelist, with that trusting look on his sweet homely face"

SONG

"Who is it that so high is seated,
So deep in heaven's unsounded light?
From time untold, in spheres unmeted,
Eternally in His own light
'Thout counterpoise, or stay from other
That rests upon Himself at ease,
And in His nature doth discover
For all around him fixed decrees:

That's driven round One, the only centre,
Or of itself unswerving runs,—
The Spirit that in life doth enter,—
The Soul of all,—the Sun of suns,—
The Heart, the Fountain-Head, the Ocean,
And Source of all the good that thence
Flows forth, forever set in motion
All of His grace, omnipoter ce,
And wisdom that gave them their being
All out of naught, ere stood a stone
Of this abode, and all o'erseeing
This heaven of heavens completed shone.
We draw our wings before our faces,
And fall in adoration down,
While echoes of the heavenly places
To answering praises shall resound.
With seraph's feather first inscribing
His awful name, let it rejoice
Our ears, His majesty describing,—
Answer, who lack not sense or voice!"

XVI

Out of deep human heart, that goes not wrong,
Make answer, Triomphe! Sing the Counter Song.

COUNTER-SONG

"That's GOD! Infinite Essence eternal
Of all that lives, forgive it us,—
Forgive Thy creatures, O Supernal!
Thy praises must be ever thus
Unspeakable. Forever Nameless,
Excellence that no tongue can say,—
Forgive it us, and hold us blameless,—
Or word or image Thee portray.
Thou wert, Thou art the Never-Ending.
Thou changest not. All angels' song
Of praises faint, uncomprehending,
Can do Thy majesty but wrong.
For all else bears a title stated,
But only Thine to none is known.
To be Thy mouthpiece consecrated,
Is awful claim, and Thine alone.
'Tis Thou alone canst probe Thy nature:
Thyself revealest, Only One!
Vouchsafest not to any creature
To know Thee as Thou art, Alone.
Countless eternities' still Splendor,
Glory of Glories, Light Unshared,
That knowledge could more blessed render
Than all for us Thy grace prepared.
But that transcends. Our powers constrain us,
And we grow old in heaven's days.
Thou never. Let Thy strength sustain us.
Exalt the Godhead! Sing His praise."

"La processée" has passed. I am alone.
Triomphe is silent in the Belfry's crown.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America

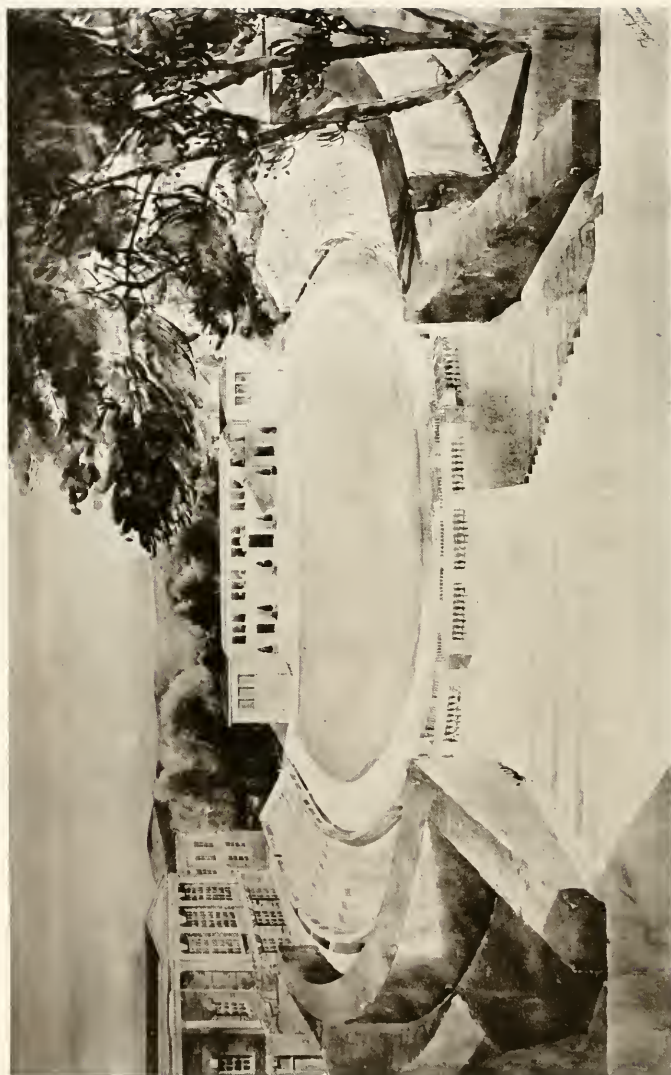
The ninth annual meeting of the College Art Association of America held at the Cleveland Museum of Art, April 1-3, was one of the most interesting in the history of the Association. The first session on April 1, was devoted to reports of committees. Arthur Pope of Harvard reported that the list of books for the college art library was now completed and would be published in the near future. Important and interesting papers were read by Edward W. Forbes, Fogg Art Museum, on *The Importance of Instruction in the Technique of Paintings and Physical Care of Pictures*; Charles F. Kelley of Ohio State University on *Materials for Teaching the History of Oriental Art*; Louis E. Lord of Oberlin College on *A Russian Nineteenth Century Painter, Elias Repin*; Arthur Edwin Bye of Bryn Mawr on *Modern Dutch Art*; Charles Upson Clark on *Roumanian Art and Architecture*. The dinner on the evening of April 1, was followed by a very lively round table discussion on *Industrial Art*. Joseph Pennell presented a paper on *Sign Boards—One American Ideal in Art—The Effect of them on University Art Education*; Charles A. Bennett, Peoria, spoke on *A National Program of Industrial Art Education*; R. F. Bach, Metropolitan Museum, on *Industrial Arts versus Fine Arts in the Colleges*; Arthur Pope spoke on *Conditions governing artistic production at the present day and in earlier times*.

On Friday, April 2, the sessions were held at Oberlin College where the Association had the pleasure of seeing the Dudley Peter Allen memorial building and was entertained by Clarence Ward. Papers were read at Oberlin on *A Century of Art in Missouri* by John S. Ankeney, University of Missouri; *The Missouri State Capitol* by John Pickard, University of Missouri; *History of Interior Decoration* by Rossiter Howard, Minneapolis Institute; *Art Collections in Detroit* by Clyde H. Burroughs, Detroit Museum; *Art Collections at Toledo* by Blake-More Godwin, Toledo Museum.

Saturday, April 3, a visit was paid to the collection of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Burke Jr., which contains some remarkable examples of the work of Millet and Corot. Papers were read at the morning session on *University Extension Art Work* by Jeannette Scott, Syracuse University, *The Arts in a Democracy*; P. P. Claxton, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.; J. Alden Weir, Duncan Phillips, Washington, D. C.; *Can the American People be given a Fundamental Appreciation of Art?* Elizabeth Kellogg, Cincinnati Museum; *The Uses of the Textile Room of the Museum*, F. Allen Whiting, Director. After the luncheon kindly given by the Museum a round table discussion followed on *How Shall We Save the Humanities with a Special Reference to the History of Art*. The discussion was followed by papers: *Relationship in Art between the School and University*, Mary Rogers, New York Training School for Teachers; *A Solid Foundation for Courses in the History of the Arts*, Henry T. Bailey, Cleveland School of Art; *Educational Work of the Toledo Museum*, Elizabeth J. Merrill, Toledo Museum; *The Duty of the College to Art*, Herman N. Matzen, Cleveland School of Art.

David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins was reelected President, Paul J. Sachs of Harvard, Vice-President, and John Shapley, of Brown, Secretary.

D. M. R.



New Amphitheater at the University of Virginia. Designed by Fiske Kimball.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The University of Virginia Amphitheater

Plans prepared by Fiske Kimball of the School of Architecture, for the open air amphitheater at the University of Virginia, for which a gift from Paul G. McIntire of \$60,000.00 was announced by President Alderman in his recent Founder's Day address, closely follow the famous amphitheater in the Boboli gardens of the Pitti palace in Florence. The theater is to occupy the hollow in front of the Commons between the Mechanical Laboratory and the Law School. A great horseshoe of step seats of concrete, terminated by balustrades and hedges, surrounds a central space of greensward, at the back of which rises the stage building, similar to the stage of the ancient Greek theater.

The amphitheater is for use in all public functions requiring great seating capacity, but it is especially designed for the extension of the concerts which have been begun this year at the University under the auspices of the McIntire School of Fine Arts. The total seating capacity if 3,600 will permit the securing of the most famous artists, and the institution of an annual music festival of several days' duration, with one of the foremost symphony orchestras, a chorus of several hundred voices, and distinguished soloists. It is planned to make this event a leading feature in the musical life of the State.

Nineteenth International Exhibition of the Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

The series of International Exhibitions held at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is in more than one respect unique.

In the first place, that series of annual showings of paintings is one of only two among all held the world over which are primarily international. This avowed aim plays no part in even the Paris Salon, to say nothing of the Royal Academy in London. The only other regularly recurring exhibit of paintings confessedly and of set purpose international is that in Venice.

A second feature distinguishing this series of exhibitions among all others is the fact that each year's jury is elected by the artists themselves. For the other big shows of current work, here and abroad, the juries are appointed by the authorities of the various institutions. In the case of those at Carnegie Institute, an elaborate system of balloting provides a means for the artists who send in works to choose the painters who are to judge them.

The jury so elected for the Nineteenth International Exhibition now being held consisted of Julius Olsson, of London, Andre Dauchez, of Paris; and, from America, Bruce Crane, Charles W. Hawthorne, Charles H. Davis, Emil Carlsen, Edward W. Redfield, Leonard Ochtman, Gardner Symons, and Edmund C. Tarbell. Mr. John W. Beatty, the Director of Fine Arts, served as Chairman.

A comprehensive survey of the Exhibition, with numerous illustrations, prepared by Virgil Barker, of our Board of Editors, will appear in the June number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A Notable Gift of Etchings

A notable gift has just come to the University of Virginia, through the McIntire School of Fine Arts, in a collection of etchings presented by the Hon. John Barton Payne, the Secretary of the Interior, a Virginian by birth, although many years a resident of Chicago.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The etchings, some 180 in number, constitute the cream of those which adorned his house at Elmhurst in Chicago. They include some 26 Whistlers, 16 Hadenes, 4 Rembrandts, 2 fine Zorns, several examples each of Legros, Lalane, Lepère, besides numerous examples of Pennell, Brangwyn, Haig, Cameron, MacLaughlan, and other leading contemporary etchers. There are also a large number of engraved portraits of the 18th century by such masters as Nanteuil, Duval, Strange, and others.

Besides its intrinsic beauty, the collection admirably illustrates the development of the art of etching by fine single examples of many early masters, such as the Dutchman Van de Velde, Ostade, Schoenmakers, Potter, and others.

The etchings are now on exhibition on the walls of the lecture room of the School of Fine Arts, pending the day when it is hoped they may become a nucleus of the contents of an Art Museum building worthy of the other artistic riches of the University.

An Art Pilgrimage to Europe

The itinerary of the Art Pilgrimage to Europe under the intellectual guidance of Henry Turner Bailey, conducted by *Intercollegiate Tours*, Boston, extends from June 9 to September 13 and affords a wonderful opportunity to see the best art in Italy, France, Belgium and England and to visit the American battlefields.

Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Metropolitan Museum, And Eleventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts

The American Federation of Arts held its Convention this year again in New York, May 18-21, in order that its members might participate in the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Metropolitan Museum. The most important feature of this celebration was the special exhibition made up of a combination of the treasures of the Museum in all its departments with loans from private collections, incomparably the greatest exhibition of the fine arts ever held in New York. The program of the Convention of the Federation was devoted primarily to the establishment of Art Museums and Museum problems, the people's picture galleries, and industrial art, community art and the organization of Public School Art Societies.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Arts Club of Washington

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Arts Club of Washington was held at the Club House, April 29, 1920. Interesting reports were made indicating the growth of the year. The frequent performances of the Arts Club Players, and the progress made by the Committee on the erection of a Carillon in Washington call for especial mention. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, George Julian Zolnay; Vice-President, Mitchell Carroll; Corresponding Secretary, W. E. Safford; Recording Secretary, L. M. Leisenring; Treasurer, Roy L. Neuhauser; Elective members Board of Governors, Henry K. Bush-Brown, the retiring President, and Mrs. Charles A. Fairfax.

N. B.—By an inadvertence in the April number on p. 167, fig. 11, the photograph of the theatre at Ephesus was labelled as a photograph of D. M. Robinson. It should be stated that this photograph was taken by Dr. T. L. Shear.

—DAVID M. ROBINSON.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Collection of Mediæval and Renaissance Paintings. Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Harvard University Press, 1919.

The publication, through the Harvard University Press, of a catalog of the "Mediæval and Renaissance Paintings in the Fogg Art Museum" at Cambridge should put on his inquiry the kindly Yale professor who recently, in Scribner's, generously remarked that Princeton was the American institution doing the best educational work in art. The catalog is ideal in its method and form and gives proof, if proof be needed, of the vitality imparted to the work at Harvard by the presence of a group of young and enthusiastic men, headed by the Fogg Museum's Director, Mr. Forbes. Our thanks are due to the compilers whose names appear (Miss Gilman, Messrs. Forbes, Pope, and Edgell) and to Mr. Paul Sachs, whose work is not defined but whose energy certainly gave impetus to the production. I would like to set down, informally, what the catalog has suggested.

In describing the pictures, the scientific color terminology of Dr. Ross is used. To the layman, dissociation from the usual terms is difficult. A standardization of color terms is to be desired and, in striving for it, we should seek the greatest exactitude. Undoubtedly, at some future day, all our pictures will be described according to a color-scale in which each tint will have an internationally recognized number. In noting the varieties of blue pigment, Mr. Forbes might have alluded to the sad thievery by which so very many ancient pictures have been deprived of their precious ultramarine, their scraped nudity being usually covered with a cheaper blue, which has now turned to a greenish black. The Siena gallery holds a small panel by Francesco di Giorgio, robbed and never restored, the gesso ground being white and staring. More than others, Fra Angelico's pictures retain their ultramarine, probably because, through the years, he never lacked popularity.

On page 29, the workshop of Pier Francesco Fiorentino is credited with many pictures formerly listed under that name by Mr. Berenson, whose amendment, however, should be noted, as set forth in the catalog of the Johnson collection. We might well follow

Prof. Mather's usage of "Pseudo P. F. F.," in speaking of the group. The late Herbert Horne once told me of his discovery of documents naming the three or four artists (followers of Fra Filippo), from whose florentine bottega these pictures emanated, but he never published them.

The catalog twice compares Ambrogio Lorenzetti to his older brother, Pietro, to the latter's disparagement. If we must have a comparison, what did Ambrogio do to equal Pietro's great picture of the Arezzo Pieve? Professor Edgell, though giving a very just appreciation of the Siense school as a whole, does not do justice to Pacchiarotto, "who aped Perugino" (see his great picture at Buonconvento) and to Beccafumi, who was "orthodox and sooty." Beccafumi was uneven, it is true, but one can forgive a great deal to the painter of the "Stigmatisation of St. Catherine" of the Siena Academy. Prof. Edgell's present sojourn in Italy will give him the opportunity of a visit to Belforte in the Marche, where he will see one of the world's greatest pictures. Then he will no longer call Boccatis "a pleasant trifle." In Mr. Berenson's bedroom there hangs a little panel by Bonfigli, who therein does not appeal to one as "a chatterbox." Prof. Edgell may congratulate himself upon the fact that his lesser years will grant him a long opportunity to correct the mistakes of the older critics. To our personal knowledge, his feet are set in the right path and these comments are but a kindly rebuke for a slurring of old friends.

The Madonna attributed, with a question mark, to Antoniazio, belongs to an artist whose works are variously attributed to Antoniazio, Pintoricchio and Fiorenzo, yet who is none of them. There are a goodly number of pictures to be placed to the credit of this anonymity. As Mr. Berenson would say, "here is an opportunity for a younger critic."

I make bold to note, in opposition to our greatest critic of Siense art, Mr. F. Mason Perkins, that the "John the Baptist," attributed to Giovanni di Pavlo, is not Siense but Byzantine. This is one of the rare instances where a photograph is perniciously misleading.

This Scholarly work is an invaluable contribution to the study of Medicinal and Renaissance Art.

D. F. P.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Bedouins, by James Huneker. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

Presto! A new book by Mr. Huneker is an event. The array of his brilliantly varied volumes is now made more impressive by the tri-partite collection of recent papers and old stories.

The section of fiction, "Idols and Ambergris," is the least important. The most striking of the stories go back to the now antiquated time when Satanism was affording a new thrill to blasé debutantes; they ring rather hollow now, and their thunder is of the stage stagey. Structurally, these stories seem put together—and, after all, not so very well put together—in cold blood; they are mathematical assemblages of marionettes. The author's elsewhere delightful habit of echoing the well-knowns (with the slight and subtle changes of the true echo) is here transformed into a dull mechanical trick.

The larger part of the volume is taken up with papers on music. Perhaps we had better say—music and Mary Garden; since some would maintain that the two are not synonymous. Some of us are inclined to marvel at Mr. Huneker's excess of language in treating of that Mary who, in spite of his dictum, is distinctly not of us in any characteristic sense. But every man jack among us has his blind spot, something over which he raves to the amazement of his comrades; and since the essence of good criticism is enthusiasm, it may follow that the best critic is the man who can rave best. Mr. Huneker's success in doing this over Miss Garden entitles him to the doubtful compliment of calling her "his Mary."

A good third of the volume is in the pure Hunekeresque jargon, and in the world today there is no more charming dialect. Enriched with the splendid phrases of all languages, it keeps the intellect alert to perceive the subtle beauties arising from its quaint juxtaposition of treasures rifled from the most widely scattered regions of art. But its greatest seeming incongruity is based on a deeper logic that reveals itself to the searching mind; for Mr. Huneker's own mind is too consummately complex not to love apparent paradox.

Only two of the essays included in this volume confessedly deal with any of the visual arts; but through all of them are scattered brief and penetrating glimpses of sculpture and painting. Amid a riot of music and literature we come upon an illuminating passage on Rodin;

half way through the essay on Poe and Chopin occur two lines on Monticelli which definitively "place" him. But twelve pages are devoted to Botticelli and a like number to George Luks. Within the limits of a single art, what greater contrast is possible? And the fact that Mr. Huneker writes finely of them both is an indication of his ability as a critic—who should be essentially a praiser of other men, as Swinburne so nobly said and at times so ignobly failed to practise. Indeed, in this sense Mr. Huneker is the greatest critic we now possess—the man with the most sensitive organization, the most comprehensive intellect, the broadest understanding of all the arts, the most contagious enthusiasm, and the greatest battery of sprightly words. When he goes about to make a book we can be joyful; even when he pads it out with "tommy rotic" (the word is his own) ravings and sorry fiction, we can find satisfaction in the genuine criticism not quite buried therein. Mr. Huneker has made another book. Bravo! V. B.

Kostas Palamas, Life Immovable. First Part. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides, with introduction and notes by the translator. Cambridge. Harvard University Press, 1919.

This volume is the first English translation of a work of the foremost representative of the present Literary Renaissance in Greece, of whom Eugene Clement in the *Revue des Études Grecques* has said: "Kostas Palamas is raised not only above all other poets of Modern Greece but above all poets of contemporary Europe. Though he is not the most known, he is incontestably the greatest." The translator is himself a splendid type of the cultured Greek, who has attained a mastery of English verse that makes him a notable figure among our younger poets. The introduction entitled "A New World Poet" is an essay on Palamas and his work, which shows how a modern Greek poet in interpreting the yearnings and aspirations of his people strikes a universal note that links him with the great masters of ancient Greece. The present volume contains only the first half of the *Life Immovable*. It consists of five collections of poems: "The Fatherlands," "The Return," "Fragments from the Song of the Sun," "Verses of a Familiar Tune," and "The Palm Tree." The lover of poetry will read them with absorbing interest and will realize that the Greek genius, manifest in the love of the beautiful and devotion to reason, is eternal. M. C.

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME IX

JUNE, 1920

No. 6

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All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and oews, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y., the New York Office of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917 authorized September 7, 1918.
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The interior of the basilica of Parenzo, with VI Century mosaics.

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VOLUME IX

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THE MONUMENTS OF THE ADRIATIC ITALIA REDENTA.

By GUIDO CALZA

Inspector of the Royal Excavations at Ostia.

ROME and Venice, the two light-houses of Latin civilization in the Mediterranean, still illumine with the clearest of lights the monuments of this tenth region of the Italy of Augustus—*Venetia et Histria*—which has been today reunited to the mother country, after more than a century of foreign domination.

Nowhere else has the life of the past partaken, through its monuments, of the life of the present so much as in Venezia Giulia; one recognizes the very expression of the common fatherland in the buildings of Friuli and Istria, re-animated, as they are by the love and study of the newly redeemed people, because the cities through which the triumphant Italian army—like the Consular Army 177 years before Christ—passed from the Tivavo to Quarnero, still preserve both the outward appearance and the spirit of Roman colonies—Aquileia, Trieste, Parenzo, Pola.

The Roman domination, which lasted five centuries, has left such records of its civilizing power that no other

government has been able to obliterate or to hide them. Only one power—Venice—was ever able to place itself beside that of Rome; and from this double sovereignty developed the character and spirit, the language, customs and art of the people and of the region. The life of ancient Rome, as told in her monuments is not taciturn and motionless here, but comes close to us, palpitating and living, returning by means of this dominion of the "Serenissima" which reanimates its aspect and spirit with the new healthy vigor of youth. This Latin civilization, which penetrates the lights and shadows of the Byzantine period, may seem to have become contaminated and to have lost itself in the forms of the Orient and in the brutality of the last Barbarian invasions, but you will find it still here on the borderland of the newer Adriatic power, which has refreshed its language, revived its art and renewed its dominion.

When in the year 991, the Doge Pietro Orseolo, set out to conquer Dal-



Fig. 1. The Temple of Augustus which again forms part of the Forum of the City of Pola, after the removal of obstructing houses.

matia, celebrating his victory with the famous *Espousal of the Sea*: "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of our real and everlasting dominion," there were still memorials of Rome everywhere to a great extent, as Cassiodorus, the Minister of Theodoric, boasts; "a province peopled with olive-orchards, crowned with grape-vines adorned with fertile fields, because of which it is not false to say that it is the smiling country of Ravenna, the provision-room of the royal palace; with the admirable climate it enjoys—a delicious and voluptuous resort. Nor is it an exaggeration to say it has inlets comparable to those celebrated ones of Baiae, where the surging sea imprisoning itself in cavities in the earth becomes placid like lovely pools of still water where the fish are tender and the shell-fish abundant. Many palaces, rising

proudly at a distance, seem like pearls arranged on the head of a beautiful woman, and prove in what esteem our forbears must have held this province, that they adorned it with so many edifices. A series of very beautiful islets lies parallel to the coast; they are of great utility, because they protect boats from sudden squalls and enrich the farmers and gardeners with their abundant produce. This province is an ornament to Italy, a joy to the rich, a fortune to those of modest estate."

The same army that had brought redemption to the people wished to initiate the redemption of the Roman, Byzantine and Venetian memorials in these Istrian cities scattered along the eastern coast of that *Hadria* which had defended them from the assaults of the Goths, Saracens, Lombards, Croats, and Magyars. And, in the first mil-



Fig. 2. The Amphitheatre at Pola.

itary government set up in Venezia Giulia, there was an office of the Fine Arts which at once began the work of recovery, protection, restoration and resurrection of the buildings and works of art that Austria neither could nor would bring to light. We searched Pola for records of Rome. As Pola still presents the appearance of a flourishing Roman *municipium*, with its dignified and refined architectural style of the Augustan age, it is a crime for the Austrians to have placed a mask over the characteristically Italian face of Roman Pola—the fortified port, which Napoleon would have constructed instead at the Bocche di Cattaro.

If the legend of the Argonauts springs from remote origins, Pola begins her historical existence as a border-fortress for defense against the restless Liburnians and her monumental glory begins when Augustus extends the frontiers of Italy to the Quarnero. For five centuries, no one touched her

crown of walls with the Capitol on the summit of the hill and fourteen gates opening toward land and sea. There still remain the Porta Gemina, Porta Ercole, and Porta Aurea which, until 1820 leaned against the arch of the Sergi, but which we have now restored to its original admirable proportions. This arch, erected by the devotion of a woman in memory of her husband and children, at the end of the street-leading from the Imperial Forum to the Sinus Flanaticus was drawn about the end of 1400 by Fra Gioconda, and later Michelangelo, Battista Sangallo and Baldassera Peruzzi. Their drawings are still preserved in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. And the fame of Roman Pola was such that the temple of Augustus, a model of architectural elegance, was also drawn by Andrea Palladio, the talented architect of Vicenza.

Moreover there was someone in the XVII century, who wished to reconstruct this little temple at Venice,



Fig. 3. The atrium of the famous basilica of Bishop Euphrasius at Parenzo. (VI Century.)

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because by means of it, a most useful school of architecture would be opened to the view of all. After we had demolished two wretched houses that hid its façade, this temple of Augustus [Fig. 1.] which Napoleon wished represented on the medal commemorating the conquest of Istria, has returned to the light of the Forum, while the arch of the Sergi invites the new citizens of Italy to pass beneath it. These two buildings, together with the three perfectly preserved gates and the ruins of the theater and amphitheater which the Emperor Vespasian built and gave to his beautiful Istrian Liberta Cenide are the most conspicuous memorials of Roman Pola. [Fig. 2.]

And in the midst of the Forum, which speaks to us of Rome, the Palazzo Pubblico rehearses in its many restorations the history and vicissitudes of the medieval and Renaissance city. Constructed in 1296 on the ruins of the Temple of Diana, a pendant to that of Augustus, it appears in a XVII century print still battlemented, with a row of pointed windows, and Romanesque and Renaissance motives in the columns, arches, pilasters, and sculptures. But we no longer see it as Dante saw this palace of the medieval tyrants and of the terrible Sergi Castropola family whose name and memorials still live even today. Too many are the ruins today, there, where there were still public buildings and churches and palaces when the poet guest of the Abbey of San Michele in Monte, on one of the seven hills of Pola, fixed the frontier of Italy at the Quarnero—"che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna."—The sepulchres of the Roman metropolis were still in place along the road outside the Arch of the Sergi, those sarcophaguses in which, after the

year 100 Venezia placed the mortal remains of the heads of the Republic, such as the tombs of the Doges Giacomo and Lorenzo Tiepolo in the Church of Santi Giovanni and Paolo in Venice.

The Basilica of Santa Maria Formosa, built in the sixth century, is also a ruin; from it come the four columns of the Ciborium in San Marco in Venice, masterpieces of that Christian sculpture which came to its birth at Pola when, at Ravenna, the art of carving had already been lost. And the Church of San Francesco had only just been built—that jewel of Venetian Gothic Architecture, simple, severe, and nude in general effect, with the wealth of ornament only displayed on the front in the portal set into a kind of niche, entirely clothed with the most beautiful carvings, deep-cut sprays of foliage and little twisted columns. Austria dishonored it as a clothing warehouse for her navy; but it is now the Lapidario and the Museum of all the Pagan and Christian memorials of Pola. What a contrast between the character of history and that of art during this third century after the year thousand! The cities of the Istrian coast, having passed at the end of the Byzantine domination in 1209 under the patriarchs of Aquileia, shake off the unbearable yoke and swear faith to Venice. All these maritime cities have a crown of walls and towers to defend their little ports shut in between the houses and the forest of sails.

These cities are the first to give the greeting of the mother-country to the Crusaders as they go sailing back toward Venice—and among them is Parenzo, Parenzo with her marvelous basilica erected in the sixth century by Bishop Euphrasius, who lavished upon it all the treasures of Byzantine art.



Fig. 4. Choir stalls in the basilica at Parenzo. XV Century Italian wood-carving.

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Facing west, preceded by a quadripartite and the baptistry, this church lifts its mosaic incrustated façade above the atrium. [Fig. 3] The interior has three naves and two rows of columns with capitals in various styles, some almost imitating those of San Vitale at Ravenna, others those of Santa Sophia, others are in composite style. The walls of the apse are incrustated with porphyry, mother-of-pearl and serpentine taken from the near-by temple of Neptune, of which only the basement remains. The bishop's throne is in the centre of the apse, and high up, above the calotte, gleams a glass tessellated mosaic with a gold ground, representing the Virgin and the Patrons, like those in the churches at Ravenna. Before the apse is the ciborium over the high altar, erected in 1277 with sixth century columns and capitals; and added to it is the superb baldachin with those marvelous mosaics, executed perhaps by the same workmen who decorated the golden fields in the atrium of San Marco. [Frontispiece and Fig. 4.]

The first signs of ogee architecture assert themselves in the XIV century—long left to the churches and cloisters. This new art issues forth to make the life of the *municipii* and the citizens beautiful and free. Moreover, the Town Halls, proclaiming the new power of Venice, raise towers and build loggia beside them, for it is now the time for public meetings and harangues.

Venetian Gothic architecture extends the use of balconies on private houses, and garlands the windows in the receding arches with bouquets of foliage, dividing them in double lights with small spiral columns. The houses at Parenzo are all a perfect joy and there is one at Pirano that has a motto expressing disdain of gossips:—*Lassa pur dir* (just let them talk.) [Fig. 5.]

Pointed-arch architecture has now in 1400 become a type of national Istrian Art. The Duomo of Muggia still preserves its façade with the great sixteen-mullioned rose window with a little Madonna set like a gem in the center. And the Cathedral at Capo d'Istria, reconstructed in 1445, has three great arches carried upon foliated capitals that support little pinnacles with saints standing in niches. The upper part, in the Lombard style, was finished in 1598. Like these of the coast, the inland cities have also received the imprint of Venice—Montona and Albona and Pisino are gems still enclosed in their Venetian setting. You find the symbol and seal of Venetian sovereignty on every hand.

The lion of St. Mark arose in the XIV century to cancel and replace the arms of the patriarchs of Aquileia; and each repeats words of Faith and Justice, like those carved on the lion of the tower at Parenzo: *Fate giustizia e daro pace al vostro paese* (Execute justice and I will give peace to your land). And, with peace, art renders the hand of the humblest workman more skilful; while the goldsmiths apply themselves to fusing and chiseling gold and silver (and the chalices, crosses and silver altarpieces in the Istrian churches number a thousand), painting issues from its humble station and decorates the churches of Capo d'Istria and Pirano with canvases and frescoes, such as those by Cima da Conegliano, Bernardo Parentino, and Vittore Carpaccio. But the wars between Venice and Austria, pestilences in 1600, and the bloody piracy of the Uscocelli leave these flourishing cities of Venezia Giulia deserted and ruinous. This explains why Venice herself, after having beautified these cities with monuments, should have despoiled them of their marbles and columns.



Fig. 5. Firano—The house that has the motto "Lassa pur dir." An example of pointed-arch architecture.



Fig. 6. Trieste—The entrance of the Basilica of St. Giusto.



Fig. 7. A detail of the pavement and mosaic in the basilica of Bishop Theodore at Aquileia.

Iacopo Sansovino, the clever architect of the library and loggetta of San Marco was charged to transport marbles from Pola to Venice; and he thought: "Even Rome would be happy to be despoiled of her marvelous marble vestment in order that Venice—*alma et sacra* like herself may adorn herself with them." So the columns from the Basilica of Santa Maria del Canneto at Pola are now on the stairway of the Library of San Marco at Venice.

At Trieste, however, nothing speaks of Venice. It is the Rome of Augustus that is ever present here within the towered circle of the walls with the arch Riccardo at the beginning of the street

that leads from the port up to the capitol. And, on the summit of the hills,—as in the *Urbs*—are the citadel and the Capitoline Temple, some columns from which are in the bell-tower of "San Giusto," the ancient sanctuary which contains in its complex architectural lines a treasure of memories and reflections, the whole history of the city from the time of the Romans to the adventurous Napoleonic epoch.

The Basilica of San Giusto is a delicious building, like all buildings that display evidences of an ingenious art and the succession of the ages. Constructed in the XIV century by uniting two small, more ancient, churches, and finished with stone brought from Rome

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(the portal is in fact decorated with busts of the Barbi family), it was dedicated to the soldier-martyr San Giusto, whose story is told with the vivacious narrative realism of the Gothic school in the frescoes of the apse and left nave.

In them dominates the figure of the saint, rather Byzantine in character, who protects and holds in close embrace an exact image of the city surrounded with walls. But the great glory of San Giusto is the mosaics; belonging to the last Latin period, still pure and virile, are the figures of the twelve Apostles; of the last Byzantine period, still very brilliant with gems and gold, are the Virgin and the Child; while in the upper calote of the apse, the martyrs San Giusto and San Servolo on either side of the Redeemer represent this art about the year 1000. It would seem in fact that all the ages have left traces of themselves in this Basilica which invoke the voices of the past in the most diverse forms of architecture and art. The Roman Temple, the primitive basilica, the Byzantine mosaics, the XIV century arch, the elongated Romanesque statue of San Giusto, the unequal columns of the Barbarian epoch, the Barocco frescoes of Quaglia are so many signs and pledges left by the ages in one solemn monument. And yet what bizarre harmony composes this ingenuous but solemn disorder! [Fig. 6]

Aquileia also leads us back to Rome. This colony—Latin by right, the most northern in Italy—has this year attained the twenty-first centenary of her foundation and has celebrated it by her reunion with the Italy of Augustus. And, while Rome donated the Capitoline wolf, we, with the help of the soldiers who fought on the Carso, have discovered the marvelous remains of the second basilica of Bishop Theodore, built in the IV century to celebrate the

idea of Christianity. The new basilica forms a pendant to the one found some years ago beneath the pavement of the present basilica which was erected by the warrior Patriarch Popone in 1200. [Figs. 7, 8.]

Both these basilicas, partly covered by later buildings, have magnificent mosaics, and reproduce the earliest conception of the Christian basilica without apse, and without altar or throne for the bishop. They form two vast sumptuous halls, each measuring 37 by 17 meters, with three naves, and frescoed walls. Perhaps Saint Ambrose presided here over the famous Council of Aquileia. If the interest of Popone's basilica is shown by the majesty and strength of the architectural lines, these two of Bishop Theodore boast the beauty of their mosaics. These mosaics, still Roman in technique and style and grandeur of conception, express and illustrate with admirable force, if not with entire perfection, the new idea of Christianity. The fresh, elegant ornaments are intertwined in prodigal variety about the Cross, which lends the artist the fundamental motive of decoration. Iconography is already rich in presenting the Christian conception, yet it still resorts to symbolism in order to exact faith, and Christian art borrows the freshest, most vivid hints and motives from the glorious traditions of pagan mosaics, that the new idea of Christ may find a rich, noble expression in these forms of a well-developed art.

From this art are born the symbols of faith; the cock struggling with the tortoise, the goat, the nest of doves, the ornamental garlands of grape-vines and birds in colored enamel all expressed with unwonted freshness and vibrating energy. This basilica, in which the mosaic is an apostrophe to Bishop

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Fig. 8. Aquileia—The Basilica of the Patriarch Popone.

Theodore, was perhaps a school for catechumens, if not, indeed, the actual residence of the Bishop. This mosaic is certainly one of the largest, richest and best preserved of early Christian art. The work of excavation, executed by the Italian army, has been followed by a permanent system of preservation; and the whole mosaic has been protected by a flat cement arch which forms a complete canopy over it.

At Grado, the outermost island of the Venetian Lagune, the younger sister of Aquileia who received and preserved her memorials for four hundred years, transmitting them to Venice—at Grado also, an excavation I myself made, has given us a beautiful mosaic pavement belonging to a sixth century structure of Bishop Elia, the builder of the basilicæ. This new mosaic, on which is inscribed: *Servus Jesu Christi Helias Episcopus sanctae Aquileiensis Ecclesiae*

tibi serviens fecit, formed the pavement of a *diaconium*, a kind of sacristy in which the Bishop received. It has a beautiful ornamental motive designed in circles, and displays a representation of the *cathedra episcopalis* and the names and titles of the donors, who did the work at their own expense. This mosaic is to form the pavement of a room in the Treasury at Grado, one of the richest in the world, containing examples of fifth century goldsmith's art.

So, this whole region of Venezia Giulia, sacred to the Italy of Augustus, has now returned to New Italy with all her monuments and all the memorials of ancient splendor and greatness; it returns to form part of the artistic and archaeological patrimony of the nation. And for its history, art and natural beauty it merits the interest, study and love of all the world that loves beauty—the beauty of Rome and Venice. *Rome, Italy.*

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME AND AT VEII.

BY C. DENSMORE CURTIS

IN SPITE of the war the Italian excavators have been by no means idle and have brought to light in Rome or its immediate vicinity a number of works of art which will rank among the most important known. The present article will discuss briefly a few of these and reproduce a number of photographs which have only recently become available for publication and will therefore be of especial interest to the large number of lovers of Rome who have not been able to travel during the past few years and have therefore not been able to keep in touch with the most recent discoveries.

The most striking and interesting among the new monuments which have been found is the underground temple just outside the Porta Maggiore in Rome. In the month of April, 1917, a slight sinking of the ground beneath the track of the railroad line to Naples led to the finding of an air-shaft or light-well communicating with an angle of a vaulted corridor some fifty feet beneath. This corridor, which formed the ancient approach to the temple, is preserved towards the east, sloping gently upwards, for some 90 feet from the bottom of the light-well. (See plan Fig. 1.) At that point the walls have caved in and its further course cannot be traced.

A short distance to the south of the angle with the air-shaft, the corridor opens into a small ante-room with a mosaic pavement. In the center a square opening leads to a descending channel for drainage purposes, terminating some 30 feet to the north in a

concave basin. In the vaulted roof of the ante-room was once a large rectangular opening, now walled up for safety's sake as the railway passes 25 feet above. Before it was walled up there was noticed a fragment of wall of *opus reticulatum* which served as a parapet on one side. The walls and

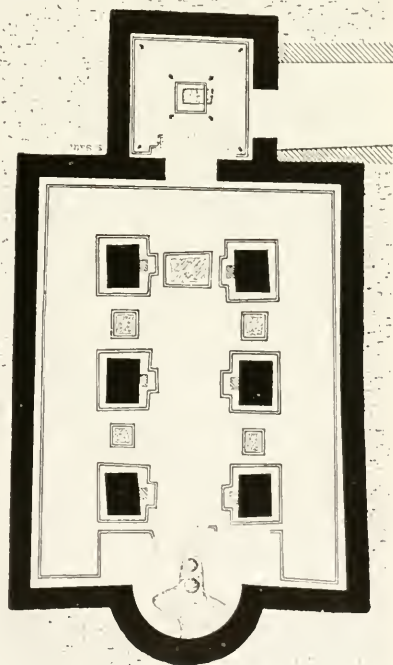


Fig. 1. Plan of the underground temple near the Porta Maggiore, Rome



Fig. 2. The nave of the underground temple, looking toward the apse.



Fig. 3. The capture of one of the daughters of Leucippus.

vault of the ante-room are covered with white stucco with various scenes and decorative elements in relief. In addition there are two bands of colored wall paintings, one near the floor, and one just below the spring of the vault. The barrel vault is divided into numerous compartments, some painted and some ornamented with stucco reliefs.

On the east side of this room are two openings, a door below to give access, and a window above to give light, to the

underground sanctuary, a large room about 46 feet in length which has the form of an early Christian basilica. The central vaulted nave is about 23 feet in height and terminates in a semi-circular apse (Figs. 2 and 3). On either side of the nave are three rectangular piers and four vaulted passage ways which give access to the two side aisles of which the vaults are slightly lower than those of the nave. The walls and piers are formed of excellent Roman concrete.



Fig. 4. Jason and Medea taking the Golden Fleece.

The solidity of the construction is shown by the fact that in spite of the frequent passing of heavy trains overhead, the delicate stucco covering on the walls is practically uninjured. The date, to judge from the evidence of the concrete, might be anywhere in the 1st century, A. D., possibly nearer the end than the beginning. For students of the history of architecture the importance of finding a building of basilica form at such an early date is too ob-

vious to require more than passing mention.

From the irregularities in the plan (See Fig. 1) it is evident that the structure was formed by digging out from the original volcanic strata spaces corresponding to the walls (about 2 feet thick) and the piers, leaving as a solid mass of earth the portion which was later to form the interior of the temple, including the vaults. The excavated portions were then filled with solid

concrete, and when this had set, the earth within was removed. The building was thus always underground and received its only outside light through the rectangular opening left in the roof of the ante-room. Traces of bronze supports in the vaulted openings between the nave and side aisles make it probable that artificial lighting was also employed, with hanging lamps.

Beneath the rear wall of the apse were found two *loculi* with the bones of a young pig and a dog, traces of a foundation sacrifice. This shows that the building was used as a temple, as does also the fact that the main axis runs exactly east and west.

The decoration was elaborate and is still in large part preserved. The floors are covered with a mosaic formed of fine white cubes with a colored border. Set in this pavement were once small squares, probably of finer mosaics, which have disappeared, leaving only the square holes. The walls, including the vaulting, are covered with white stucco and are ornamented with a great variety of excellently modeled stucco reliefs (Figs. 3, 4.) with many stylized figures of Victories, palmettes, candelabra, cult implements, genre scenes, and also a number of mythological subjects, among which may be mentioned Jason and Medea taking the golden fleece, (Fig. 4) Herakles liberating Hesione, the rape of one of the daughters of Leucippus (Fig. 3), the flaying of Marsyas, the rape of Ganymede etc. The most important relief occupies the half-dome of the apse (Fig. 2) and represents, it seems to me, Sappho in the act of making the famous "Leukadian Leap" in her attempt to obtain relief from her hopeless love for Phaon. Sappho, with lyre in hand, is depicted as springing from the cliff of Leukas. Below in the



Fig. 5. Terra cotta statue of Apollo from Veii (front).
VIth Century, B. C.

sea a Triton spreads out a garment to break her fall. Opposite on a height stands Apollo, who had a temple on the spot, and to whom, according to Ovid (*Heroides* XV) Sappho promised to dedicate her lyre if he would be propitious.



Fig. 6. Back view of the Apollo from Veii.

Professor Cumont (*Revue Archéologique*, 1918, pp. 52 ff.) has recently advance a very attractive theory to the effect that the building was used by the Neo-Pythagorians for their cult practices. The decoration, certainly, is derived from Greek sources, with no Oriental and with no early Christian

motives. When brilliantly lighted, the gleaming white walls and the graceful reliefs make the place seem cheerful and spacious, even though it is underground. With the inner lights extinguished and one solitary lamp in the vault of the ante-room giving a subdued illumination in accordance with the original intention when that was the only opening to the outer air, the effect is indescribably mysterious and imposing, and yet even so not gloomy and forbidding, as must have been the case in a heavy, in-artistic sanctuary devoted to an Oriental cult such, for example, as the Mithraeum below the church of S. Clemente.

Another discovery in Rome itself is that of the so-called Palatine Victory an original Greek work representing probably a Nereid and dating from the early fourth century B. C. This was found on the Palatine by Commendatore Boni in 1918 while excavating the ruins of a medieval fortification on the slope leading up from the Arch of Titus to the Palace of Domitian. The statue is one of the few Greek originals which have come to light in Rome. It is slightly under life size. The head, arms and feet are missing, but even so the effect is most pleasing on account of the excellent execution of form and drapery. It is of about the same period as the mounted Amazon from Epidaurus in the National Museum at Athens, but is of much superior workmanship.

Other discoveries of importance have been made in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, such as that of the interesting columbaria beside S. Paolo Fuori le Mura and beneath the church of S. Sebastiano on the Appian Way. At Ostia, too, much that is new has been found, but it is from a site a little to the north of Rome, at Veii, that the most striking results have been obtained.

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For some years past fragments of early votive offerings have been found from time to time near the bottom of the deep ravine above which on the south side rises the little village of Isola Farnese. Investigations on a terrace on the north bank led in the year 1916 to the discovery of a large temple enclosure with the foundations of a temple of the sixth century B. C. The site was in use even in earlier times as is shown by the presence of hut foundations of the Villanova period, and by house foundations of the seventh century. At a much later period a Roman road was cut through the sacred precinct, and at that time a group of terra cotta fragments from the sixth century temple together with others of a later date were carefully lined up in a trench at one side of the road and covered over with earth, doubtless out of reverence for their religious character. Among these were fragments of four life size terra cotta statues of the end of the sixth century B. C. which evidently formed together a group which was placed on a pedestal in the temple as an ex-voto.

The best preserved of these figures is a most vigorous and life-like statue of Apollo 5 feet 9 inches in height (Figs. 5, and 6). The god is clad in a short, tightly fitting chiton and a still shorter himation which leaves the right arm and shoulder bare. He strides forward with the right leg well advanced. On account of the rapid motion his garments press tightly against his form in front and flutter slightly out behind. The hair is bound by a cord which surrounds the forehead and passes behind the ears. Below the cord behind nine long curls hang down the back. The entire figure was cast in one piece and offers the best example so far known of the skill which was obtained by workers in terra cotta at that early period, a

skill which is attested by early writers, but not hitherto substantiated by the actual finds. The colors are remarkably well preserved. The flesh tints are, as usual on archaic male figures, of a brownish red, while the hair and eyebrows are black. The mantle is covered with a light yellow slip and has a reddish violet border. Tradition speaks of a guild of famous workers in terra cotta who lived at Veii and who were summoned to Rome to assist in decorating the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. With this statue before us we appreciate as never before the wonderful effect which the huge cult statues of the early temples must have produced on the beholders, an effect often mentioned by ancient writers, but hitherto held to have been an exaggeration due to lack of knowledge of more advanced artistic products. It is even possible now to understand the references to the painting red of the faces of cult statues on festival days. Experiments made on the Veii fragments show that a simple anointing with oil gives a brilliant glossy surface to the flesh tints.

Together with the Apollo was found a fragment representing a captured deer lying on its back with its feet bound together. On the same plinth are two human feet and traces of a lion's skin, enough to show that the statue was that of Herakles and that, as Dr. Giglotti, the director of the Villa Giulia Museum, has cleverly pointed out, the two statues formed part of a group representing a myth, unknown in literature, but depicted on several early vase paintings, referring to a contest between Apollo and Herakles over one of the sacred deer at Delphi. Excavations still continue at Veii and it is to be hoped that they will prove as fruitful in the future as they have in the past.

C. DENSMORE CURTIS.

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"Nausicaa at the Fountain." Lucien Simon. (French.)

Carefully studied in drawing, displaying an admirable feeling for anatomical firmness and solidity; intricate yet coherent in pattern; of a delightful mural quality of color. This picture is an example of Salon painting at its best.

CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN PAINTINGS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

By VIRGIL BARKER

AT THE Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, there is now on view, for the first time in America since the Panama-Pacific Exposition, an adequate showing of contemporary European painting. True, after we became one of the Allies in the war, we had the good fortune to see throughout the country various exhibitions of the work of artists whose governments had commissioned them to record the tremendous event; but the interest awakened by those exhibitions was not primarily artistic, for they were essentially a sort of glorified propaganda. It is quite otherwise with the 19th International Exhibition, the importance of which is entirely aesthetic.

The predominant significance of this series since its beginning has consisted in its international character. The uniqueness of this claim upon the attention of art lovers has already been mentioned in the pages of this magazine; accordingly all that is needed now is the reminder that among American exhibitions only the one in Pittsburgh affords opportunity to see what European men are painting. Because of the exceptional degree of interest in such work after six years without it, and because of the necessary limits of magazine space, this article will be confined to a survey of the foreign work—which means a little less than half of the entire show.

In this series it has been the custom to invite one painter to fill an entire room with his work. It is only fitting that any man accorded so great an

honor should have already reached eminence in his profession; and this is certainly true of this year's recipient—Émile René Ménard. His seven pastels and fifteen oils, varied as they are in size and subject, make a singularly harmonious room. His technical mastery can be assumed from the simple fact that he was asked to contribute so large a group of pictures; but one particular aspect of his technique deserves mention. His handling of the problem of direct illumination by the morning or afternoon sun is unquestionably the most consistently successful since the days of Turner; and when it is admitted that Ménard can be named in the same breath with the famous Englishman, the highest praise has been accorded.

However, the characteristic of these pictures which will perhaps have the widest appreciation from the crowds visiting the exhibition is their imaginative quality. They make visible that other-worldly innocence and charm which permeate the lyrical poetry of Henry Vaughan and William Blake; they create for our own eyes such a vision of antiquity as George Gissing carried about within him and into which he fled for refuge when the burden of his personal life became too great to bear. There is in Ménard's painting no "surge and thunder of the Odyssey;" there are only tranquil sunsets, and dryads in a wood, and lovers in a field, and shepherds tending their sheep, and Aphrodite herself—"Goddess excellently bright"—rising from the foam of far-surrounding seas. With his



"A Man from Arran." Sir William Orpen (English).

In this self-portrait the painter stands out aggressively demanding one's attention; but the demand is soundly based upon positive qualities of character superbly rendered in paint.



"Auguste Rodin." Jacques Emile Blanche (French).

A portrait of the eminent sculptor somewhat more human than other well-known versions, with less of the aloofness of the great artist, but retaining the qualities of forcefulness and dignity.



"The Departure of the Hop-Pickers." Alfred J. Munnings (English).

A lovely version of the clear-skied English summer day. Note the admirably simple way in which atmosphere is secured and all the necessary drawing done with a fatly loaded brush.



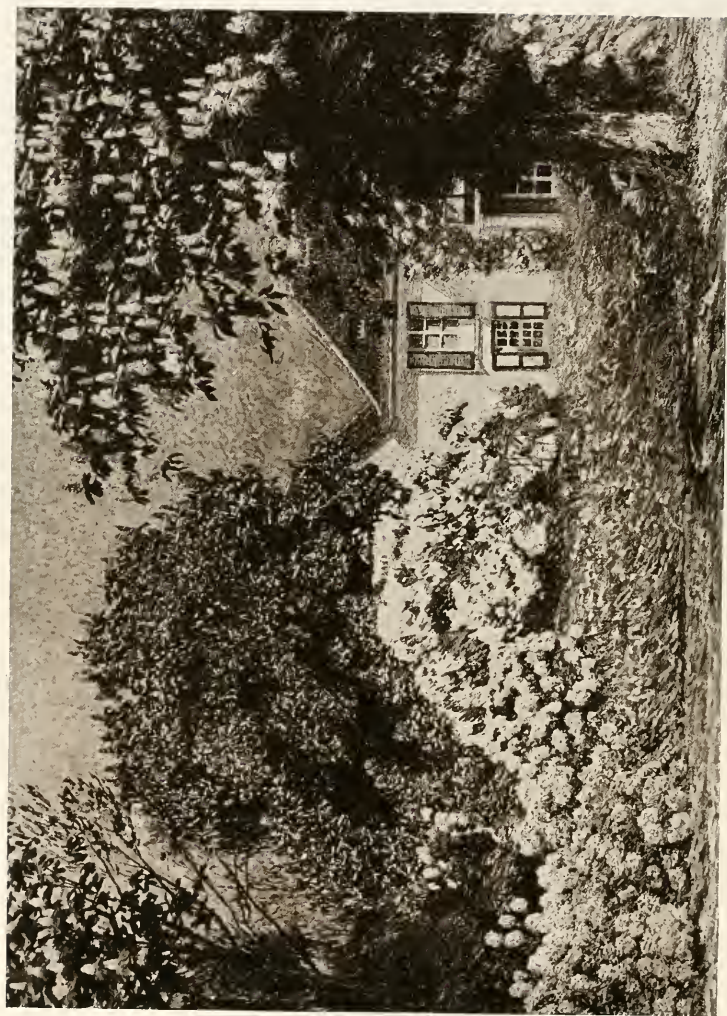
"Tell Us a Story." R. J. Enraght Moony (English).

An attractive little study in *tempera*. The note of childish charm first struck by the faces is delicately supported by the background, where the houses seem toy houses and the landscape that of fairy-land.

divine and dream-bound land, all of an afternoon quietude, Ménard transcends the wonted themes of contemporary painting and gives us glimpses of a region of calm and joy wherein the soul can breathe and freely *be*. (See cover picture.)

Leaving out Ménard, it must be confessed that France's representation is numerically comparatively small, with only about thirty canvases. This might be considered only natural in view of the extraordinary losses suffered by that country during the war; but the note of apology is not needed for the simple reason that the quality of these works is such that they fully maintain the traditional reputation of

that country. Charles Cottet sends a powerful panorama of a Spanish city; Le Sidaner, two *plein-air* studies; Daubigny, two straightforwardly patterned canvases; Henri Martin, two characteristic versions of strong sunlight, one of them of gigantic proportions. The Impressionists are here in the persons of Maufra, Monet, Moret, Pissaro, Sisley, and others. The late Auguste Renoir is represented by a fairly large canvas, "Rowers at Chatou," a lovely example of his glowing, sensuous color. The brilliancy of the sunshine on the walls and water and figures is something that leaps out at you across the gallery in a most delightful fashion; the canvas truly *sings*. As a whole, the French representation makes it evident that



"'Zonneschijn' in Spring: Home of the Artist." Emile Claus (Belgian).

A large and decorative composition in which brilliant sunshine plays the important part. "The principal person in a picture," said one of the founders of Impressionism, "is the light."



"Basque Types." Valentin de Zubiaurre (Spanish).

The carefully wrought detail and elaborate pattern in no wise weaken the power of this painting. The unusual color treatment, involving a pervading and somewhat inexplicable greenness, accentuates the feeling of sombre remoteness.

that country still remains a devoted guardian of the tradition of painting, in so far as this exists at all in our modern world.

England, too, in her turn maintains a tradition—*her* tradition—most strikingly exemplified in portraiture.

George Coates' "The Walker Brothers;" William Nicholson's "Walter Greaves;" Sir William Orpen's brilliant "rendition" of Mrs. St. George; Sir Arthur Cope's "Kenneth Mathieson, Esq."—these are all in their separate ways examples of the characteristic British



"Rushing Stream, Lapland." Helmur Osslund (Swedish).

The pronounced linear pattern and bold color which characterize all the Scandinavian groups are strikingly exemplified in this canvas.

refinement and dignity, which rise with comparative ease on occasion into nobility. After the noise and confusion of the excessively vociferous "movements" with which we have been tried for so many years, we may well be heartily grateful to those who are great enough to maintain the tradition of dignity and repose. This same spirit animates an unusual painting by the well-known Scotchman, D. Y. Cameron; a low-arched bridge strides across the center of the picture towards the

distant city the buildings of which are outlined against an evening sky. It is a thing of the quietest simplicity, full of a loving emphasis upon the strength of line which one would expect from a great etcher. Continuous with the International Exhibition there is a large group of Cameron's etchings being shown around the gallery of the sculpture hall.

To the Englishman Russell Flint this year falls the distinction of showing two lovely water colors; one of them

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

attracts especial attention through its piquant combination of oriental pattern with occidental realistic treatment. Sydney Lee's "House of Mystery" is an unusual instance of an inanimate object being invested with a personality almost human in its expressiveness. It is impossible to note in turn all of the notable contributions from Great Britain, for this group is numerically the strongest of all except our own; but within it are included works by Sir Frank Brangwyn, Stanhope Forbes, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Richard Jack, Laura Knight, Ambrose McEvoy, Gerald Moira, Julius Olsson, Charles Shannon, Charles Sims, and G. Spencer Watson.

One school of painters has opportunity to attract considerable attention to itself as a group; for one room is filled with work from Sweden. The Scandinavian countries generally tend to daring experiments in art, many of their artists venturing to the extremes of radicalism. Certainly this room of Swedish work at the 19th International is notable for its pronounced emphasis upon both strength of linear pattern and boldness of color. Fjaestad's "Hoar Frost" and Schultzberg's "Win-

ter Evening" make use of the decorative possibilities of heavy snowfalls. Prince Eugen's large painting of "Factories," in superficial contrast as to subject matter, yet helps to establish the general characteristic already noted.

Other countries represented are Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, and Russia. From Italy comes a quaint and charming little glimpse of a formal garden, by Emma Ciardi, and two paintings by the famous Mancini that exemplify his later eccentricities of technique, with paint laid on extraordinarily thick and with bits of glass embedded to give an illusion of a spangled shawl. Belgium is represented by a half dozen or more paintings by as many different artists; and the Spanish work, consisting of examples by five men, attracts marked attention because of the uniformly bold yet distinctly different and individual methods of treatment.

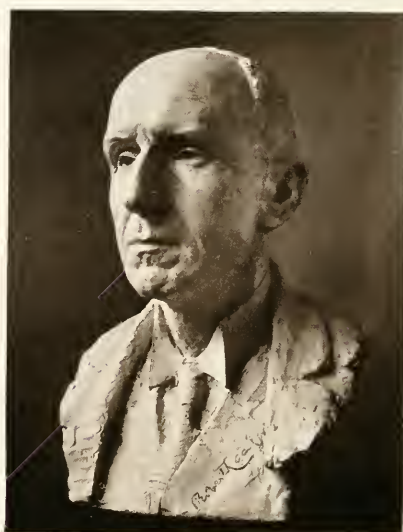
All in all, the foreign work now being shown in Pittsburgh is as significant as it is varied, and the importance of this opportunity after so long a deprivation should not be overlooked by those who would be informed at first hand concerning contemporary painting.

—Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

VENICE

*O lovely city, through whose still lagoons
Tall prows stir suddenly from waters green
Which lap against the marble rows of steps
That lead to palaces of art unseen;
Slide past me, in a dreamlike golden haze
And let me guess you from your gay outside,
While past your palaces and bridges slim
Toward the blue sea I feel my short life glide.*

—Katherine Schermerhorn Oliver



Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries

Portrait Busts, by Jo Davidson

Marshal Foch, of France
Venizelos, of Greece

Ignace Paderewski, of Poland
Lord Robert Cecil, of Great Britain

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Jo Davidson's Portrait Busts at the Reinhardt Galleries.

The generation that sees a great historic event transpiring in its midst usually takes but little note of the artistic record that is made of that event, nor little appreciates the importance to succeeding generations of the artistic output that helps to illuminate it. This may be due in part to the fact that historical events can only be truly analyzed by posterity, and again to the fact that any event is prone to be followed by a reaction. Just now the world is assuring itself that it has a surfeit of thoughts of the great war; we are perhaps in the beginning of a reaction that tends to minimize it in our perceptions. But another generation will see it in all of its momentous aspect, and will give such a consideration to its artistic records as we may not feel like giving at the present time.

Without doubt the most enduring and valuable record that has been made in sculpture is contained in the series of portrait busts wrought in the very fire of the conflict by the American sculptor, Jo Davidson. More idealistic conceptions may have been made already, and may be made in the future, but so far as human documents go, it is doubtful if anything surpasses these portraits of statesmen and great military characters, whom Mr. Davidson has delineated in the midst of their great labors, just as they looked when they were shaping history. It takes no stretch of the imagination to conceive the immense importance which the future will set by them. A hundred or a thousand years from now these bronze relics undoubtedly will have become as historic as the great conflict itself.

New York has seen this great series of war-time sculptures, for they have been on view at the Reinhardt Galleries for a month. Next season many more Americans will have a chance to see them, for the authorities of five museums have made arrangements to show them—the Chicago Art Institute, the Rochester Museum, the Toledo Museum, the Milwaukee Art Institute and the Denver Art Association.

The story of how they were made will become a tradition of the portraits. When the armistice was declared, and the statesmen of the nations set off for Paris to remake the world, with the military and naval leaders who had fought the war at their elbows, Mr. Davidson conceived the idea of portraying them in sculpture. He too, went to Paris and embarked upon a campaign. Those who know the sculptor and his high strung personality, can appreciate the following picture drawn by Francis Mono, French art critic:

"Each one of these portraits represents a conquest. One does not know what to admire most; the obstinacy and audacity used by the artist to acquire access to these different great men, since he was able to force his way to all his sitters, or the energy and high tension under which he modelled each of these effigies in two or three hours, in the corner of the offices of the Commander-in-Chief, or in the study of the tired and overworked diplomat. One must have seen Mr. Davidson at work to be able to imagine with what rapidity he can construct a mask, make a resemblance with his hands, and bring out in a moment from the inert clay, a startling, life-like portrait."

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

"The most picturesque of these instantaneous portraits is the first in date, and the most precious of the series, the bust of Marshal Foch, so life-like and so brusque that it makes one think of a contrasting sketch in black and white. He sat for the sculptor in the military headquarters at Senlis on the 24th of November, 1918. It was his ambition to make a portrait of the conqueror of Germany that prompted Mr. Davidson to make a trip to Paris the day the armistice was signed, as Houdon in other times traversed the Atlantic to make a portrait of Washington the day after the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

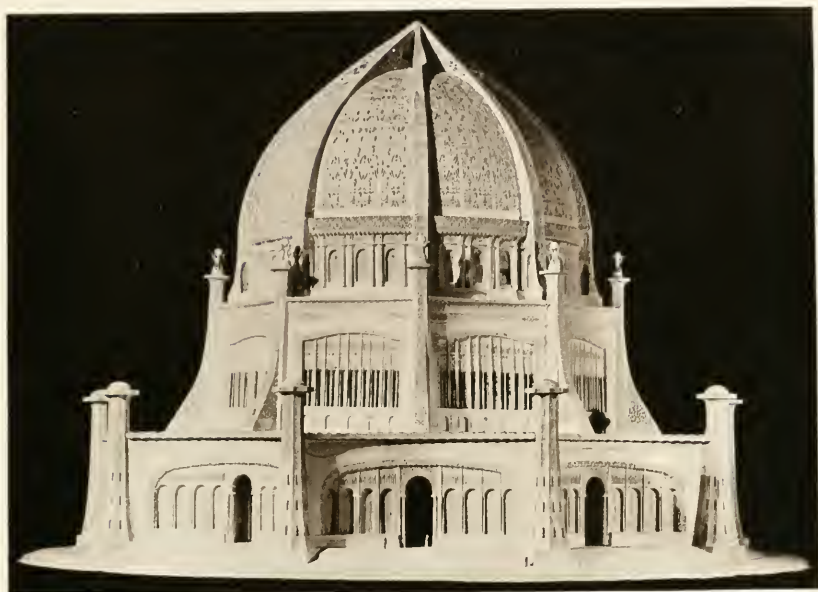
The sculptor has expressed for after ages exactly what he saw in the faces of these men who remade a world from angry chaos, and in this perception and in this expression has builded a monument for himself. It is the thing he saw and interpreted in each countenance that lifts the portraits far above the level of mere representation. In Marshal Foch, the sculptor saw the calculating mind and the rugged will of the warrior; in Ignace Paderewski he saw the idealist who could become a man of action; in Venizelos of Greece he saw the thinker and the builder of a nation; in Lord Robert Cecil the man who could resolve in his brain the whole scheme of an empire; in Pershing the efficient personality who could marshal a human machine and make it operative.

Going from one to another of his subjects Mr. Davidson has portrayed President Wilson, General Diaz, Admiral Benson, Secretary Lansing, Premier Clemenceau, Colonel House and President Mazaryk. Twenty-three busts are in the exhibition, and others are still to be sent to America.

Model of the Bahai Temple at the Kevorkian Galleries.

There is now on exhibition in New York, at the Kevorkian Galleries, a large model of the Bahai Temple which is to be erected by the members of that movement on the shore of Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago. So beautiful is this model and so different from anything man has ever before designed, either as an abode or as a place of worship, that it has caused much discussion among architects and sculptors and in the newspapers. Something of the nature of this sensation may be understood from the declaration of Mr. H. Van Buren Magonigle, president of the Architectural League of New York, who has declared: "It is the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century."

Looked at simply as architecture, the expert will analyze the Bahai temple and say that it is a marvelously clever adaptation and rearrangement along novel lines of the essential points of all previous schools of architecture, from the Egyptian down to the Gothic. Such an estimate, it would seem, would stamp it as eclectic, and that is a term which has come to be associated with much that is uninspired in art. This consideration, however, becomes untenable in view of the fervor with which the architect and sculptor who designed it, Mr. Louis Bourgeois, declares: "It is Baha Ollah's temple, I am only the channel through which it came!" So it must be regarded psychologically, as a religious expression, and whatever there is about it that is eclectic must be considered as the symbolism of a new faith, the Bahai faith, which is proclaimed as the essence, minus all creed, of all previous religions.



Model for Bahai Temple, by Louis Bourgeois.

The Bahai movement probably has 10,000,000 followers in all the countries of the earth, and the present head, Abdul Baha, has declared that the temple chosen by the American committee of forty-nine will be the prototype of all Bahai temples henceforth to be erected; so it is probable that before many years scores of structures following Mr. Bourgeois' design will take form throughout the world. This makes the model of such importance that it deserves thorough consideration, and in order to understand it one must know something of the Bahai movement.

Shorn of all personalities, and considered merely in the light of the writings of Baha Ollah and Abdul Baha, the Bahai movement is based on the idea that there is a spiritual sameness in the messages of all the founders of religions—of Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha, Mohammed and Jesus—the only difference being that these messages were given in terms made understandable to the people to whom they were addressed; and that the creeds and sects grew up afterwards only because of the personality of subsequent leaders. The banishment of prejudice and the unity of mankind in a spirit of brotherhood are the first tenets of the Bahai movement, if it can be said to have tenets.

This gives the clue to the eclecticism of Mr. Bourgeois' temple. In the fervor of the Bahai spirit, the architect has put into it the essence of all previous architecture that man has evolved.

The temple is a nine-sided structure, that number being a Bahai symbol. The lower story reaches out with nine inverted half circles, like exedras, with a great

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

doorway in the center of each, so that from whatever side one approaches the structure it seems to extend its arms in welcome and embrace. This fits the Bahai ideal, for the temples of the movement are for the use of everyone, regardless of what views the worshipper may hold on any subject.

The first floor in its simplicity of line suggests the Greek and Egyptian temples, while the treatment of the doors and windows is Romanesque in form, and the intricacy of the ornamentation suggests both the Gothic and the Arabic.

The second story, beautiful in its windowed elegance, while Renaissance in line, is purely Gothic in the interlaced arches of its openings. The third story is Renaissance, and quiet and restful in feeling. Above it rises a Byzantine dome, intricate with symbolism, while, crowning all, the beams of the dome arise like hands clasped in prayer, thus imparting that feeling of ascension and aspiration heretofore found only in Gothic towers.

The whole structure is a mass of symbolism, beautifully harmonized and blended. In the tracery everywhere may be made out, besides the Bahai symbol of the nine pointed star, such designs as the swastika cross, which is the earliest religious symbol; the Greek cross; the Roman or Christian cross, the circle, the triangle, the double triangle, or Solomon's seal; the five pointed star, indicating the Savior; the square of the microcosm and the octagon of the macrocosm.

It will be seen that universality is the keynote of the temple dreamed by Mr. Bourgeois. The temple which is to be erected near Chicago will have a diameter of 225 feet and a height of 180, and will cost \$2,000,000. It is said that a movement is on the way to erect an even larger temple in the east.

The National Victory Memorial Building, A National tribute from a Grateful Country to its Gallant Soldiers, Sailors and Marines.

AS THE curtain descends on the last act in the greatest drama of all history, comes the consciousness of a demand for a fitting token in commemoration of the deeds of American men.

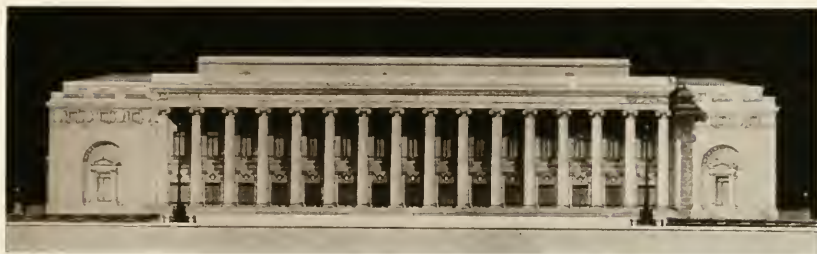
And so the George Washington Memorial Association rose to the occasion. Its project is already under way—A National Victory Memorial Building, which will link the glories of Washington and Pershing, the spirit of '17 and the spirit of '76. The mettle which endured at Valley Forge triumphed in the Argonne. The men of '76 may sleep in peace!

What, indeed, more fitting than a linking up, for all time, of these great epochs of American life? Where, indeed, a place more suitable for such acknowledgment of a nation's debt to her men than the nation's capital?

Congress has granted the George Washington Memorial Association an ideal location on the Mall, in the center of the city of Washington, which formerly was occupied by the Pennsylvania Station.

On this site will be erected, according to designs which have been selected in a competition of foremost American architects, a majestic monument—not a monument in the accepted meaning of the term, but a monument in the form of a spacious and architecturally beautiful building, to be daily devoted to patriotic utilities, to national and international conventions and usages, and to be made the center of both American and world activity. This National Memorial structure at Washington, of course, is to be apart from the many arches and

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



columns and shafts to be erected in the local communities. It is to be a practical monument to the memory and eternal honor of the nation's men and women! It must be inspiring grand and beautiful. The exterior will, therefore, be one of the supreme architectural glories of the world.

The central feature of the edifice will be a national auditorium of spacious dimensions, thus giving to the nation's capital what, strangely enough, it now entirely lacks—a public meeting place of ample size. This auditorium will seat seven thousand people and will consist of a main floor of thirty-eight thousand five hundred square feet, and a gallery of ten thousand square feet. Here in the future will be held inaugural receptions, national and international conventions and conferences, concerts, public ceremonies and celebrations. About the main auditorium will be grouped a number of small halls which will be used for the smaller meetings of various military, patriotic, scientific and like gatherings. On the ground floor, each side of the main auditorium, will be rooms set aside as museums for the archives and relics of the Nation's great struggles for Liberty.

To construct, equip and endow the building in a manner commensurate with the brave deeds which it is to commemorate, will require *ten million dollars*.

The George Washington Memorial Association has been authorized by Congress to raise the money with which to erect this Memorial Building on the site granted free by Congress. The Association has already received, by popular subscription, nearly a million dollars. Many thousands more have been pledged.

It is intended to raise the ten million dollars required for this worthy purpose in a brief nation-wide campaign. Judging from the enthusiastic responses already received, there is no doubt of the happy outcome of this campaign.

What the Pantheon is to France, Westminster Abbey to Britain—such in some degree and manner the National Victory Memorial will be to America. Greatly conceived, nationally erected, dedicated to patriotism, it will stand through the generations as the national monument raised in the awful presence of the world's greatest political convulsion to commemorate the victorious feats of American democracy in arms. Hallowed by the passage of time, stored with the pictures and sculptures that will record the achievements of the Republic and its conspicuous sons from age to age, it will become the Mecca of American patriotism and an inexhaustible source of stimulation to national duty and service.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

A Spanish Primitive at the Ehrich Galleries.



Courtesy the Ehrich Galleries

"St. Bartholomew," Spanish Primitive
Painting dating about 1400.

One of the most interesting recent acquisitions by an American museum is that of a large Spanish primitive representing St. Bartholomew, which the Institution at Worcester has just obtained from the Ehrich Galleries. Besides the beauty of

the picture as a work of art, it especially attracts the student because of the story it tells concerning that period when the Renaissance was beginning to emerge from the old stylistic formulæ of the Byzantine and Gothic periods. This work, while strictly a primitive—the authorities say it was painted at Valencia in the year 1400—not only shows the beginnings of Renaissance art, but the deep Teutonic stamp made on a part of Spain that was still debatable in blood as between Moor and Christian.

St. Bartholomew is represented, almost life size, standing on the prostrate and struggling form of a demon, whose body is a greenish blue. The apostle is attired in a mantle of gold, under which shows a deep brown robe. In his right hand he holds a book, painted in brick red; in the other is a huge Syrian knife, which is the symbol of his martyrdom, for, according to tradition, he was flayed alive while carrying the word of the new church into Armenia. The background is of gold, in the primitive manner, and is finely wrought into a design of symmetrically arranged textiles.

Now all of this is strictly in the primitive manner, but when we come to a consideration of the Saint himself we find that he is wholly Teutonic, without a shadow of the Byzantine influence in feature, form or attitude. The face is fat and blond, and the beard and hair are red. In this the work passes beyond the asceticism of Gothic art, and verges into the materialism of the Renaissance.

From the strictly decorative point of view the picture also deserves much attention, all the more just now because of the growing interest in Spanish decoration in this country. The lines are fine and the masses perfectly balanced, but its greatest beauty is in the lively harmony of color, with its golds, browns, reds and blues, all of a quality which time has wonderfully preserved.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Martial, the Epigrammatist, and other essays, by Kirby Flower Smith, late Professor of Latin in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The Johns Hopkins Press, 1920.

Professor Wülfred P. Mustard, friend and colleague, has collected in this attractive little volume a few of the less technical papers of the late Kirby Flower Smith, which the large circle of friends and pupils of the beloved and lamented teacher will read with delight. In addition to the essay on Martial, the Epigrammatist, mentioned in the title, it contains lectures on the Elgiac Poets, Ovid and Propertius, with a reference to the masterly edition of Tibullus (New York, American Book Company, 1913) for his treatment of the third of the group. Other titles are *Pupula Duplex* (a dip into ancient folk-lore on which Professor Smith was an authority), the *Future Treatment of the Humanities in Education*, the *Classics in our Vernacular*, *Some Boyhood Reminiscences of a Country Town*, and *Original Verses and Translations*.

As an old friend and pupil reads these pages, he recalls the broad humanism, genial humor and warm sympathies of Professor Smith, ever manifest in the class-room and in his daily walk and conversation, and realizes with keen regret that we shall not soon see his like again.

The literary essays abound in wide scholarship and appreciative interpretation, and show that the Roman poets have still an important place in modern culture. The essays on the Classics and the Humanities are convincing arguments that the masterpieces of Greece and Rome are indispensable necessities in the equipment of every cultivated man and woman. And the original poems and verse translations indicate that the author was not only a master of rhythm and style, but also possessed the soul of a poet. The book will prove to be an inspiration to the lover of classical antiquity, and will cheer his heart as a demonstration of the abiding power of the classical spirit in our modern life.

M. C.

Chinese Painters. A Critical Study by Raphael Petrucci, translated by Frances Seaver, with a Biographical note by Laurence Binyon, of the British Museum, and with twenty-five illustrations in duotone. New York. Brentano's, 1920.

This book by Raphael Petrucci, author of *La Philosophie de la Nature dans l'Art d'Extrême Orient*, who died in 1917, is an endeavor to provide for the American reader and lover of art a moderately priced book on the subject of Chinese Painting. Mr. Binyon's tribute to Petrucci as "one of the ablest and most devoted students and interpreters of the art of the Far East," and to the present work as illustrating his gift for luminous condensation and the happy treatment of a large theme, is conclusive evidence of the authority of the volume. The translation by Miss Seaver is adequate and satisfactory. Part One discusses the technique of Chinese painting, and the philosophic background and striking comparisons and contrasts with European technique bring the reader into sympathetic appreciation of the Oriental mind. Part Two discusses the evolution of Chinese Painting, beginning with the Origins, showing the growth before the intervention of Buddhism, tracing in detail the influence of Buddhism, and then treating successively the T'ang, Sung, Yüan, Ming and Ching Periods, from the 7th to the 20th centuries. The Bibliography and Index of Painters and Periods complete the volume, and add to its value as a convenient handbook for the general student of art. The carefully selected illustrations in duotone furnish a typical example of each stage in the development of Chinese Painting.

M. C.

What Pictures to see in Europe. By Lorinda M. Bryant, with 138 illustrations. John Lane Company, New York, 1920.

This widely used little book has been brought up to date and enlarged for the convenience of tourists who will flock to Europe as soon as foreign travel is permitted. A chapter on the art treasures of Spain takes the place of the chapters devoted to German pictures in former editions. The introduction on the mistakes of sight-seers in Europe and how to avoid them is worth the whole cost of the volume. The chapters that follow treat the Vatican, Rome's Churches and Palaces, Florence, Venice, Milan, Seville, Madrid, Toledo, Amsterdam, The Hague and Antwerp, Paris and London. The book is heartily recommended to tourists as a little volume, pocket size, that will be a very present help in time of trouble.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The Pronunciation of the Names of Italian Painters, by Ernest H. Wilkins. University of Chicago Press, \$0.25 net. 1920.

This useful little manual contains rules for the pronunciation of the names of Italian painters, and a list of the names of Italian painters which appear in the extensive index in "A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTINGS," by Alice V.V. Brown and W. Rankin (New York: Dutton), in which the stress rests on any vowel other than the next-to-last, and those the pronunciation of which could, after the mastery of the rules, remain in doubt. For the spelling of the names the author has followed the usage of A. Venturi in his "STORIA DELL' ARTE ITALIANE."

The Child's Own Art Book, by Helen Strong and Maurice de Cœq, New York. Brentano's.

This publication "is intended for children from six years up" and consists of a few pictures accompanied by curiously haphazard bits of text. It may be necessary to appeal to the child with stories, but surely it can never be necessary to feed any creature beyond infancy

on pap. The order of arrangement in no way corresponds to the textual references back and forth; and the attribution to Titian of a picture by Murillo is but the most glaring error in a futile undertaking.

Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century, by William Aspenwall Bradley. New Haven. Yale University Press, \$1.50.

This is the first adequate account in English of the development of an art in which the Dutch, despite the earlier work of Dürer and others in Germany, were real pioneers, and showed their skill as etchers to greatest advantage. Beginning with such "primitives" as Hercules Seghers and Esaias van der Velde, Mr. Bradley deals with all the more important men of the period with the exception of Rembrandt, about whose work in this field so much has already been written. The book is richly illustrated with excellent reproductions of prints and drawings, for the most part from the collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It will well repay careful reading on the part of all lovers of Dutch art.



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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY
The Octagon, Washington, D. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

THE ARTS THROUGHOUT THE AGES

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

VOLUME X

JULY—DECEMBER, 1920



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IN 1921

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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME X

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Nos. 1-2

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y., the New York Office of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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View in Little Zion Canyon, Zion National Park, Utah.
(See p. 37)

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

JULY-AUGUST, 1920

NUMBERS 1-2

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

By MITCHELL CARROLL

PRIOR TO 1906, the United States of America had no law for the protection of American antiquities nor any provision for the designation of sites of historic or scientific interest as National Monuments, no matter how great their importance. No other nation of the first rank had been so indifferent to the disappearance of its historic landmarks and the despoliation of the cultural remains within its borders.

The lack of such legislation and of public sentiment to demand it, was felt especially in connection with the prehistoric antiquities of the country. It was the custom of anyone who so desired to strike into the Western archaeological fields with pick and spade and appropriate at will for personal use or commercial profit the treasures of forgotten ages which nature always strives to save from the vandal by covering under the protecting soil. Curious, that it is against himself,

chiefly, that man's finest monuments must be guarded. Nature does her best, but eventually government must extend the restraining hand.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that noticeable progress was made toward such protective measures in the United States. Isolated voices had been raised from time to time, and resolutions had been passed by scientific societies. But vandalism proceeded unchecked and with large rewards.

However, about twenty years ago, remonstrances with a more determined sound began to be heard. Departments of government having jurisdiction over the possessions of the people were earnestly urged to exercise power which seemed to be inherent even in the absence of specific legislation, with the result that vandals were stayed, collections confiscated and protective measures inaugurated.

For the public sentiment which fin-

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ally brought the matter to the attention of Congress credit is chiefly due the people and institutions of the Southwest. The incident which first brought substantial results, was the visit of Congressman John F. Lacey of the Sixth District of Iowa, then Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, to New Mexico in 1902, where, in company with Edgar L. Hewett, one of the leading archaeologists of the Southwest, a comprehensive view of the great field of American Antiquities was made and plans were discussed which were destined to bring results. Major Lacey never ceased thenceforth to uphold in Congress all well-considered legislation looking toward the conservation of the nation's wealth, not only material, but also historic and scientific. He was at President Roosevelt's right hand in all the conservation movements of that great period. In his autobiography, Major Lacey attributes his archaeological legislation to this expedition in New Mexico with Dr. Hewett.

By 1904 numerous organizations, members of Congress and private individuals had bills for the preservation of American Antiquities pending, all of which tho ill-advised in details, served the excellent purpose of bringing an important matter before the public and arousing interest and discussion—necessary prerequisites to information and intelligent action. Bills supported by the Smithsonian Institution, the Archaeological Institute of America and prominent individuals introduced simultaneously and urged rather persistently came in conflict, with the result that much-needed legislation was delayed.

The obvious need of the time was information and in answer to this demand came a series of pamphlets prepared by

Dr. Hewett and published for free distribution by the Department of the Interior, the Smithsonian Institution and the House of Representatives. The deadlock on the conflicting measures was then removed by requesting the same author to prepare a draft of a law for consideration by institutions and government departments concerned. The result was the simple and adequate measure presented to Congress under the name of the Lacey Act, carrying the support of all the parties above mentioned and being sponsored especially by the Department of the Interior. The measure was handled by the Congressman whose name it bore and to his intelligent and persistent efforts the enactment of the law on the 8th of June, 1906, was due. (See second cover page.)

It seems fitting that this piece of wise legislation should be explained in some detail. It provides not only for the preservation of the antiquities situated on lands under the control of the various departments of government, but for the creation of National Monuments, embracing such objects and sites of historic, scenic or scientific interest as should in the estimation of the President of the United States, be so designated and protected by the nation. Under its operation, the major part of the archaeological work of the past fourteen years in the United States has been conducted, and all the National Monuments, most of which are described in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, established.

The results flowing from this legislation and the campaign of education leading up to it have been enormous. It went far toward standardizing the work of all the investigators in American Archaeology. It carried with it the contemporaneous Act establishing the Mesa Verde National Park, leading to

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

what has been the principal activity of the government in the archaeological field during the past ten years, namely the excavation, repair and preservation of type-ruins in which Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, has been the outstanding figure.

The Archaeological Institute of America, during the period when its policies were being shaped by President Francis W. Kelsey, brought all its force to the support of the American Antiquities Act. It broadened its own foundations by securing an Act of Congress giving it a national charter, approved May 26, 1906. It added American Archaeology to its field, making the author of the Antiquities Act Director of American Archaeology and founded the School of American Research at Santa Fé, recently characterized by a distinguished author as "the first real field school of American Archaeology in America"—an institution which has in ten years built the museums of archaeology and art at Santa Fé and San Diego, with buildings, equipment and collections running beyond a million dollars valuation, done noteworthy research work in the United States and Central America, trained several of the leading archaeologists and ethnologists of the country, and encouraged the most notable art movement of the time that has centered in New Mexico.

One of the results of this campaign of education was the spread of popular interest, not only in our American heritage but also in the archaeology of the Old World. In obedience to this impulse also ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY was founded as a vehicle for carrying information from the various fields in popular form to the lay membership of the Institute, which had trebled its membership incidental to its educational propaganda.

This movement for the creation of National Monuments naturally coincided with that for the development of National Parks, and has consequently been under the fostering care of the National Parks Service of the Department of the Interior since its creation in 1917. Likewise the National Parks Association, established in 1919 to quicken intelligent interest in the preservation and extension of our National Parks System, has appointed a permanent committee to consider the problems of the National Monuments, and to devise a comprehensive policy for their development. The thirty-six National Monuments already created under the Act may be classified as follows: Prehistoric Monuments, 11; Historic Landmarks, 5; Natural Monuments, comprising a variety of areas of scenic or scientific interest, 20. This is really only a beginning, when we consider our national heritage, and Dr. Hewett in this number suggests several other sites which should be made national monuments for their archaeological significance.

Our National Monuments should be parts of a carefully studied system, built up as a cathedral is built, stone upon stone, decade after decade, until the national domain is compassed. This system should embrace all important prehistoric remains, historic landmarks commemorating our early history and the work of our pioneers, and sites illustrating the range of geological phenomena, of fauna and flora, of picturesque mountain and lake scenery. To this end the National Parks Association through its National Monuments Committee is now working as part of its varied program, and those of us who are primarily concerned with sites commemorating the Story of Man, will gladly lend our support to the entire plan.



Rito de los Frijoles, New Mexico, general view showing the pueblo of Tyú'onyi, excavated by the School of American Research. Now Bandelier National Monument.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF NEW MEXICO

By PAUL A. F. WALTER

BANDELIER NATIONAL MONUMENT: EL RITO DE LOS FRIJOLES

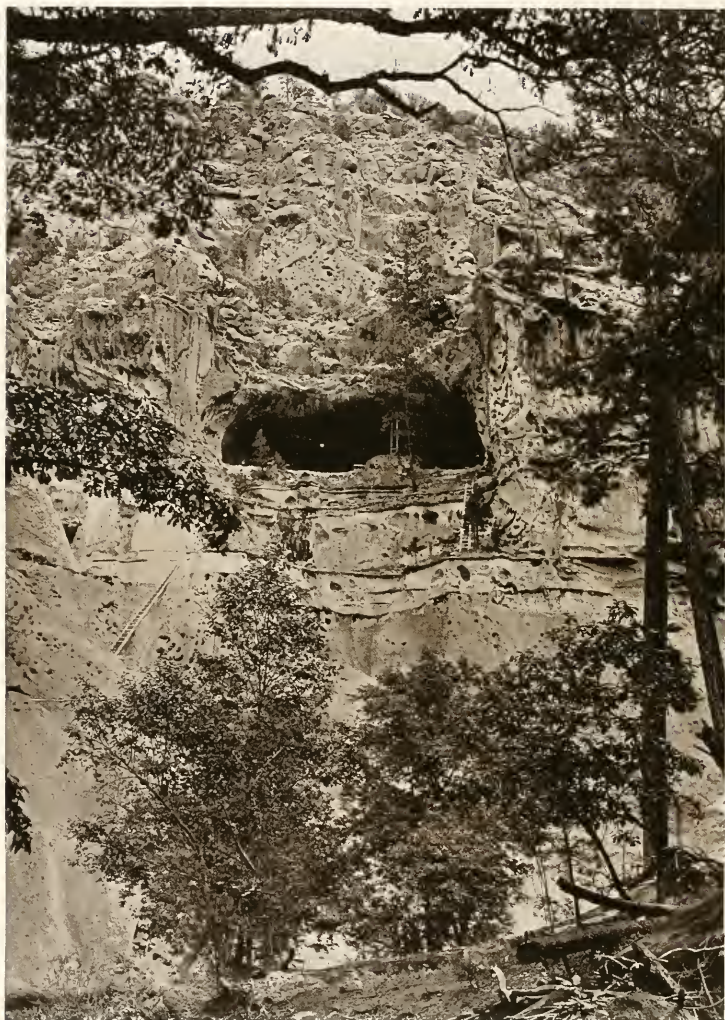
IF one would spend an unforgettable vacation, whose memories remain vivid for a life-time, if one seeks a spot which for a vacation setting is incomparable, then the Rito de los Frijoles must be the Mecca of the quest. There, within a few square miles, is located the strangest corner of the great Southwest. There the clock of civilization seems to have been set back a thousand years. There, if the visitor attunes himself to the environment, he may revel in the primitive and live over the life of the ancients who, before they departed to the Land of Sip-o-phe, handed on the torch of their culture to the Pueblo Indian of today.

La Villa Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco, a charming bit of old Spain, lies glistening like a jewel in the lap of the Blood of Christ Mountains in central New Mexico. It is from here that you start for any interesting point in the Southwest. Santa Fé has an honored place in literature, art and history. No other place in the United States has been so much written about. A complete bibliography of Santa Fé and surroundings includes some 12,000 titles. It is a small library indeed that is devoid of books about, or references to, Santa Fé.

Westward from Santa Fé, the visitor may travel to the Rito, now Bandelier National Monument, in automobile, or on horseback, or by narrow gauge train, to the head of the White Rock Canyon, where the little settlement of Buckman stands at the entrance to the Pajarito Park, of which the Bandelier Monument is an integral part.

Worthy of the setting is the entrance to the Pajarito Park. After crossing the Rio Grande, there is a three-mile ascent on the cliff side of the volcanic plateau upon which is situated the archaeological wonderland. To and fro the road winds, revealing one panorama after another of overwhelming grandeur; at one turn, looking far down the dark White Rock Canyon in which the Rio Grande is a mere thread of silver or gold or fire, just as the sun happens to strike; at another turn disclosing the hoary Truchas peaks 13,306 feet in altitude, the highest and yet accessible as well as most picturesque peaks in all of the southwest. In between spreads out the fertile Espanola Valley hemmed in by Titanic mountain masses on all sides,—the Tewa world with its four world mountains coming within compass of the view. It is a region hallowed by martyrs, Franciscan friars, who years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, planted the cross and made converts by the thousands, built massive missions and convents 150 years before the oldest in California. It is here that the Spanish Conquistadores made their first permanent settlements whence they set out to conquer and to colonize the Southwest. However, possibly a thousand and more years before there had descended from the Pajarito Plateau, Indian tribes and clans who planted cotton, who grew corn, who had developed a culture that even in this day of advancement, seems altogether admirable and in some ways superior to our own.

Higher and higher, the road ascends. Now the Taos mountains and even the Sierra Blanca in Colorado, swim along



Great ceremonial cave, Rito de los Frijoles, Bandelier National Monument, New Mexico.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

the horizon to the north, and there are glimpses of the Sandias and Manzanos far to the south, while to the east, a phalanx of peaks, a dozen of which rise more than 10,000 feet in altitude, frame in a view to which no camera, no painter's brush, no magician of words, ever will or ever can do justice. When the eye grows tired of discovering new worlds as it sweeps the thousands of square miles spread out east and north and south, it finds unsuspected glories leaping into view near at hand.

The top of the mesa is reached, but there are further heights to climb, more canyons to descend, traverse and ascend. Upon this tableland are other tablelands—*islands of tufa*, a soft volcanic rock—forming huge cliffs in which are found the caves and upon which are built the great community houses that make the Pajarito Park the richest region archaeologically speaking, in all of the United States. To the left and just a little bit ahead looms up the *Tchirega* with its partly excavated community house, its stairway of the Plumed Serpent, its hundreds of caves. The road threads its way between boulders of pumice stone, under swaying pine trees, along dizzy precipices, past mounds underneath which sleep ancient ruins, each mile revealing new beauties and finer vistas of the Valles mountains to the west and of volcanic buttes and cliffs to the north and south. Even though one feels no breeze, the murmur in the pines is continuous and emphasizes the great silences of this strange, mysterious land. Few travelers are prepared for the sight that bursts upon them as they stand upon the rim of the *Rito de los Frijoles*, the *Ultima Thule* of the automobile, for here the road comes to a sudden stop. This is the northern boundary of the National Monument, behind whose

prosaic name, no one would suspect the glory that is revealed in this remarkable cleft of the Pajarito Park.

After the pilgrim has plumbed its depths, has viewed its magnificent water falls, has rambled among its many caves with their primitive frescoes, has climbed the dizzy cliff to enter the ceremonial cave, has explored the Painted Cave, the Stone Lions and regions round about, has lain on his back at night to watch the glittering starry hosts march across the narrow canyon, then closed the eyes to conjure up a vision of it all, he will discover how futile, how inadequate, the English language with its 180,000 words is after all, to make any one else see it as he has seen this old, new bit of the world. If there is another spot in this or any other country that surpasses it, the writer has not seen it in his travels in various lands.

The descent into the canyon is over the new trails which the National Forest Service has built, for the Bandelier National Monument is within the boundaries of a National Forest of almost 2,000,000 acres. The ever-present feature as one looks down, is the elliptical *Tyu'onyi*, the excavated first story of a community house, the weird ruins from which the School of American Research has reconstructed a fairly comprehensive picture of the life and customs of the people who lived in this romantic canyon many generations ago. At one time, it was three stories and had perhaps 700 rooms, the metropolis of this valley of thirteen talus villages and hundreds of inhabited cave dwellings.

Fortunate he who can stay a week or two, and who has taken time to attune himself to the solitude, the blue skies, the evergreens, the crisp atmosphere, who can afford to study as he goes



Ruined village, Rito de los Frijoles, Bandelier National Monument, New Mexico.

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along, who has the leisure to make original explorations and find for himself some of the treasures that the sands of a thousand years have covered. First, of course, he visits the Ceremonial Cave. That is inevitable. It is so accessible and yet, so inaccessible; so near, yet so remote; so simple and yet so romantic; so mute and yet, telling a story so wonderful that it inspired an entire novel of several hundred pages. It is a holy place, haunted by bats and owls and spirits and memories. On its brink, the writer has stood with one of the most learned of modern Oriental scholars, who there recited a Latin oration, and then declared that the use of the Cave could have been no other than that of the Thingvalla in Iceland, the housetops in Palestine, the place from which the priests proclaimed to the people, assembled in the mural amphitheater below, the laws that the Sky Father had whispered to them.

The cave is high above the waters of the Rito de los Frijoles. It can be reached only by a dizzy climb up ladders and a narrow trail and stairway hewn into the rock—safe enough, but testing one's nerves. Right at the edge is the kiva, the circular sanctuary sunk into the rock. As in olden times, a ladder has been placed in the top opening to facilitate descent into its depths. There, the simple interior arrangement of the holy place has been restored. Behind the kiva stretch the dim recesses of the cavern. This great cave is isolated from the lesser ones and the talus villages that line the cliff walls of the canyon farther down, thus emphasizing its importance.

Looking out of the cave, the eye sweeps over tree tops, getting glimpses of the canyon walls and the turquoise blue horizon beyond. Beneath, glides

the stream, winding hither and thither between rocks and sandy slopes. The pilgrim follows its course some distance before striking the talus ruins and the deserted caves that are strung, cave above cave and cave within cave, along the foot of the cliffs for over a mile. Several of the talus villages have been excavated and their construction and interior arrangement are laid bare. Most of the caves have been carefully explored and in 200 of them, especially the more inaccessible ones, the Springer expedition only in recent years found wall decorations and frescoes of primitive drawings underneath ten or twenty coats of plastering, that form a parallel to those found in the caves of Cro-Magnon man in southern France and northern Spain. Upon the sheer cliff walls are graven petroglyphs and are painted pictographs which in some instances give a clue to the clan that made each group of dwellings its home.

One may easily follow the old trail down to the falls, where the Rito in three leaps clears 160 feet. Whatever waters are not dissipated in spray through which rainbows glimmer, hurry down to the nearby White Rock Canyon of the Rio Grande. It is a fine bit of landscape that forms the setting for the falls. The approach is through a magnificent tree-set amphitheater hemmed in by walls that tower high and shut off the world. The outlet is a gloomy gorge of impressive proportions. There is a steep trail to the foot of the falls. These, viewed from above or from below, make an unforgettable picture.

Returning, the traveler may linger at the excavations of the Tyu'onyi. It must have been planned as a whole, as it is elliptical, with only one entrance to the patio in which there are three kivas. Originally, three and possibly,

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four stories high, it was a primitive apartment house that sheltered scores of families. The population of the little canyon appears to have gone into the thousands. In the rooms laid bare, are to be found the stone implements, decorated pottery shards and bone and stone artifacts, testifying to the industry of the early inhabitants who raised cotton, corn and beans, who kept turkeys and dogs, and who had developed a culture admirable in many ways.

From the Rito, trails lead southward to Pueblo Viejo and other mounds covering ancient community sites, to the Capulin Canyon with its Painted Cave and its Stone Lions, crouching on the bed rock and hedged in by a ceremonial stone wall. The scenery is rugged and ever changing. Yet, there is a unity and character about it that set aside the Bandelier National Monument as probably the most distinctive portion of the United States—scenically, climatically, historically and archaeologically. Those who have the leisure and the means, could plan no more interesting and satisfying outing than several weeks in the Pajarito Park.

When the traveler returns to Santa Fé and visits the Rito de los Frijoles and the Puye rooms in the venerable Palace of the Governors, the mural paintings take on a new significance, the exhibits in the cases live again and the models of the ancient c o m m u n i t y houses tell their story far more eloquently than before. The publications that at first seemed technical take on a vital interest. The Indian becomes indeed the Noble Red Man, whose ancestors cherished art, poetry, religion, and had developed a fine system of government in days when Europe was in the Dark Ages.

Not only for charm of scenery and of

antiquity will the Rito be sought out by the travelers of the future who desire to know America. From the standpoint of sentiment it will remain unrivalled. Already it has inspired a wealth of poetic and descriptive literature. But it is on account of its place in the development of history, science, and art in the Southwest that the Rito will always hold its high distinction. Bandelier and Lummis explored it together in the early eighties and the latter's accounts in the "Land of Poco Tiempo," and "Strange Corners of our Country" are the classics on this romantic spot as they are on most places of the southwestern wonderland. The former immortalized it in his novel "The Delight Makers," and friends in grateful memory of this pioneer historian and archaeologist of the southwest had his name given to the National Monument.

On the archaeological side no other district in America has received such comprehensive treatment as has the Pajarito Plateau. This has been the work of the School of American Research or of those whose investigations lead up to the founding of that institution. It was explored, mapped, and its ancient nomenclature recovered and established by Hewett from 1896 on. It gave to Lacey in his exploration of 1902 the enthusiasm which he carried into the National Congress in support of the legislation for the preservation of American antiquities. It has thus been the stimulus to momentous developments in the cultural history of the Southwest.

The work at the Rito is far from finished. During the present year additional villages will be excavated, and, as a result of the studies heretofore made, one entire village, the House of the Sun People, is being restored in collaboration with the National Forest

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Service, which has the official custodianship of the National Monument. This, with the restorations previously made, notably that of the great Ceremonial Cave and the Cave Kiva at the foot of the Snake Trail, together with specimens of the dwellings excavated in the cliffs, enables everyone to gain almost a complete picture of the ancient life at the Rito. The Rooms of the restored Sun House will be re-furnished with implements and utensils excavated from the ruins, thus constituting a unique field museum.

Never before in the history of archaeological activity has there been such a complete recovery and restoration of a buried civilization. To crown the whole achievement with something entirely new in archaeological work, the flow of water in the Rito has been greatly increased by the skilled methods of forestry. The water is flowing in the ancient ditches, irrigating the identical fields, growing the identical crops of the people of the far past. Indian men and women till the fields, re-build the houses, plaster the walls, and live the simple lives of the olden times. Of all the brilliant epigrams of Charles F. Lummis, none was ever more pointed than his saying that "in the Southwest you may catch your archaeology alive." He matched it in his description of the uncovering of the ancient Mayan City of Quirigua in Guatemala by the School of Research as the place "where the stones come to life." It may be doubted if even in the imagination of Lummis there ever was born such a dream as this of the "Resurrection of the Rito."

CHACO CANYON

Though remote from the highways of travel and difficult of access, the Chaco Canyon is one

of the wonders of the Southwest. There, apparently, the Pueblo Indian culture of pre-Spanish days reached its apogee. The partial excavation of Pueblo Bonito, over twenty years ago, revealed sufficient to indicate that the eighteen large, and the many smaller, ruins within the Chaco district hide secrets that may be the key to many of the problems of the old Pueblo culture. Unless the work is done soon, it may be too late, for vandalism has played sad havoc in this remote region. The School of American Research, aided financially by the Royal Ontario Museum of Toronto, is beginning the systematic excavation of some of these ancient community houses this summer.

The Chaco is a narrow, shallow canyon, not as spectacular as Canyon de Chelly, or a score of other wonderful gulches in this region, but nevertheless impressive. N. C. Nelson, of the American Museum of Natural History, thus describes it: "From Aztec, the journey led south across the arid waste, inhabited only by small bands of Navahos, to the Chaco Canyon. Here is located the famous Pueblo Bonito, an immense ruin of semi-circular ground plan, and at one time five stories high. Within a few miles radius of this great pile are to be found no less than eighteen additional large ruins, besides many more of small dimensions. Some of these ruins have an oval ground plan, others are L-shaped, but the majority are E-shaped. In nearly every case a curving wall connects the two extreme building wings, thus enclosing a court, which itself invariably faces southwest. As indicative of their size it may be stated that the main building of one of these ruins measured about 425 feet in length and had once stood to a height of three or more stories. The ceilings were unusually high in these struc-



Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon National Monument, partially excavated, New Mexico.

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tures and the rooms generally much larger than in the ruins, for example, of the great pueblos found near Santa Fé and elsewhere in the Rio Grande drainage. The walls are from one to five feet in thickness and are models of skill, patience, and good taste. The heavy timbers employed for roofs and ceilings in these buildings must have been transported 50 to 60 miles and how this was done is as much of a mystery as the construction of the pyramids."

Like the community houses of Pecos and Cuaraí, the huge buildings of the Chaco Canyon were walled cities, fortresses more impregnable to assaults in their day than are the modern fortified towns of Europe. The Chaco Canyon can be reached not only from Aztec on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, but also from Gallup or Thoreau on the Santa Fé System. The United States Indian School at Crown Point is the nearest settlement. In fact, one of the large ruins of the district is but a short distance from the school. The country round about is typical of much of the Navajo Reservation. Part of it is desert, while other portions, despite the sparse vegetation, have the appearance of a vast park of evergreens. Deep gulches and sandy arroyos cut up the country and with it the wagon roads. The effects of the rarity of the air, the brilliant sunshine, the isolation and silence are remarkable.

Dr. Hewett, who made an archaeological survey of the Chaco region in 1902 and prepared the first official map of it, says of Pueblo Bonito, (Spanish for "beautiful village"): "The building, which stands within 70 feet of the north wall of the Canyon, is of dark brown sandstone, semi-elliptical in form. Its length east and west is 667 feet and its greatest depth, north and

south, 315 feet. It was originally five stories high, there being portions of the fifth-story wall still standing. The greatest height of standing wall at present is 48 feet, 39 feet being above the detritus; probably half the rooms are rectangular, but there are many of irregular form, semi-circular, trapezoidal, elliptical, triangular, etc., owing to the subsequent addition of rooms to the original structure, several such additions and remodelings being evident. Every type of masonry known to Pueblo architecture is found in this building, and not fewer than 27 circular kivas, varying from 10 to 50 feet in diameter, have been uncovered in it."

One of the most important ruins of the group is Chetro Kettle (Rain Pueblo) which measures 440 by 250 feet. It is less than one fourth of a mile east of Pueblo Bonito. The masonry is exceptionally good and consists of fine-grained grayish-yellow sandstone, broken into small tabular pieces laid in thin mortar. In places courses of heavier stone are laid in parallel at intervals, giving an ornamental effect. Jackson in the Tenth Report of the Hayden Survey, calculates that there are 315,000 cubic feet of masonry in the structure. Chetro Kettle will be the first of the great ruins to be excavated by the School of American Research. On top of the mesa, about three-fourths of a mile north of Pueblo Bonito, are the ruins of Pueblo Alto (high village) consisting of two community houses, the smaller about 75 feet square, containing some of the best plain masonry to be found in the Chaco Canyon region. There is a large circular kiva in the small building. In the larger structure, seven kivas have been located. It is rectangular, facing south, the court like that of



Kin-Yai Ruins, Chaco Canyon National Monument, New Mexico.



Una Vida Mesa, Chaco Canyon National Monument, New Mexico.

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Hungo Pavi being enclosed by a semi-circular double wall between which were rooms, making it really a series of one-story apartments. The north wall is 360 feet long, while the wings are 200 and 170 feet long respectively. The rooms are from 15 to 20 feet long and 8 to 12 wide. A quarter of a mile east of the ruins is a wall extending north and south for 1,986 feet. Other walls extend toward this from the main building but do not connect with it. Pueblo Alto is reached from Chaco Canyon by a tortuous stairway through a narrow crevice just back of Pueblo Bonito.

The ruin of Hungo Pavi is one of the major ruins of the Chaco group. It is on the north side of the Canyon, less than two miles above Pueblo Bonito. It is built on three sides of a court, a semi-circular double wall enclosing the fourth side, the space between the two walls being divided into rooms. The main building is 309 feet long and each of the two wings 136 feet. When it is considered that the building originally was four stories high and was built in terraced form, imagination will picture a structure that must have looked formidable indeed when occupied by hundreds of men, women and children. The masonry of Hungo Pavi, according to Dr. Hewett in the "Handbook of the American Indians," is exceptionally good; the material is fine grained, grayish yellow sandstone, compactly laid in thin mud mortar. The exterior walls of the first story are three feet thick and walls still stand to a height of thirty feet. Within the main building there is a kiva 23 feet in diameter."

Una Vida, lying about two miles to the southeast of Hungo Pavi, is L-shaped, the extremities of the wings being connected by a semicircular wall. The ruin is badly demolished. The

wings are 274 and 253 feet in length. Within the court is a subterranean circular kiva 60 feet in diameter. Nearby is the ruin of the Saydegil (house on the side of the rocks) which has a kiva 54 feet in diameter, surrounded by twenty rooms.

Wijiji, the next important ruin above Una Vida, one mile up the valley, is rectangular, 225 by 120 feet, built around three sides of a court which has no wall on the fourth. The structure was three stories high and the masonry was regular and well-finished.

The most easterly of the group is Pueblo Pintado, built of grayish yellow sandstone. It is L-shaped and is surrounded by ten minor Pueblos, all within a mile of the large structure. The surrounding country is absolute desert almost on the top of the Continental Divide.

Casa Rinconada across the arroyo to the south of Bonito is an enormous double-walled kiva, measuring 72 feet in diameter, with rooms built partially around it. The walls, 30 inches thick, are built of well-selected sandstone smoothly laid. Thirty-two niches, 16 by 22 inches, 14 inches deep, smoothly finished and plastered, extend around the interior of the kiva wall at regular intervals. The outer wall of the kiva is eight feet from the inner, the space between being divided into rooms. Sin Kletzin is a similar structure on the mesa a mile to the south.

Almost within a stone's throw of Pueblo Bonito to the southwest, and on the very brink of the arroyo, is Pueblo del Arroyo, similar in character, 270 feet long and 135 feet wide with nine kivas, the largest 37 feet in diameter. In places this pueblo is being cut away by the waters that rush down the gorge in flood season.

Kin Kletsoi (Yellow House) is a

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small pueblo against the north cliff wall, half a mile down the canyon from Bonito. Another mile down on the same side of the arroyo and close under the vertical wall is Casa Chiquita.

Penasco Blanco is situated on a high mesa three miles northwest of Pueblo Bonito, on a high point south of the arroyo. It is one of the most remarkable of the entire section. It is in outline almost a perfect ellipse, the long diameter 500 feet and the short 365 feet. The pueblo was four stories high. There are seven kivas on the west side of the court and a large one 50 feet in diameter is outside of the building at its south end. The rooms in the building are large, 20 feet in length and from 10 to 20 feet wide.

Kin Klizhin is three miles south and five miles west of Pueblo Bonito. It stands on a sandhill near a dry wash and was 145 feet long and 50 feet wide, but the semi-circular wall connecting the northeast and southeast corners was 450 feet long. In the wall was a circular tower probably 30 feet high. The wall is three feet thick at the base. The original height of the house was five stories and portions of the fourth story wall still stand. The masonry of dark brown sandstone, consists of alternate courses of large and small stones. A stone dam, wasteway reservoir and ditches are plainly traceable in the vicinity.

Kin Binioli ("Whirlwind Pueblo") is one of the best preserved of the group and is located in an arroyo tributary to the Chaco Canyon. It is ten miles west and four miles south of Pueblo Bonito. It is rectangular in form, having three wings. The exterior dimensions are 320 by 270 feet. Ten circular kivas are built within the walls of the structure, the largest 26 feet in diameter. Part of the fourth story walls are

still standing and of the north exterior wall 120 feet are still standing to above the second story. Walls and corners are true to the plummet and T-square, an exceptional occurrence in aboriginal structures. The remains of extensive irrigation works exist in close proximity, the most elaborate that have been found in the San Juan drainage.

The above are some of the most important of the ruins in the Chaco group. It is truly a land of mystery, and the day is not far distant when it will be one of the most sought of the ancient shrines in America, for, at last, scientific enterprises worthy of the place are under way. In 1916 the Smithsonian Institution, School of American Research and Royal Ontario Museum planned to undertake a comprehensive investigation of the entire Chaco Canyon district. A concession was granted by the Department of the Interior for the excavation of the ruins and the preliminary reconnaissance was made by the staff of the School in the fall of 1916 with a view to beginning more extensive operations in the spring of the following year.

With the entrance of the United States into the World War, major activities in the field were postponed, though a considerable portion of the work contemplated, namely, that not dependent on excavation has been accomplished and publication of results will begin in the fall of the present year. The original plan is now resumed by the School of American Research, assisted financially by the Royal Ontario Museum. It is estimated that the work will continue for not less than five years. A field station was established at the ruins in June and will be maintained there continuously except during the winter months.

Likewise, the National Geographic

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Society has obtained from the Department of the Interior a permit to make a reconnaissance of the Chaco Canyon during the summer of 1920 with a view to more extensive explorations in future summers. Mr. Neil M. Judd of the U. S. National Museum has been placed in charge of the reconnaissance and is now on the site making the preliminary studies essential to a comprehensive survey of so large a field.

EL MORRO OR INSCRIPTION ROCK

"The most precious cliff, historically, possessed by any nation on earth, and, I am ashamed to say, the most utterly uncared for." Thus wrote Charles F. Lummis in speaking of Inscription Rock, in "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," in 1892. It was not until 1917 that the National Park Service caused to be constructed a substantial fence one and a half miles in length at the base of Inscription Rock for the protection of the inscriptions against depredations, and caused the ancient spring to be cleaned out so that refreshing waters again gush forth from it. However, vandals are still at work, scribbling their own insignificant names on the rock wall, side by side with those of Conquistadores and Franciscan Martyrs, to the shame of Americans be it said.

El Morro was on the high road traversed by the Spanish Conquerors three hundred and more years ago, and then as now commanded attention of the traveler, especially if he approached over the old Zuni road. Nature has cut the sandstone cliffs of that region of New Mexico into fantastic shapes, and Inscription Rock as to form and size has rivals innumerable between Santa Fé and Gallup and from Zuni to the Mesa Verde, but few whose sheerness of sides is so pronounced as that of El

Morro, and none, of course, that has served as an autograph album for celebrities of three centuries.

The rock is a pink, sandstone cliff, in the midst of a lonely plain. The range round about offers good grazing, the cedar and juniper brush with the Zuni forest not far away, supply an abundance of firewood, and the spring at the foot of the cliff, good water in plenty, affording an ideal camping place, such as are found few and far between in this arid country. It is no wonder that even in early days, cavalcades would stop here and camp long enough for men to carve not only their names but long inscriptions in the soft rock, some of these inscriptions proving to be important historical documents in later days. One of them, indeed, fixes the approximate date of the founding of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico. In fact, the inscription of Oñate, the founder of Santa Fé, is one of the most important of the series and is hardly overshadowed in interest by that of De Vargas, the reconqueror. Perhaps the neatest and most extensive inscriptions are those of Governor Silva Nieto, one of them in verse. Eleven days separate the two and one glimpses from them an important and thrilling bit of history.

The first inscription reads: "The Most Illustrious Sir and Captain General of the provinces of New Mexico for the King our Master, passed by here on the return from the villages of Zuni on the 29th of July of the year 1629; and them (the Indians) he put in peace at their request, they asking his favor as vassals of His Majesty. And anew they gave obedience; all of which he did with persuasiveness, zeal and prudence, like such a most Christian (effaced), such a careful and gallant soldier of unending and exalted memory."



El Morro, or Inscription Rock, National Monument, New Mexico.

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Says Hodge in a note to the Memorial of Benavides, translated and published by Mrs. E. E. Ayer:

"There is internal evidence, if one may be permitted to read between the lines of the next inscription, that all did not go well at Zuni after the Governor's departure with his soldiers, for early in the following month he was again carving an inscription on El Morro after having 'conquered the impossible' by his strong right arm and his valor, 'a thing which he only accomplished August 9.' Thus it would seem that the Governor had scarcely time to return to Santa Fé, a distance of 36 leagues from Acoma and 56 leagues from Zuni before being called back. Indeed we have the direct statement of Perea, who devotes the greater part of his Segunda Relacion to the subject, that only by a miracle was Fr. Figuerdo, the missionary at the Zuni pueblo of Hawikuh saved since the Devil admonished the natives, 'with menaces, that they should eject this strange priest from their country. They put it into operation, all manifesting themselves in such manner that already they did not assist as they were wont, to bring water and wood, nor did one of them appear. By night was heard a great din of dances, drums, and caracoles, which among them is signal of war.' But in this imminent danger God came to Fray Roque's succor, and to make a long story short, the missionary saw that the Indians were 'well catechised and sufficiently fit,' whereupon 'he ordered to be built in the plaza a high platform, where he said mass with all solemnity, and baptized them on the day of St. Augustine of the year 1629; singing the Te Deum Laudamus, etc.; and through having so good a voice, the Father Fray Roque—accompanied by the chant—caused de-

votion in all.' Thus were the Zuni Christianized for the time being, although, needless to say, they did not understand a word the good fraile said, nor knew the meaning of any part of the rites he celebrated for their benefit."

The second inscription of Governor Silva Nieto reads: "Here passed the Governor Don Francisco Mammel de Silva Nieto, whose indubitable prowess and valor have already conquered the impossible, with the wagons of Our Lord and King, a thing which he only accomplished August 9, 1629. That it be seen that I passed to Zuni and carried the Faith."

An inscription, carved less than three years later, makes record of a tragedy at Zuni and the manner in which it was avenged. Francisco de Letrado, who built the mission at Hawikuh and that at Halona, became a martyr among the Pueblos at Zuni on February 22, 1632. The story is that on that Sunday, just 100 years before George Washington was born, the Indians delayed in attending mass and Fray Francisco angered at this, went out to remonstrate with them. They turned on him, and he, seeing that the martyr's crown awaited him, knelt down, holding in his hands a small crucifix and was shot dead with arrows. The Indians carried off the corpse, scalped it and then gave a dance. Governor Francisco de la Mora Ceballos sent to Zuni a squad of soldiers under Tomas de Albiqu together with a few priests and it was while camping at Inscription Rock, that Lujan, one of the soldiers, carved the following on the Rock with clear-cut letters: "They passed on 23d of March 1632 to the avenging of the death of Father Letrado," or as it is in old Spanish: "Se pasaron a 23 de Marzo de 1632 anos a la Benganza de Muerte del Padre Letrado."

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But, as early as fourteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Don Juan de Oñate cut across an earlier Indian petroglyph the following legend: "Paso por aqui de adelantado don Juan de Oñate del descubrimiento de la mar del sur a 16 del Abril del 1606." Translated it reads: "Passed by here the provincial chief Don Juan de Oñate from the discovery of the South Sea on the 16th of April 1606." This inscription also fixes fairly well the date of the founding of Santa Fé, for it was after his return from the Gulf of California (the South Sea) that Oñate established his capital at Santa Fé and began the construction of the Palace of the Governors, a fort, castle, capitol, executive mansion, on what appear to have been the walls of a prehistoric community house abandoned long before the arrival of Oñate. (Spanish documents just translated seem to point to Peralta, who was Oñate's successor, as the founder of Santa Fé in 1609.)

Not less interesting and suggestive of romance and long vistas of history is the inscription by Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon; "Aqui estaba el Genl Dn Do de Vargas quien conquisto a nestra santa fe y la real corona todo el nuevo Mexico a su costa ano de 1692." The English version is: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered to our holy faith and the royal crown all New Mexico, at his own expense, year of 1692." What a vision of the times this inscription brings up! Doughty men in armor from Castile and Andalusia conquering new worlds, new races, for their King, bringing to them European culture and an Oriental religion from the hills of Palestine! Tired warriors and priests resting at the foot of this silent rock and gazing out upon scenes that to this day are considered

overwhelming in their majesty and beauty.

Thus one may study and ponder over inscription after inscription carved in this rock. The imagination may even bring up pictures of the days before the coming of the Spaniards, for into the rock are sunk ancient petroglyphs, symbols of a religion as old, and perhaps older, than that of the Christian, of a people who built communal houses and had evolved an admirable culture in days when Europe was still shrouded in the fog of the Dark Ages. Says Charles Francis Saunders in his recent book, "Finding the Worth While in the Southwest:" "One who has Spanish enough to give zest to the quest could easily spend a couple of days, camped at this fascinating spot, spelling out the quaint old notations, peopling again in fancy this ancient camp-ground with the warriors of long ago in helmet and cuirass, their horses housed in leather; and ever with them the Franciscan soldiers of the Cross in gray gown and cord with dangling crucifix. Then there is the enjoyment of the place itself—the sunny solitude, and the glorious extended views, the long blue line of the Zuni mountains, the pale spires of La Puerta de los Gigantes (the Giant's Gate). Then, if you like, is the climb to the mesa's summit for yet wider view and a sight of the ruined old pueblo there, whereof history has naught to tell—only tradition, which says that it was once a Zunian town."

Lately, the Federal government has added to the National Monument a considerable area which includes the prehistoric sites on top of the mesa. Says a circular of the Department of the Interior: "The existence of extensive, prehistoric ruins on the very summit of Inscription Rock is another feature of interest. On the top of the

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rock a deep cleft or canyon divides the western end of the formation. On each of these arms are the remnants of large communal houses or pueblos. Some of the walls are yet standing, and the ground plans of the structures are well defined. That on the south arm and almost overhanging the cavern and spring, is approximately 200 by 150 feet. Some of the buildings must have been more than one story in height. The remarkable natural defenses of the site and the existence of the spring doubtless induced the builders to select this odd location. At some distant day it may be desirable to excavate these ruins and thus add to this historic spot attractions for the scientist as well as the general public."

Locally, Inscription Rock and El Morro are known as separate and distinct monumental rocks. The latter, translated "The Castle," is the rock standing out in bold relief to the east, while "Inscription Rock" is the name applied to the formation to the west, which is a part of the mesa. On the south side, in the angle formed by the two, one extending east and the other south, is a great chamber or cavern, a natural amphitheater where secure refuge from storm or human foe could easily be secured. It is here, too, that the only spring within many miles wells up as if to make the natural fortifications doubly secure. Upon these walls are many of the best preserved inscriptions, although there are quite a number 200 feet east, under the shadows of a stately pine tree and on the north side of El Morro. Most of them are as plain, apparently, as the day they were written; especially is this true of the older ones, carved during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

As with other regions that are not only scenically but also historically

and archaeologically interesting, the tourist who gets most out of his visit is the one who has carefully read the important things written about the spot visited. The trip to Inscription Rock is greatly enhanced in interest to him who has read "Twitchell's Leading Facts of New Mexican History," Ayer's "Benavides: Memorial on New Mexico," Charles Francis Saunders' "Finding the Worth While in the Southwest," and, among the older works, Simpson's Report, and, of course, Lummis' "Strange Corners of Our Country," Bancroft's History and Defour's "Martyrs of New Mexico."

GRAN QUIVIRA.

Mission churches built by the Franciscans, New Mexico had before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Authorities are not agreed when the first was built, but it was more than 300 years ago and probably in 1617. Only ruins of the original structures survive. It is not quite certain that the walls of the Pecos mission, that are still standing, are those constructed in the days of Benavides, nor is the San Miguel chapel in Santa Fé the temple built by the Franciscans in the early days of Santa Fé, nor is it the oldest church in the United States. One must go to the Saline pueblos in the Manzano mountains, to Abo, Cuarai and Tabira to find the picturesque ruins of the Franciscan missions built and abandoned prior to the Pueblo Revolution of 1680.

The most extensive of these missions and pueblo ruins in this country of mystery that stretches south of Santa Fé and east of the Manzanos to the weird alkali and salt lakes, is Tabira, or as it is better, though less correctly known, "Gran Quivira." The church and part of the pueblo ruins have been



Walls of Gran Quivira National Monument, New Mexico.

set apart by presidential proclamation as a National Monument. The greater part of the ancient pueblo site is the property of the School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico.

The site is an imposing one, and whether one approaches over the Abo highway or on the road from Santa Fé, the impression of the ruins is one of ghostliness. They lie on a hill that dominates a vast expanse of country. The walls that project above the surface are of blue-gray limestone, while the country round about has a peculiarly forsaken, isolated appearance, heightened by a broad river of fine sand in which there is no vegetation. Except for a well or two that have been sunk nearby, no water is to be found for many miles although, it is almost certain, that when Tabira was occupied by its hundreds of busy people, there was a bounteous spring which was plugged and

buried when the people abandoned the great community house.

No excavations have been conducted on a large scale at Gran Quivira, but treasure hunters, lured by myths of buried gold and gems, have turned over every part of the ground and opened caverns and pits. It was at Gran Quivira that the old Pueblo culture was thrust farthest eastward in this region for any length of time, and it was there that it was in constant contact with the Plains Indians of the Southwest.

Tabira was not the Gran Quivira sought by Coronado. Colonel Twitchell in his "Leading Facts of New Mexican History," tells how Tabira was first given the name of Gran Quivira, which has clung to it so tenaciously and has now been officially confirmed by the United States government in naming the National Monument.

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Tabira is thought to be one of the eleven inhabited Saline pueblos seen by Chamuscado in 1581. Oñate in 1598 visited the pueblos and Fray Francisco de San Miguel, chaplain of Oñate's armed force, began missionary labors among them in the same year, although, according to Hodge, it was 1629 before the first actual missions were established by Francisco de Acevedo.

Lammis, in "The Land of Poco Tiempo," gives his impression of Tabira, saying: "Mid-ocean is not more lonely than the plains, nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep—and even that trifle gives a shock in this hoof-obliterated land. The bands of antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plains is a wondrous thing. At first it fascinates. Then it bewilders. At last it crushes. It is sure as the grave and worse. It is intangible, but restless; stronger than humanity. When one cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness. But on a sudden, the tension is relieved. A mile to the south, where a whaleback ridge noses into the uncanny valley, stands out a strange ashen bulk that brings us back to earth. Wan and weird as it is, it bespeaks the one-time presence of man, for Nature has no such squareness. I do not believe that the whole world can show elsewhere, nor that a Doré could dream into canvas a ghostliness so apropos. Stand upon the higher ridges to the east, and it is all spread before you, a wraith in pallid stone—the absolute ghost of a city. Its ashen hues which seem to hover above the dead grass, foiled by the sombre blotches of the junipers; its indeterminate gray hints, outspoken at last in

the huge, vague shape that looms in its center; its strange dim outlines rimmed with a flat, round world of silence—but why try to tell that which has no telling? Who shall wreak expression of that spectral city? Come nearer, and the spell dwindles but it is never broken. Even as we pass out hands over that forgotten masonry of pale limestone, or clamber over fallen walls with tangible stubbing of material toes, the unearthliness of the haggard scene does not wholly cease to assert itself. Only, we know now that it is not a ghost-city, which the next breeze may waft away. It is a ruined pueblo again—but such a pueblo! Not in size nor in architecture—there are several others as large, and some as imposing—but in color and in setting it is alone * * * * And in the western terminus of the village, just on the brow of the slope that falls away to the strange valley that looks across to the sombre Mesa de los Jumanos, is another and a gigantic ruin, whose like is not in all our North America. Its walls, thirty feet high and six feet thick, roofless and ragged at the top, 202 feet front and 131 feet in greatest depth, are of the same spectral bluish-gray limestone, broken into irregular but flat-faced prisms and firmly laid in adobe mortar."

Of the three great churches that of Cuarai is largest, having a floor area of 5,020 square feet. That of Tabira comes next, with 4,978 square feet; and then Abo with 4,830. These figures are for the auditoriums alone and do not include the extensive convents, attached to each, of which that at Tabira is most extensive, covering 13,377 square feet. The walls of Abo are much the noblest and most massive, and those of Tabira the crudest, though no less solid. The pueblos of Abo and Cuarai had each a tiny but sufficient rill; but

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Tabira is absolutely dry. There is neither spring nor stream in thirty miles. But this is hardly a rare thing among Pueblo ruins; and it is well known that the aborigines were wont to kill their water when forced to abandon a town, lest it give comfort to the enemy. We know, not only for record, but by eyesight, of several cases where, with infinite labor, the Pueblos actually obliterated a spring to keep it from their savage neighbors.

GILA CLIFF DWELLINGS

Approximately fifty miles northwest of Silver City, New Mexico, a deep

rough canyon in the west fork of the Gila river contains a group of four cliff-dwellings in a fair state of preservation. They lie in cavities in the base of an overhanging cliff of grayish-yellow volcanic rock which at one time apparently were closed by protecting walls. The importance of these cliff-dwellings consists chiefly in the fact that they are located in a district in which few prehistoric ruins are found. The Gila Cliff-dwellings National Monument was created by proclamation in November, 1907.

Sante Fe, New Mexico.

SONNET OF SANTE FE

THE CITY OF HOLY FAITH

The nursling of Assisi bides with dream
And noisy centuries pause hushed before
Her quiet dwelling, where conquistadore
Is sentinel forever and supreme.
The swords of Coronado, deathless, gleam.
To Tigua—but yesterday, no more—
The saving cross leal sons of Francis bore.
At morn, was not her trail a living stream?

Old Santa Fe is Beauty, height and plain,
In wistful shadow running o'er the walls,
Once haughty fiefs to Mexico and Spain
Or throned, a queen in far sky seeking halls,
Ablush, she weds the sunset. While they reign,
The snowclad peaks don crimson as their thralls.

—LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

IN ARIZONA

The red buttes linger on the shattered plain,
Where twisted herbage glorifies the sun.
What god conceived them in deific play?
Or was he Titan, drunk with godlike power,
Frenzied with mortal dreams of what a god,
Fired by mortal cunning, might create?

The red buttes linger: thrice a million years
Have idled by their unresponsive feet
Since first their crests gazed upward toward the star
While still earth travailed. Still they linger on,
Still guard the fickle plain, unchanged and grand,
The altars hewn by Nature for her shrine.

—ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENTS OF ARIZONA

By BYRON CUMMINGS

EVER since the human race began to set up the huge menhirs of France and rear the mighty pyramids of Egypt and of Mexico, man has thought that he was building the only monuments that would commemorate great events and the leadership of great individuals. The people have been very slow in realizing that Nature, long before man began his career, had been commemorating her achievements and marking the epochs of her development by monuments that are the wonder and inspiration of all seekers of truth. The individual only gradually learns how insignificant his accomplishments are in comparison with those of the Master Workman whose resources are inexhaustible and whose energies are hemmed in by no limitations of time. In proportion as man has watched the craft and handiwork of Nature and been able to read the record she has laid down through the ages, in that proportion has he caught the inspiration of the real builder and been able to fulfill his part in the great plan of the universe and rear monuments that tell their story of the constant upward struggle of the human race toward such a knowledge of the truth that it brings peace and happiness. Man realizes, however, that as he, as an individual, has a part to perform in this great plan of the ages, so nations and tribes in a larger way either advance or retard the great onward movement of the human race. It is not, however, merely a question of mighty structures and amazing technique but rather a measuring up to their understanding in the age in which they lived. Did they make the most of the knowledge and materials and opportunities

at their disposal? If so, the monuments left behind by any people are worthy of preservation as the achievement of that people—the page of their contribution to the world's history.

Believing this, the United States government a few years ago began setting aside certain remarkable natural places and historic spots as national monuments. These demonstrate the forces at work in shaping the earth's crust and show the progress of the human race on this part of the continent. Since Arizona's natural features are varied and attractive and since, scattered over her entire area, are the ruined homes of many a prehistoric tribe of her native population, a number of these monuments have been established within the confines of the state.

Throughout the southern portion of the commonwealth along the courses of the Gila river and its tributaries are found the ruined pueblos of an agricultural people. Along the upper courses of these streams where rock was fairly accessible, the walls of these villages have been laid up with water-worn boulders bedded in clay, while in the broader valleys of the lower courses, massive walls were constructed of clay strengthened with caliche or some similar material. These buildings rose one, two, three and even four stories in height. They are found especially abundant along the valley of the lower Salt river near Mesa, Tempe and Phoenix, and along the Gila from Florence westward.

CASA GRANDE

In 1906, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology at



Casa Grande National Monument, Arizona.



Wreck House A, excavated, Casa Grande National Monument, Arizona.

Washington, began the study of this old pueblo culture of the Gila valley. He selected the largest known ruin of these early people, a house called by the Spanish explorers Casa Grande. It was first visited by Father Kino in 1694, and since that time has been an object of great interest to all those who have dared to visit the so-called deserts of Arizona.

The main building, the residence of the head man or chief, stood four stories in height and its central tier of rooms still shows portions of the walls of that fourth story. There are four main groups of buildings in this vicinity. There are four clan house groups, one of which (clan house 1) contains a dancing place with adjacent dressing rooms and a ceremonial chamber. In this chamber are the remains of a chair or throne upon which the patient was placed in a healing ceremony. Tradition says that formerly this throne was covered with shells brought from the western ocean, and that an adobe block standing against the southern

wall of the room represents the mountains from beyond which they came.

Their irrigating ditches can be traced near the compounds and stretching out across the plain lying between the ruin and the river. Tradition says that they abandoned this locality because the soil was too hard (too clayey) to raise corn and so the people migrated northward. Part of them finally built Pueblo Bonito in northwestern New Mexico and another portion found their way into Canyon de Chelly in northern Arizona.

This Casa Grande ruin is located nine miles southwest of Florence and seventeen miles northeast of Casa Grande station. Florence is on the Arizona Eastern railroad, which can be reached at Phoenix by the Santa Fe from the north, or at Maricopa on the Southern Pacific from the south. Casa Grande station is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific. Private conveyances can be obtained at either Florence or Casa Grande to take one to the ruins. Ten acres of



Kitsil, Navaho National Monnment, Arizona.

land on which the ruins are situated have been set aside as the Casa Grande National Monument.

NAVAHO

By leaving the railroad at Flagstaff, one may travel north eighty miles along the "Painted Desert" to Tuba City, the headquarters of the western division of the Navaho reservation. A ride of sixty-five miles farther takes one to Marsh Pass, from which a trail leads up Sagie Canyon to Navaho National Monument. This monument embraces two ruins of prehistoric cave pueblos. Six miles in the saddle up a most picturesque and beautiful canyon takes one to Betatakin, the smaller of the Monument ruins. Betatakin is the Navaho name and signifies side-hill house because the rooms of the pueblo

are arranged along terraces that rise one above the other at the back of the cave. This ruin was first visited by white men in August, 1909, when John Wetherill with the writer and his party consisting of Neil Judd, Donald Beauregard, Stuart Young and Malcolm Cummings made a trip to it and began its investigation. The work was continued in October and December of the same year. The pueblo contained originally some one hundred and twenty rooms and occupied every available building space the cave afforded. From one end to the other, the great cavern measures four hundred and fifty feet and has a maximum depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The cave roof projects far out over the village but is so high that the swirling storms have induced shrubbery to grow up to the

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very foundations of the ancient homes. From the accumulated rocks just below the bottom terrace and within the cave itself bubbles a never-failing spring of excellent water. The gorge below is filled with tall slender quaking aspen, alder and water birch, while the opposite slope is thickly studded with dark green pines. In the spring of 1917 the government, under the able supervision of Mr. Neil Judd of the National Museum, began the restoration of the ruin. Time did not permit the entire completion of the task, but the ruin was left in excellent shape and so nearly restored that it is saved from further deterioration for many years.

Betatakin is a spot where one loves to linger. The mocking echo of the cliffs, the wild confusion of the canyon foliage together with the primitive houses huddled together in this great paternal cave make you think you have been transported to some remote age and are a part of Nature's first struggles to walk upright and hold her head in a clearer atmosphere. The writer and his party last August were driven to the shelter of this cave by a terrific canyon storm. The would-be archaeologists rolled up in their blankets in the various apartments of Betatakin and dreamed they were "Cliff Dwellers." As they filled their lungs with the fresh morning air of the mountains, they shook off the spell that the gods of the cave men had thrown around them and rejoiced that some day they would again sleep on a twentieth century mattress with at least two feathers under their head.

Retracing one's trail for a couple of miles to the forks of the canyon and taking the second branch to the left, an additional tramp of five miles brings one to the garden of Kitsil, the other ruin of the Navaho National Monument.

The word *Kitsil* means broken pottery, and as one reaches the level of the apartments, he realizes why the Navaho have given it this title. The open spaces between the apartments are strewn with broken pottery of the finest type produced by the ancient cliff people. Parts of ollas, and pieces of bowls, ladels and pitchers lie in heaps or are scattered through the debris of fallen walls and covered with the wind-blown dust of centuries. This village completely fills a cave three hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet deep. There are some one hundred and forty-eight rooms in all. Several circular ceremonial chambers at the front of the cave help distinguish the clans living in this cave from those occupying Betatakin. Here, we find the underground or sunken chambers known to the Hopi as *Kivas*. Those of the modern Hopi, however, are rectangular, while the Zuni still make use of the rounded apartment. In Betatakin there are no sunken chambers at all. Several of the apartments contain rooms that were plainly used for ceremonial purposes but all are built on the same level as the other rooms. Since, also, some excellent specimens of reed flutes were found in the ruin, it is possible that Betatakin sheltered the ancestors of the Hopi Flute Clans while Kitsil resounded with the busy hum of the people of the Snake and Antelope Clans. Kitsil stands out as a fine type of cave pueblo, situated in a well wooded canyon where the warm coloring of the sandstone cliffs in a setting of rich green enlivened with bright flowers, creates a picture that lingers in one's memory. Kitsil makes one wish to be a "Cliff Dweller" and settle down in this atmosphere of peace and simplicity. Here one drinks in divinity with every breath and with



Inscription House, Nitsie Canyon, Navaho National Monument, Arizona.

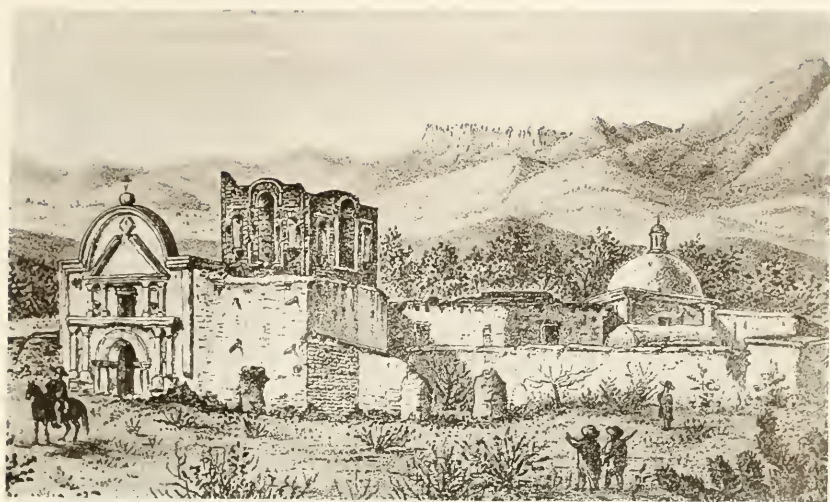
every picture, and turns toward the future with greater confidence and a stouter heart.

INSCRIPTION HOUSE

By taking saddle horse and pack a ride of some forty miles to the west brings one to the rim of Nitsie canyon (Navaho Creek). Below you stretches a panorama of deep-cut canyons whose depths you are unable to penetrate. Their courses zigzag in every direction like the tentacles of some huge devil fish and their rounded points and sides shimmer in the sunlight as though pulsating with life. You pause in astonishment at this riot of color and form spread out before you. Nature never seemed so big and attractive before. Your Indian guide breaks the spell by suddenly disappearing over the rim and you timidly follow.

Your pony gingerly picks its way over smooth sloping cliffs and through shifting sand. After an hour or two of slipping, sliding and tortuous winding, you find yourself in the bottom of one of these gorges in the midst of fields of Indian corn and stretches of primitive sagebrush. In a few minutes you draw rein before a large cave in which nestles an ancient pueblo. Everywhere you turn up and down these many deep cuts in the earth's crust, similar caves and similar primitive homes confront you, but this cliff ruin has special interest because of the peculiar adobe bricks made of clay and grass with which some of the rooms have been constructed and also because of an unusual record scratched on the clay wall of one of the rooms.

When the house was first visited by Mr. John Wetherill and the writer in



Ruins of Tumacacori Mission, Arizona. From an old print.

June, 1909, Malcolm Cummings in scratching away the accumulated dust and debris from the wall in one of the rooms discovered an inscription scratched into the clay plaster of the wall. It reads: "S-lapeiro Ano Dom 1661." Some intrepid early Spanish explorer or father on his way to or from the Colorado river must have entered these canyons and visited this pueblo. A small section of land, including the cave, has been set aside as a national monument under the title of "Inscription House."

TUMACACORI MISSION

As one motors along the boulevard that now stretches off to the southward from Tucson, the fields of waving wheat and branching cotton remind him of the glowing account Father Kino sent to Philip V of Spain on the great fertility of portions of the Santa Cruz Valley.

The account relates that the natives were raising wheat, barley, maize, peaches, pomegranates, grapes and flowers around Bac in profusion. It was a veritable land of milk and honey. But no less attractive than Bac was Tubac, situated some forty miles to the south. Here were Indian settlements whose beginning dated far back in the forgotten lore of the people.

About two miles farther on toward the Mexican border where the land on either side of the Santa Cruz widens out into attractive fields stands the wreck of what once was a fine old church known as San Jose de Tumacacori. Many believe that Father Kino's visit in 1691-92 was the first time that natives had come in contact with white men and that the missions of San Jose de Tumacacori and San Xavier del Bac were first organized at that time. But whence had come the seeds from which



Montezuma Castle National Monument, Arizona.

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all these European fruits and grains had sprung? Is it not fair to suppose that other intrepid fathers and bold adventurers had found their way from Sonora down into the Santa Cruz valley and visited these thriving Indian settlements some time before? The building was erected before that of San Xavier del Bac near Tucson, probably about 1787. It is a fine old structure with an elaborate façade, a bell tower and a dome. The material used is adobe brick, laid in mortar with burnt brick employed in the second story of the bell tower and in the ornamentation. The nave is long and rather narrow. At the north end stands the great altar beneath a lofty dome of beautiful proportions. The sacristy to the east of the dome is covered with a barrel vaulted roof and there are some indications that the original roof over the nave was of a similar character. The massive side walls especially indicate such construction. The bell tower stands at the southeastern corner, and thus the whole structure has the shape of a capital E with the central projection omitted. To the north, extends a large rectangular burial ground surrounded by a high wall. Near the center of this enclosure stands a circular mortuary chapel with a massive moulded cornice. Along the eastern wall for about two-thirds of the length of the enclosure runs a two-story adobe structure—the quarters of the priests. To the east of the church lies the garden and beyond it stretch the fertile fields once tilled by the hands of the intrepid fathers.

The exterior walls of the building are covered with stucco while the interior surfaces were made attractive by a coat of lime plaster. Into the stucco covering of the walls have been pressed, at regular intervals, small pieces of rock and slag which give a

pleasing effect to the blank spaces. The plaster of the interior was decorated in various geometric and symbolic designs. The color schemes are simpler and more harmonious than those employed in the elaborate interiors of San Xavier del Bac. The government, with some assistance from the University of Arizona has repaired the crumbling walls, hung new doors in the main entrance to the church and in the side entrance to the burying ground and cleaned out the nave.

It is a great landmark in the history of the Southwest and a remarkable illustration of the courageous industry and versatility of the hardy men who, after blazing a trail over the mountains and across arid plains, reared such a lasting monument to their memory as the Mission of San Jose de Tumacacori.

MONTEZUMA CASTLE

This beautiful ruin, three miles east of Camp Verde in Yavapai County, Arizona, is, on account of its unique location and perfect condition, one of the most remarkable remains of the ancient cliff dwellers. The following description is from a bulletin of the Department of the Interior on the National Monuments.

"The monument embraces a prehistoric cliff-dwelling ruin of unusual size situated in a niche or cavity in the face of a vertical cliff 175 feet in height. The formation exposed along the face of the cliff is a compact tufa or volcanic ash. About half-way up the cliff there is a bed of soft, unconsolidated tufa which has suffered considerable erosion, leaving irregular-shaped cavities. The bed of soft material is overlain by a harder formation which has withstood erosion and thus formed an overhanging sheltering reef.

"The cliff-dwelling ruin known as Montezuma's Castle is situated in one

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of these cavities, the foundation being about 80 feet above the base of the cliff. The unique position and size of the ruin give it the appearance of an ancient castle and doubtless account for the present name. Access to the castle or ruin is made from the base of the cliff by means of wooden ladders placed against the face of the cliff and anchored thereto with iron pins.

"The structure is about 50 feet in height by 60 feet in width, built in the form of a crescent, with the convex part against the cliff. It is five stories high, the fifth story being back under the cliff and protected by a masonry wall 4 feet high, so that it is not visible from the outside. The walls of the structure are of masonry and adobe, plastered over on the inside and outside with mud. The cliff forms the back part of the structure, the front and outer walls being bound to the cliff with round timbers 6 to 10 inches in diameter.

"From the appearance of the walls now standing, the structure originally contained 25 rooms, 19 of which are now in fairly good condition. Besides the main building, there are many cave chambers below and at each side of the castle. These small chambers are neatly walled up in front and have small doorways.

"The timbers in the building are hacked on the ends and were doubtless cut with stone axes. They are in a good state of preservation, no decay having set in owing to the dry climate. The main part of the structure is sheltered by the overhanging cliff, and the walls, thus protected from storms, are in good condition."

WALNUT CANYON

In the bulletin of the Interior Department previously cited we have the following description:

"This national monument created by proclamation of November 30, 1915,

embraces 960 acres of land within the Coconino National Forest, about 8 miles southeast of Flagstaff, Arizona.

"Within this area, and along both sides of Walnut Canyon, there are situated about 30 prehistoric cliff dwellings of great scientific and popular interest. These cliff dwellings are readily accessible, since a transcontinental railroad passes through Flagstaff, and the highway known as the 'Ocean-to-Ocean and Old Trails Highway' now passes within a short distance of Walnut Canyon. The scenic features surrounding the cliff dwellings are also quite notable, since the trail from the pine-covered mesa passes down an arroyo fringed with locust. This trail follows around the canyon rim. In places ladders have been constructed so that cliff dwellings otherwise inaccessible might be reached. The cliff houses themselves were built in under the outward sloping canyon walls. The ruins as a whole are in a fairly good state of preservation."

TONTO

The Tonto National Monument is located in Gila County, Arizona, and is one of the most easily accessible ruins of the vanished race of cliff-dwellers. The southern group of dwellings is located in a cavern about 25 feet across and the ledge upon which the dwellings are built is about 35 feet wide. The dwelling, evidently communal, contained about 15 chambers, and 10 of these are in a fair state of preservation. The construction of the dwellings showed careful planning and no mean knowledge of the art of masonry. The northern group of dwellings occupied two caverns. One contains about 12 rooms in a fair state of preservation, with one large interior chamber in an almost perfect state. The other cavern contains 8 single-storied chambers, poorly preserved.

University of Arizona.

UTAH—ZION NATIONAL PARK.

By LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

IN the southern part of Utah, an interesting river—the Rio Virgin—finds its source in the great plateaus south of the Wasatch mountains. Fed by the streams of the deep, mysterious box canyons of this region, the Rio Virgin runs on southward until it empties into the Colorado River below the famous Grand Canyon. Like all the rivers of that part of the country, it flows through level country where sage brush and greasewood abound; then plunges into wild gorges, which are shut out most of the day from the warm sunshine. These gorges bid defiance to the explorer, and give the impression that the stream purposely hides away in the depths of the earth, only to emerge again after many miles into the desert country. Such a gorge is the Little Zion Canyon, one of the masterpieces of desert beauties. The region, formerly Mu-kun-tu-weap National Monument, created in 1909, became Zion National Monument March 18, 1918, and was embraced in Zion National Park, created Nov. 19, 1919.

Little Zion Canyon or the Mu-kun-tu-weap (the Valley of Many Waters) as the Indians call it, is guarded by a mountain of bare rock—the Great Temple of the Virgin. From afar the buttes, titanic in their nature, are impressive in their grandeur. On both sides, plain rocks rise a thousand feet or more, and then shelve off to higher altitudes beyond to more than three thousand feet. All the colors of nature play upon the cliffs. First a pale gray, then various reds, yellows, and browns. The sunshine and the reflection of the sunset and sunrise produces a very riot

of color. At the break of day the tints are yellow and gray; in the evening, golden and crimson. The valley narrows down to a gorge, into which the sun rarely penetrates. You look up thousands of feet to the "cliffed and serrated top of the domed plateau." Every few feet reveal new forms. Nature has chiseled out a veritable temple of beauty. It is awe-inspiring. The domes of the temple may be seen for miles and miles on a clear day, and the atmosphere is generally clear. For hundreds of years the river has cut down and is still cutting deeper and deeper into the gorge.

Springs of water burst forth from the foot of the walls; and waterfalls send crystal sprays from projecting ledges. The sound is like music in the great solitude. The canyon is a paradise of flowers in the early summer, and many of the rocks are lichen colored. Mr. C. E. Dutton says that nothing can exceed the wondrous beauty of Little Zion Canyon. "In its proportions," says he, "it is about equal to the Yosemite, but in the nobility and beauty of its sculptures, there is no comparison. It is Hyperion to a Satyr." And Doctor G. K. Gilbert, the eminent geologist, declared it the "most wonderful defile" that he had ever seen.

Major Powell pointed out a half century ago that the Indians have a legend concerning one of the cliffs or the Great Temple. Many years ago, a light was seen in this region by the Paru-sha-pats, who lived in the southwest. They supposed it to be a signal fire at first to warn them of the approach of the Navaho, who lived be-



Cliff village, Zion Canyon National Park, Utah.

yond the Colorado to the east. Then other signals were kindled to warn the neighboring Indians both north and south. But the Paru-sha-pats discovered that the light was a fire on one of the great temples. They knew it was not kindled by man, for who could scale the rocks to such a height! Then they concluded that it was the Tu-Mu-Ur-Ru-Gwaits-Si-Gaips or rock spirits who made the fire and after then it was called "Rock Rover's Land."

In the vertical walls far above the river, are great caves, where prehistoric man built his home. Ages ago they were accessible, but now it is only by facing danger and carefully working one's way to dizzy heights that they can be entered. Who knows but that this mysterious land may yet yield a wonderful story concerning prehistoric man on the American continent?

When the Mormon colonists settled on the Rio Virgin below the Mu-kuntu-weap, and made "the desert blossom as the rose," they discovered the canyon, and their leader, Brigham Young, designated it as "Little Zion"—a sacred place for his people where they might find protection if needs be from the Indians, who never entered its sacred precincts.

Geologists have found Little Zion Canyon a rich field for study and hundreds of wild flowering plants grow along the river and around the springs, making it a paradise for the botanist. John Muir pronounced Little Zion one of the beauty spots of earth, and sleeping one night on the desert before he entered the canyon, he said that the sound of the animals and the song of the birds issuing from "Little Zion" was a symphony to his ears.

University of Utah.

ANTIQUITIES OF COLORADO

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

THE plateau which bears the name of Mesa Verde lies in the extreme southwestern part of Colorado. That part of the state is reached from either the east or north by way of a stupendous mountain barrier, the San Juan range, which in scenery rivals the Alps. As looked upon from high points which surround it, Mesa Verde springing from the level Montezuma valley, is seen to be aptly named, the *Green Tableland*. It presents the appearance of an unbroken plain sloping gently to the south and covered with grass, cedar and piñon. It is only on nearer approach that the network of deep gorges with which the surface is split in hundreds of precipitous fragments becomes visible. From the surrounding valley on the north and west one sees the bold escarpments of sandstone rising almost vertically to a height of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet.

The earliest explorers of the southwest learned nothing of that which was eventually to make this region so widely known; that is, the imposing remains of ancient civilization hidden in the fastnesses of Mesa Verde. Father Escalante who crossed the valley to the north in 1776 mentions in his diary a ruin near the great bend of the Dolores river, but makes no mention of the Mesa Verde. It was a hundred years later that the reports of Holmes and Jackson first directed attention to the cliffhouses of the Mancos canyon. The greater ruins in the heart of the Mesa Verde were later made the subject of a monograph of Nordenskiöld who spent a season in

their study. As the ruins became known the most valuable relics to be found in them became the prey of curiosity hunters and the buildings themselves were subjected to much destructive vandalism.

It became evident that the study of ancient America would soon suffer an inestimable loss if steps were not taken to provide for the protection and preservation of these ruins. After many years of effort on the part of individuals and scientific and historical associations, sufficient interest was awakened in the subject to secure the attention of the Government. In the winter of 1906 the Secretary of the Interior requested that an archaeological survey of the Mesa Verde be made and a report prepared concerning the condition and historical value of the ruins thereon; the object being to determine the merits of measures pending for the preservation and protection of these ruins. The writer was named for this task by the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and, based upon the report presented thereon the Congress of the United States in June of the same year, passed an act creating the Mesa Verde National Park, thus making these splendid remains of American antiquity the property of the Nation for all time.

The cliff houses on the Mesa Verde are still to be numbered by hundreds though many have been considerably mutilated. In the open, on the Mesa tops and in the valleys, one finds remains of watch towers, small houses and entire villages now reduced to mounds. Of those built in caverns and on ledges high up in the canyon,



Spruce Tree House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.



Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

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the walls have been protected from the elements and in a measure from vandals so that many are in a good state of preservation. The ruins range from single rooms probably used as granaries, and houses of three to four rooms, the home of a single family, up to entire towns which may have housed from 400 to 500 people. These are veritable cliff castles, three or four stories high, displaying great skill in construction. The finding of buildings with walls of enduring masonry on precipices that are quite inaccessible is a source of constant wonder to the explorer. While many of the cliff houses of Mesa Verde have been explored, there are a few that are yet to be entered for the first time by white men.

The ruins of Mesa Verde have inspired countless popular articles, several readable books, and a number of important scientific monographs. Those who desire to be thoroughly well informed on this fascinating region should read first the reports of the pathfinders, Holmes and Jackson, U. S. Geological Survey from 1874 to 1879; the superb monograph of Baron Nordenskiöld, "Cliff Dwellings of the Mesa Verde," and the reports of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who for some years past has been engaged in the most extensive work of excavation, repair and preservation of ancient monuments ever undertaken in America. So numerous and authoritative are his reports and so easily obtainable that no detailed account of Mesa Verde need be presented here.

YUCCA HOUSE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

Through the generosity of Mr. Henry Van Kluck, of Denver, the great ruin at Aztec Springs, Colorado, just off the Mesa Verde to the west has been

presented to the government of the United States and declared a National Monument under the name "Yucca House" December 19, 1919. This site has been carefully excavated in recent years by the Museum of Natural History, New York, with Earl H. Morris in charge, and for a complete account of the work, we refer the reader to the publications of the Museum.

For our first description of this ruin we are indebted to William H. Holmes, who visited it in 1875, and as usual said what was to be said so well, that subsequent writers find it best to quote his words:

A very important group of ruins is located in the depression between the Mesa Verde and the Late Mountains, and near the divide between the McElmo and Lower Mancos drainage. It is stated by Captain Moss and others who have been in this locality that up to within two or three years there has been a living spring at this place, and the spot has been christened by them Aztec Springs.

The site of the spring I found, but without the least appearance of water. The depression formerly occupied by it is near the centre of a rectangular instead of a circular building as the chief and central structure.

These ruins form the most imposing pile of masonry yet found in Colorado. The whole group covers an area of about 480,000 square feet, and has an average depth of from 3 to 4 feet. This would give in the vicinity of 1,500,000 solid feet of stone-work. The stone used is chiefly of the fossiliferous limestone that outcrops along the base of the Mesa Verde a mile or more away, and its transportation to this place has doubtless been a great work for a people so totally without facilities.

The upper house is rectangular, measures 80 by 100 feet and is built with the cardinal points to within five degrees. The pile is from 12 to 15 feet in height and its massiveness suggests an original height at least twice as great. The plan is somewhat difficult to make out on account of the very great quantity of debris.

Enclosing this great house is a net-work of fallen walls, so completely reduced that none of the stones seem to remain in place; and I am at a loss to determine whether they mark the site of a cluster of irregular apartments, having



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

Photo by Earl H. Morris.

East Wing, Aztec Ruin from the South—Now Yucca House National Monument.

low, loosely-built walls, or whether they are the remains of some imposing adobe structure built after the manner of the ruined pueblos of the Rio Chaco.

Two well-defined circular enclosures or estufas are situated in the midst of the southern wing of the ruin. The upper one is on the opposite side of the spring from the great house, is 60 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a low stone wall. West of the house is a small open court, which seems to have had a gate-way opening out to the west, through the surrounding walls.

The lower house is 200 feet in length by 180 in width, and its walls vary fifteen degrees from the cardinal points. The northern wall, is double, and contains a row of eight apartments about 7 feet in width by 24 in length. The walls of the other sides are low, and seem to have served simply to enclose the great court, near the centre of which is a large walled depression.

Dr. Clark Wissler, who is in charge of this, the fifth year of excavation of this site by the Museum of Natural History, has just announced the discovery of a remarkable shrine room connected with the big prehistoric com-

munity house, which resembles the New Fire House in the Mesa Verde, described by Dr. Fewkes in the next few pages. Dr. Wissler writes as follows:

"The room is in perfect condition, the interior is plastered and painted in a brilliant white, with dull red side borders and a running series of triangular designs. No room approaching this in beauty and perfection has ever been discovered in America. What we have is obviously the holiest sanctum or shrine of these prehistoric people. There is not much in it, all the sacred objects having been removed from the altar. But a sacred serpent is carved in wood over the ceiling. It is 2½ feet long and of the finest workmanship. Nothing like this has ever before been found to my knowledge. Several strands of beautifully made rope hang from the ceiling, presumably for the support of hanging objects. On the floor were a large number of nicely cut stone slabs, one of which was 2½ by 1½ feet and 1¼ inches thick.

"There is a painted room in one of the cliff houses in Mesa Verde Park that has some resemblance to this. This room is one more suggestion that the people who lived in the cliff houses were the founders of the culture at Aztec and Bonito."

NEW FIRE HOUSE, A RUIN LATELY EXCAVATED IN THE MESA VERDE

By J. WALTER FEWKES

ONE of the most interesting ceremonies among the Hopi Indians in northeastern Arizona is a survival of an ancient rite connected with fire worship, occurring every November. This rite, sometimes called the New Fire Ceremony, has been fully described and is one of the most elaborate in the ritual of these people. Among the Natchez the preservation of the eternal fire which was kindled in the summer played an important role in their worship.

Fire ceremonies survive to the present day among the Navahos and Pueblos and symbolic survivals of the fire cult occur in many other tribes of American Indians. Its existence among the Cliff Dwellers, although suspected, has never been definitely demonstrated. The author believes that a cliff building lately excavated by him on the Mesa Verde National Park was erected for the performance of ancient rites of the fire cult of the Cliff Dwellers.

His observations also open an interesting line of investigation on the preservation of the eternal fire among the ancient inhabitants of the Mesa Verde, and suggest the inquiry, Was this building a kind of Prytaneum where fire was kept continually burning under the custodianship of the neighboring Cliff Dwellers?

Vague legends are current that the Pueblos, like the Natchez, formerly kept an eternal fire burning in their ceremonial rooms from one year to another and the statement is sometimes made that when the remnants of the Pecos Indians moved to Jemez they carried their fire with them. Are these legends founded on fact? The con-

servation of the perpetual fire ceased long ago in the modern pueblos but it is still rekindled annually at the Hopi villages. The question is naturally asked: Can it be that the Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde had the custom of conserving their fire from one New Fire Ceremony to another, and that the building where the new fire was created and preserved has now been discovered?

The majority of cliff houses in the Southwest show undoubted evidence of having been once inhabited, but New Fire House exhibits no indication that it was built for a domicile; it was constructed for other uses. This mysterious building, formerly known as Painted House, was partly buried in fallen debris, but has now been completely uncovered, showing features that stamp it as unique in form and use not only on the Mesa Verde but also among prehistoric buildings in all other areas of the Southwest where cliff houses exist. The spade of the archaeologist has revealed a new type of cliff house erected for some special purpose of greatest interest to the student of the prehistoric people of the United States, for while it was undoubtedly not a habitation the evidence brought to light in its excavation supports the conclusion that it was a ceremonial building indicating the existence of a fire cult among cliff dwellers.

The ground plan of the mysterious building called New Fire House, is very simple, showing two massive walled buildings, constructed of fine masonry, separated by a court 50 feet long and 25 feet wide. Each of these buildings reaches from the cave floor to its roof,



New Fire House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

that on the east with two stories, one above the other, that on the west with three rooms on the ground floor. The perpendicular wall of the cliff forms the rear of the court its base being a bank of masonry with plastered walls. On this plaster are numerous triangular figures. Around the court are stone banks built just high enough for seats for spectators.

The feature which most strongly points to fire worship is a large circular fire-pit filled with ashes, situated in the middle of the court. This central circular pit is without duplication in any cliff house. It is too large for cooking, and some other important purpose led the Indians to construct it in this conspicuous position.

No pottery, no stones for grinding meal, no household utensils of any kind were found anywhere in the ruin, but a few feet below the surface of the court ashes and burnt wood occur in great quantities. Everywhere below the surface of the well-made floor indications of former fires exist, and the roof of the cave shows the same evidences. No wooden beams occur in floors or roofs.

The painted room at the west end of the court shows most significant

evidence of the fire cult, for here was found a painting, now much mutilated, representing a supernatural being which is still personated by the Hopi Indians in their worship of fire or life. In the corner of this room is a small fire hole which still contained ashes.

The occurrence on the walls of the room of a picture of a supernatural being associated by the Hopi Indians with phallic rites is also significant, and points to a belief that centuries ago, among a forgotten people of Colorado, the idea of procreation and ceremonial fire making were intimately connected.

More than this, if the cliff dwellers had a fire cult, it adds one more link to the chain which binds them to the Pueblos. The fire-making implements found in the ruined cliff dwellings are identical with the fire sticks used among the Hopi. The phallic being called Kokopelli who is figured in many pictographs along the San Juan from the Mesa Verde to Hopiland is still personated at Walpi. An undeniable figure of this being on the wall of a building at the Mesa Verde which bears other evidences of having been dedicated to the New Fire Cult is additional



Granary above New Fire House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

evidence that the Cliff Dwellers had the same belief that fire and life are identical which prevailed among many primitive races.

While the interpretation of these facts may be considered more or less speculative the evidence so far as it goes supports the theory that New Fire House was a specialized building devoted to the New Fire Cult. It is highly probable that fire dances akin to those of the Hopi were performed around the central fire pit situated in the middle of this court. In that explanation the new fire may be supposed to have been kindled by fire drills in the painted room west of the court, on the wall of which there was a painted figure of a supernatural being. Many fire drills found in the Mesa Verde ruins are the same as those used by the Hopi in their great winter ceremonial. After the new fire had been ignited in this room it was transferred to the small fireplace in the corner, and later by means of torches was carried to the large fire pit in the middle of the court where spectacular dances were performed around it in the presence of spectators.

So far as new facts revealed by the identification of New Fire House bear on the culture of the ancient cliff people

they open a new chapter in the life of the lost race of Colorado. These people, judged from the interpretation of New Fire House here pointed out, erected a special building of size and fine masonry for other purposes than dwellings, lookouts, or fortifications, which indicated that they had advanced to a condition higher than the other prehistoric house builders of our Southwest. Every cliff dwelling of size has one or more circular subterranean rooms in its midst which were devoted to ceremonies and there are ceremonial caves in which one of these rooms exist without dwelling rooms, but no archaeologist has yet reported a building of the same size as New Fire House, the last excavated mystery of the Mesa Verde National Park, apparently constructed for the specific purpose of fire worship. We have, however, on the Mesa Verde another specialized building of magnitude called Sun Temple devoted to the solar cult of the Cliff Dwellers, and research may bring to light still others. Meanwhile our knowledge of the complex nature of the culture of the Mesa Verde increases every year, and with it our appreciation of the extinct race of Colorado, and of the essential unity of the prehistoric life of the Southwest.



Section of wall, Bridge Canyon ruins, Colorado, showing the peculiar surface dressing and style of masonry.

PROSPECTIVE NATIONAL MONUMENTS

PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENTS DISTRICTS AND SYSTEM OF STATE MONUMENTS

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

TO MEET a condition that exists all over the Southwest, it is suggested that under National Monuments section of the Act for the Preservation of American Antiquities, it would be feasible to establish National Monuments Districts, in which all ruins of a certain degree of importance might be set out and be protected by the Government. For example, from Mesa Verde in Colorado and Aztec in New Mexico to the Colorado River in Utah, the San Juan Valley, including a large number of tributaries is a region of archaeological monuments comparable to those described in the various papers of this number. It seems timely to suggest to the National Parks Association and to the departments of government having custodianship of the antiquities on the public domain, that without withdrawing a large area from settlement, the most important ruins might be designated as units in a National Monuments District, to be administered by the National Parks Service. Parcels of a few acres will suffice in almost every instance.

In support of this suggestion, there is herewith presented a number of photographs illustrating specimen ruins from the principal tributaries of the San Juan in southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. Nothing like a complete series is shown; the vast region below Bluff, Utah, between the San Juan and the Colorado, including the unrivalled Grand Gulch and White Canyon districts, is unrepresented. The examples given, mainly from the upper tributaries, McElmo, Hovenweep, Ruin, Sand, Ridge, Rincon, and Yellow Jacket Canyons are sufficient to show the reasons for some such action.

The greater part of these ruins are on the public domain, and most of those that are not might in some way be brought under protection. The authorities of the American Museum of Natural History authorize the statement that on finishing the work at the great ruin at Aztec, New Mexico, purchased by them for excavation, it is their intention to transfer it to the Government. Following this wise precedent, it is probable that many private owners would, if the matter were



Mummy Cave, Canyon del Muerto, Arizona.



Pictured Rock, Yellowjacket Canyon, Colorado.



Square Tower Canyon, Utah.



Stronghold House, Square Tower Canyon, Utah.



Cavern houses, Sand Canyon, Colorado.

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brought to their attention, donate important sites to the Nation.

The plan proposed above for the protection of the many ruins of the San Juan Valley would apply equally well to the Rio Grande, Gila, and other sections. The Pajarito Plateau, and the entire Jemez region to the west are equally rich in ancient ruins. The region is of such great extent and so valuable for economic purposes that proposals for making here another large National Park, which have been renewed from time to time during the past twenty years, have met with such acute opposition as to indicate that some different plan must be proposed. This would seem to be an ideal region for the application of the National Monuments District plan. By the withdrawal of a few acres, including each of the important ancient settlements, and by connecting these by means of an extensive system of forest trails, which could to a great extent restore the network of ancient trails of the region, every desired purpose would be accomplished.

Canyon de Chelly in Arizona, with the adjacent Canyon del Muerto and Monument Canyon, affords another example for treatment under such a plan. This unique place is again reported to be suffering rapid deterioration. However, there is no reason why a tract a few miles square, including the canyons named, should not be set out in a solid block and declared a National Monument in the usual way. Its being on the Navajo Indian Reservation does not preclude such an action, since the Indians need not be deprived of any right of residence or use of the land for farming and grazing. As a monument it could be held under the



Square Tower, Rincon Canyon, Colorado.

administration of the Indian Service. Of all the districts of the Southwest remaining to be brought under the operation of the National Monuments Act, no other is quite so important as Canyon de Chelly. (See cover picture.)

In cases where ruins are on state-owned lands, as are old Pecos Mission and (in part) Gran Quivira in New Mexico, and numerous ruins on school sections in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado, a system of State Monuments might be established analogous to the National Monuments plan, and administered in some cooperative way. If this suggestion meets with favor, concurrent legislation may be proposed in these four states at the legislative session of the coming winter.



Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Utah.

NATURAL AND HISTORIC NATIONAL MONUMENTS

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

Executive Secretary, National Parks Association

BESIDES the national monuments which conserve archaeological remains, there are many which were created because of other significance. Fourteen of these were set apart as geologic exhibits, five as historical memorials, two as typical areas of remarkable vegetation, and one as a wild-animal reservation.

All of them possess natural beauty of a high order; not a few of them are scenically remarkable; and at least four stand among the scenic wonders of the world.

Let us consider them under this general classification, beginning with the geologic exhibits.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Less than a hundred persons have seen the Rainbow Bridge of the Navaho country of northern Arizona, but it is world celebrated; its published photographs would suffice to accomplish that. Imagine an arc of mottled red and yellow sandstone rising three hundred and nine feet, with a span of three hundred and seventy-eight feet! That means nothing. But those who know New York City may picture it rising from Broadway three stories higher than the Flatiron Building and enclosing under its arch nearly a block and a half. Imagine it spanning Madison Square.

But that is not all the task required of the imagination if one will visualize this spectacle. Its setting is a grayish desert dotted with purplish sage. Huge mesas, deep red, squared against the gray-blue atmosphere of the horizon,

contrast with pinnacles, spires, shapes like monstrous bloody fangs, which spring from the sands. Imagine a floor as rough as stormy seas, heaped with tumbled rocks, red, yellow, blue, green, grayish-white, between which rise strange, yellowish-green, thorny growths. It is a pathless and largely an impassable waste, strewn with obsidian fragments. It is trail-less; probably less than half a dozen white men can pick their way among its monstrous crooked mazes. Shapeless masses of colored sandstone bar the way. Acres of polished mottled rock are tilted at angles which defy crossing. There are unexpected canyons which one cannot cross except by making detours, sometimes of many miles.

Everywhere is color. It pervades the glowing floor, the uprising edifices. It saturates the very atmosphere and it changes from hour to hour.

In a deep canyon through this desert, which carries one of the cold streams rising in the forests of distant Navaho Mountain, stands the Rainbow Bridge. It springs abruptly from the red sandstone walls of one side of this canyon, arches loftily against the sky, and descends nearly to the stream-side in the canyon floor. Its proportions are singularly graceful. It is well named.

Like all natural bridges, it was created wholly by erosion. Once it was an outstanding spur of sandstone lying across the canyon, the free end of which was encircled by the stream; the descending current struck full against its side. The result, then, was inevitable. Gradually, but surely, the



Stalactite formations, Oregon Caves National Monument

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sand-laden waters, where they struck head on, wore an ever-deepening hollow in the barrier; also, swinging around its fore end in a turbulent half circle, the current attacked the rock of its lower side, slowly wearing that. Finally a hole was worn completely through the barrier and the span became a low bridge.

But meantime other agencies were at work. The rocky wall above, alternately heated by the desert sun and cooled by the nights of this high plateau, detached curved, flattened plates. One can see this process going on in all sandstone canyons; a score of bridges in various stages of making are visible in Little Lion Canyon, for instance.

Worn continually below by the stream, thinned continually above by the wind and the changing temperature, the window enlarged. It needed many thousands of years to reach its present state of glowing shapely beauty.

THE NATURAL BRIDGES

In a not dissimilar desert region not many miles north of the Rainbow Bridge, in southern Utah, is a group of natural bridges of enormous size, carved also from the sandstone. Here the desert is neither so rough nor so colorful. It is the country of long mesas and abrupt precipices. The three bridges which have been set apart as one of our most distinguished national monuments are about fifty miles by trail from the town of Monticello. The day of the automobile has not dawned here yet, but it is approaching.

The largest of these bridges is named Sinapu, meaning Gate of Heaven. It is one of the very largest in the world, measuring two hundred and twenty-two feet in height, with a span of two hundred and sixty-one feet. If the Rainbow Bridge did not exist, it easily would be counted the most

beautiful and majestic natural bridge in the world.

Unlike the Rainbow Bridge, it can not be photographed from its most effective point of view; from some angles it is almost impossible to believe it the unplanned work of natural forces. It can easily be crossed on a level platform twenty-eight feet wide.

The other two bridges, which are not quite as large, are found within four miles. One is called Kachina or Guardian Spirit; the other Owachomo or Rock Mound.

Locally they are called the Augusta, Caroline, and Edwin bridges, for persons who visited them soon after they were discovered in 1895. Unfortunately these titles got into print, and we face a too familiar problem.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

In many places in the Southwest erosion has bared strata in which are disclosed trunks of prehistoric trees. There are innumerable small petrified forests. But the great forests, those remarkable for the vast collection of trunks and the gorgeous coloring of the crystal which has replaced the original woody fibre, are in northern Arizona south of the town of Adamana on the Santa Fe Railroad. It was principally because these logs were being removed to be sawn into table tops and carved into ornaments that the Petrified Forest National Monument was created to conserve them.

For a hundred and twenty-five or thirty miles southwest of the Grand Canyon, the valley of the Little Colorado is known as the Painted Desert because it is a palette of brilliant colors. It will be difficult to name a tint or shade which is not vividly represented in the marls, shales, sandstones, and conglomerates of its sandy floor and of the cliffs which define its



Sections of big log of the Petrified Forest near Holtwood, Arizona.

northern and eastern limits. It is a treeless and waterless finger pointed straight at the Petrified Forests just beyond its touch.

The petrified trees lie in three groups, or forests, upon a desert of maroon and tawny marl and red and brown sandstone. They are not really forests, for most of the trunks were washed to their present positions by prehistoric floods from forested lands far away. Sometimes they are heaped together like log jams.

The First Forest, six miles south of Adamana, contains many thousands of logs usually broken into lengths by succeeding heat and cold. One log a hundred and eleven feet long bridges a canyon forty-five feet wide. In the Second Forest, thirteen miles south of Adamana, many of the logs appear to lie where they fell. An interesting smaller forest, not in the reservation, lies nine miles north of Adamana.

THE DINOSAUR

Thousands of centuries, perhaps, before the Rocky Mountains began to slowly heave up from the shallow sea which then connected the Caribbean Sea with the Arctic Ocean, creatures of

strange shape and gigantic size inhabited the lowlands and the semi-tropical forests of what now is Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. The dinosaurs and their kindred reptiles were of many kinds. Some sat on their haunches to feed from the tops of trees. Others crawled snake-like on the ground. Some swam the seas. Some, forerunners of the birds, which then were uncreated, flew from pool to pool under mighty stretches of unfeathered wings. Some were armored like battle-ships to protect themselves from others, usually smaller, which were carnivorous.

Storm and flood engulfed thousands of these creatures and sands which streams swept down from distant highlands buried them. The Rockies arose, and their erosion again laid bare, how many million years thereafter no man knows, the sands that once these creatures trod. Geologists call this the Morrison stratum because the town of Morrison, near Denver, is built upon it. In its neighborhood, and in many places upon both sides of the Rockies nearly to the Canadian line, occasional bones of these prehistoric monsters have been disclosed wherever the Morrison touches the surface.

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But there is one spot, in the Uintah Basin of northwestern Utah, where the Morrison stratum has been bent upward exposing its entire depth, and here have been found so many skeletons of many kinds, so perfectly preserved, that it has been set apart as a national reservation and named the Dinosaur National Monument. It is in the bad lands, eighteen miles east of the town of Vernal. Since 1908 the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh has been gathering here specimens of the greatest interest and importance.

COLORADO, WHEELER, CAPULIN MOUNTAIN AND PINNACLES

Colorado possesses two national monuments conserved to exhibit remarkable geologic forms. One of these, the Colorado National Monument, near Grand Junction, is a region of red sandstone which the erosion of the ages has carved into innumerable grotesque shapes. Imagine the Garden of the Gods multiplied many times in size, area, and complexity. The rock monuments of this group are remarkably highly colored. There are also caves and many deer.

The Wheeler National Monument lies high under the Continental Divide, its deep canyons bordered by lofty pinnacles grotesquely carved in tufa, rhyolite, and other volcanic rocks. It is here that General John C. Fremont met disaster in 1848 on one of his famous exploring expeditions.

Another volcanic exhibit is the Capulin Mountain National Monument in northeastern New Mexico. Capulin is a perfect volcanic cone rising in a desert so dry that it has retained, free from erosional change, the beauty of its original form and detail.

Forty miles due east of Monterey, California, in a spur of the low Coast Range, is a region which erosion has

carved into so many fantastic shapes that it has been set apart as a national show place under the title of the Pinnacles National Monument. Two deep gorges and a broad semi-circular amphitheatre, carpeted with wild flowers, constitute the central feature, into which open deep and narrow tributary gorges. Rock masses have fallen upon the side walls of several of these gorges, converting them into tunnels.

It is a region of great scenic beauty and a museum of a wide range of erosional form.

THE DEVIL'S POSTPILE AND THE DEVIL'S TOWER

The washing away, through centuries of centuries, of thousands of feet of surface sands has left exposed two groups of prismatic basaltic columns which are among the most astonishing of the remainders of a period of great volcanic activity.

The great groups of crystalized basalt on the west slope of the Sierra in east central California known as the Devil's Postpile is aptly named. It is elevated, as seen from the trail, its posts standing on end, side by side, in close formation. Below this imposing structure and covering the front of the high ridge which it crowns is an enormous mass of broken talus. The appropriateness of the name is apparent at the first glance. This talus seems to be really a postpile, every post carefully hewn to pattern, all of nearly equal length.

But the Devil's Tower, which rises from the plains of Wyoming west of the Black Hills, is vastly greater than the Devil's Postpile in size and sensational quality. It is an enormous core of closely joined basaltic columns rising six hundred feet in air. It was the Indians' landmark, the guide post of the early explorers.



Basaltic columns, Devil's Post Pile National Monument, California.

A hundred miles away it suggests a stubby finger pointing to the Zenith. Close at hand, where its remarkable parallel flutings may be studied, it suggests nothing on earth but its quite extraordinary self.

FOUR CAVERNS

Four limestone caverns in as many States have been set apart as National Monuments. On the way to the Yellowstone National Park, west of Cody, Wyoming, and three miles east of the celebrated Shoshone Dam, a precipitous trail leads the visitor into the Shoshone Cavern. Descent by rope is necessary to enter the most beautiful chambers, and beyond these are miles of galleries of great splendor of decoration.

The Jewel Cave of South Dakota, thirteen miles west and south of Custer, is specially remarkable because its limestone crystal decorations are tinted in various colors, sometimes very brilliantly.

Montana's monument canyon, perched thirteen hundred feet above the Jefferson Valley fifty miles east of Butte, was created in honor of Lewis and Clark, whose course it overlooks for more than fifty miles. It is called the Lewis and Clark National Monument.

The most famous of this group is the Oregon Caves National Monument, about thirty miles south of Grant Pass. Locally they are better known as the Marble Halls of Oregon. The vaults and passages have extraordi-



Basaltic columns extraordinary, called the Devil's Tower
National Monument, Wyoming.

nary size. There is one chamber whose ceiling is two hundred feet in height.

ALASKAN NATIONAL MONUMENTS

Besides the Lewis and Clark National Monument, there are now only five which have special historic significance.

Two of these are in Alaska, preserving relics of primitive life. Sitka National Monument on Baronoff Island is the site of the ancient village of the Kik-Siti Indians who, in 1802, attacked the settlement of Sitka and massacred the Russians who had established it. Two years later the Russians under Baranoff recovered it and established the title which they afterwards transferred to the United States.

Old Kasaan National Monument, on the east shore of Prince of Wales

Island, preserves several fine community houses of split timber occupied for many years by the Hydah tribe. There are many totem poles richly carved and colored. Also Katmai, Alaska, including "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a wonderland of volcanic phenomena, was recently made a National Monument.

VERENDRYE AND CABRILLO

The Verendrye National Monument conserves Crowhigh Butte near the Old Crossing of the Missouri River in North Dakota. It is on the Fort Berthold Indian Reservation. Verendrye, the celebrated French explorer, started from the north shore of Lake Superior about 1740 and passed westward and southward into the region of the Great Plains. He or his sons, for

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Totem poles, Sitka National Monument.

the record is confusing, passed westward into what is now Montana along a course which Lewis and Clark paral-

leled in 1806, swung southward in the neighborhood of Fort Benton, and skirted the Rockies nearly to the middle of Wyoming.

The Cabrillo National Monument on Point Loma, north of San Diego Bay, was created in 1913 to commemorate the discovery of California by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who first sighted land at this point, Sept. 28, 1542.

SCOTT'S BLUFF

The highlands of Nebraska reach their climax in an elevation of 4,662 feet known as Scott's Bluff, near the city of the same name. In the frontier days it was called the Gibraltar of Nebraska; then, like Crowhigh Butte and the Devil's Tower, it was a guiding landmark for caravans; before that, for the Indians. It is on the old Oregon Trail.

In 1822 a party of a hundred men left St. Louis under General Ashley for a hunting and exploring expedition into the far west. The going was hard and desertions reduced the party to forty before many miles had been covered. Among these was Hiram Scott, an independent fur trader, who organized, on this trip, the second Northwest Fur Company in competition with the Hudson Bay Company. Returning to St. Louis in 1828, Scott was stricken with fever and was deserted on the Platt River by all but two of his companions, and later, after their boat had been upset, near the present site of Fort Laramie, by these also.

Alone he made his way to the Bluff which now bears his name, hoping there to find his party. He died at its foot.

REDWOODS AND DESERT GROWTHS

We are indebted to William Kent, of California, for the only national exhibit we possess of the rapidly passing giant

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

redwoods of California. It was he who purchased the celebrated Muir Woods, eluding the outstretched hands of the lumbermen, and presented them to the people of the United States. The Muir Woods National Monument, on the slope of Mount Tamalpais, opposite San Francisco, is justly one of the most popular reservations in the land.

Some of the noble trees in this tangled and picturesque forest exceed three hundred feet in height with a diameter greater than eighteen feet. They stand in clusters, or family groups, their stems erect as pillars, their crowns joined in a lofty roof. We enter a vast cathedral. Its floor is brown and sweet smelling, its aisles outlined by the tread of generations of worshippers. Its naves, transepts, alcoves, and sanctuaries are still and dim, yet filled mysteriously with light.

There are many other noble trees here besides the redwoods. The Douglas fir reaches stately proportions. Many of the western oaks display their manifold picturesqueness; one of the most striking exhibits is the tangle of California laurel, or bay as it is commonly called. These reach great size, sprawl in all directions, bend at sharp angles, make great loops to enter the soil and root again. Sometimes they cross each other and join their trunks. In one instance a large crownless trunk has bent and entered head first the stem of still a larger tree.

In sharp contrast to this noble forest is the Papago Saguaro National Monument in Arizona, a few miles east of Phoenix. Its two thousand and fifty acres include many fine examples of innumerable desert growths in fullest development. It presents a landscape which can not be pictured

in fancy by those unfamiliar with desert vegetation.

Among the most numerous cacti the cholla is the most fascinating and the most exasperating. It is a stocky bush two or three feet high covered with balls of flattened, powerful, sharp-pointed needles which will penetrate even heavy shoes. There are many varieties, all highly decorative. The pipe-organ cactus, growing in straight columns, closely bunched, sometimes as high as twenty feet, offers a sharp contrast; and a contrast to both of these is the short, squat, barrel cactus which often saves life by yielding a quart or two of sweetish water to the panting traveler.

But the desert's chief exhibit is the giant saguaro, from which the reservations got its name. This stately cactus rises in a splendid green column, accordion-pleated and decorated with star-like clusters of spines upon the edges of the plaits. The larger specimens grow as high as sixty or seventy feet, throwing out thick powerful branches which bend sharply upward.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

Established to protect the Olympic elk from extinction, this noble reservation also conserves a splendidly scenic region. It occupies the climax of the Olympian Mountains in the Olympian Peninsula, which is the northwestern corner of the State of Washington, and of the United States; also Puget Sound bounds it on the east, the Pacific Ocean on the west.

It is a rugged, pathless wilderness of tumbled ranges grown with magnificent forests, above which rise snowy and glaciated summits.

Washington, D. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

THE NATIONAL MONUMENTS AT A GLANCE.

<i>P'g</i>	<i>Name and Location.</i>	<i>Special Characteristics.</i>
61	Alaska (3) Katmai	Wonderland of great scientific interest. Includes "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes."
61	Old Kasaan	Historic landmark. Numerous totem poles.
61	Sitka	Natural beauty and historic interest. 16 totem poles.
	Arizona (8)	
27	Casa Grande	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
34	Montezuma Castle	Prehistoric cliff dwellings. Of scenic and ethnological interest.
30	Navaho	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
63	Papago Saguaro	Desert flora and numerous pictographs.
57	Petrified Forest	Petrified coniferous trees.
35	Tonto	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
33	Tumacacori	Ruin of Franciscan Mission (17th cent.).
35	Walnut Canyon	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
	California (4)	
61	Cabrillo	Historic landmark. Discovery by Cabrillo, Sept. 28, 1542.
59	Devil's Postpile	Hexagonal basaltic columns.
63	Muir Woods	Noted redwood groves.
59	Pinnacles	Spirelike rock formations. Numerous caves.
	Colorado (3)	
59	Colorado	Many lofty monoliths. Fine example of erosion. Great scenic beauty.
59	Wheeler	Of geological interest as example of extinct volcanic action.
	Yucca House	Great scenic beauty.
43		Prehistoric communal dwellings.
	Montana	
60	Big Hole Battle Field	Historic landmark. Battle with Indians Aug. 9, 1877.
	Lewis and Clark Cavern	Immense limestone cavern with stalactite formations.
62	Nebraska: Scotts Bluff	Historic landmark. Exploring expedition, 1822.
	New Mexico (6)	
7	Bandelier	Prehistoric cliff dwellings. Communal houses. Great natural scenery.
60	Capulin Mountain	Cinder cone of geologically recent formation.
13	Chaco Canyon	Prehistoric cliff dwellings and communal houses.
19	El Morro	Sandstone rock. Inscriptions by early Spanish explorers.
26	Gila Cliff Dwellings	Prehistoric cliff dwellings.
24	Gran Quivira	Ruin of Franciscan Mission (17th cent.). Pueblo ruins.
61	North Dakota: Verendrye	Historic landmark. Verendrye's explorations about 1740.
60	Oregon: Oregon Caves	Extensive caves of much beauty.
60	South Dakota: Jewel Cave	Limestone cavern of considerable extent.
	Utah (3)	
58	Dinosaur	Fossil remains of prehistoric animal life.
57	Natural Bridges	3 natural bridges. Largest examples of their kind.
55	Rainbow Bridge	Unique natural bridge. Height, 309 feet. Span, 278 feet.
63	Washington: Mount Olympus	Many glaciers. Breeding ground of Olympic Elk.
	Wyoming (2)	
60	Devil's Tower	Rock tower of volcanic origin. Height 1200 feet.
60	Shoshone Cavern	Cavern of considerable extent, near Cody.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Expedition of the School of American Research.

The School of American Research under the direction of Dr. Hewett established a field station in the Chaco Canyon in June and began the excavation of Chetro Kettle, probably the most important site of the National Monument (p. 17). The work has been assigned to the various members of his staff as follows: 1. The Place of Chaco Canyon in the Pueblo Area, Dr. Hewett; 2. History of Chaco Canyon, Lansing Bloom; 3. Photographic record from Jackson's time to the present, Wesley Bradfield; 4. The Art of Chaco Canyon, Kenneth M. Chapin; 5. The Architecture, Carlos Vierra; 6. Ethnological Relations, Dr. Hewett and assistant in Linguistics; 7. Reclamation Work, restoration of reservoir and irrigating ditches, in cooperation with the National Parks Association.

Centers of Intensive Archaeological Investigation.

In addition to the above there are five important centers of intensive archaeological investigation in the Southwest this summer. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes is again at work in the Mesa Verde for the Bureau of American Ethnology (p. 44); Dr. Clark Wissler is continuing for the fifth year the excavations of the Museum of Natural History at Aztec, N. M. (p. 42); Mr. F. W. Hodge of the Museum of the American Indian is conducting his third season's work at Hawikuh, N. M. (See A. and A., VII, pp. 367 ff.); Mr. Ralph Kidder is in charge of the Andover Expedition at Pecos, N. M., for the fourth season; and the National Geographic Society has begun its reconnaissance of the Chaco Canyon under the direction of Mr. Neil M. Judd.

Exhibit of the Mallory Southwest Expedition.

An interesting exhibit of some of the finds made in the excavations at Turquoise Village, New Mexico, during the summer of 1920, by the Mallory Southwest Expedition conducted by the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America has been prepared by Mr. J. A. Jeançon, Director of the expedition, and is now installed in the U. S. National Museum.

Pennell's War Drawings Acquired by the Library of Congress.

Joseph Pennell's drawings and prints of war work, made by permission and authority of the various Government Departments of the United States, have been acquired by the Library of Congress at Washington, and will be preserved there as important records. They are already historic, as most of the war industries are now turned to peaceful uses. Mr. Pennell was Associate Chairman of the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information, and was authorized to make these drawings by the President, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Dr. Garfield, Mr. Hoover, and the Railroad Administration. He also did two of the Liberty Loan posters, and worked for the Shipping Board, Red Cross, and other allied bodies. He received the thanks of the Government for his services. The drawings he made in Great Britain, by permission of the British Government, are now in the British Museum and the National War Museum in London; and a set of his prints was secured by the French High Commission for the French Collection in the Luxembourg, Paris. His drawings also were widely shown on the Continent of Europe, and were published there and in the Orient.

Old-Time New England.

The Bulletin of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, which has appeared from time to time in a beautifully illustrated form for distribution among the members of the society, has been developed into a quarterly magazine to be published under the more comprehensive title "Old-Time New England." This magazine will be devoted to the ancient buildings, household furnishings, domestic arts and crafts, manners and customs and minor antiquities of the people of New England. Interesting buildings will be described and illustrated, early portraits and engravings will be reproduced with critical descriptions and space will be devoted to the artists and craftsmen of early days.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Summer Exhibition of the Arts Club of Washington.

The members' summer exhibition of the Arts Club of Washington marks a new era in the development of this vigorous young institution in that it has at last established a bond between the resident and non-resident members. The large number of works sent in this year by out of town members justifies the hope that in future the summer exhibition will be made up of their work exclusively. Probably never before in the history of local art has there been assembled a group of paintings of such uniform excellence, varied technique and subject matter and representing so wide an area as does the present exhibition. Notable for its absence is the so-called New Art, Futurism, exaggerated Impressionism, Vorticism, Dadaism and the like. The visitors' attention is first attracted to a striking portrait by Washington's well known woman painter, Catharine C. Critcher. Rich in color and masterfully handled, it has that rare quality of interest. There are half a dozen excellent pictures by the dean of Washington's water color painters, W. H. Holmes. From a still life entitled "Crockery" to the elaborate "Unloading a Charcoal Boat at Capri" he is an unquestioned master of his difficult medium. A portrait of her husband by Mrs. H. K. Bush-Brown, is full of interest, not alone for its technical excellence but the strong personal interest that naturally attaches itself to the former president of the club. Marion Howard, C. F. Throckmorton, Bertha E. Perrie, Mathilde Leisenring and several others are represented by canvasses of more than passing mention but for the fact that space must be reserved for the surprises that greeted one in the work of out-of-town members. A conspicuously large canvass is "The Nor'easter" by Olaf Browner. There is a careless dexterity that is remarkable in the handling of both rocks and surf. And A. F. Throckmorton produces a dramatic effect in "Summer Seas" with but a sheet of blue water for a subject. There is in the work of Harold Holmes Wrenn a firmness of execution which betrays the architect. "Water and Lights," a striking night scene, is an example of the idealization of a commonplace and ugly subject. Yarnall Abbott undoubtedly conveys the sinister feeling of a storm in his "Southeaster." And the "Road to the Village" by Mary Nicholena MacCord is the work of an artist who knows her metier. It is full of charming color harmony. Marion Boyd Allen has painted a virile figure in the "Garibaldian" and Jacques R. Chesno has a number of small canvasses suggestive of the old painters, while M. May Baker in several charming pictures proves herself a painter of sunshine and out-of-doors. In the sculpture exhibit it is gratifying to note the high quality and number of works exhibited by a group of young sculptors. Minerva Kendall has several portrait busts which are not only well executed but prophetic of a brilliant future. "The Art Student" and a "Portrait Statuette" by Ellen Miller are graceful examples of what for want of a better term we might call drawing-room art. Olive Plant shows a strongly individualistic portrait and Clara Hill has a number of charming small pieces of some captivating subjects. George Julian Zolnay, President of the Club, exhibits an impressive war memorial, and H. K. Bush-Brown a speaking medallion portrait of that most picturesque of public personages, Samuel Gompers. In all it is an exhibition worthy of a club which, in four years, has attained a membership of eight hundred members and is now growing so rapidly that the administration is contemplating a larger club house where they may realize their dream of making the Washington Arts Club a mecca for out-of-town pilgrims as well as supplying a long felt cultural need in the National Capital.

—ABBY G. ZOLNAY.

Camera Man Snaps the Life of Ancient Carthage.

Views of the ancient Carthaginian city, which once rivalled the proud empire of Rome, will soon be shown in New York, London, and Paris. The motion picture photographer, who is stationed in Northern Africa, making the American Red Cross film, "The Children of the Sahara," has obtained excellent views of the excavations now being made in the ruins of ancient Carthage.

One of the most important results of these recent excavations was the finding of a large and beautiful mosaic, dating from about 100 A.D. This mosaic is composed of squares of red, white, brown and blue marble, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and its colors are remarkably preserved. It was found at the foot of a hill, about twenty feet under the ground, and it will take several weeks to remove it from its bed. When excavated, it will form a valuable addition to the collection of archaeological treasures in the Carthaginian Museum at Bardo.

American artists, spending the winter in the artist's colony on the hill, have been much interested in watching the progress of the excavation of old Carthage. Cameron Burnside, who is painting a picture showing the work of the American Red Cross in the war, has been especially active in his expressions of interest.

BOOK CRITIQUES

New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Makers.
By George Wharton James. Boston: The Page
Company, 1920. Pp. XXVII—469. \$5.00.

The growing interest in our Southwest gives a special timeliness to this latest contribution to the See America First Series, which, it is promised by the Page Company, publishers, will eventually include the whole of the North American Continent. Mr. James has already written two fascinating volumes in this series, the first being "California, Romantic and Beautiful" and the second "Arizona, the Wonderland." One might think that the author had exhausted his enthusiasm on California and Arizona but neither his zest nor his adjectives fail him when he deals with New Mexico. In his foreword he tells us: "Were I a poet-rhapsodist, it would be no effort, nay, it would be a joy to compose a rhapsody of thanksgiving to this so-called arid land. No lover has sung the praises of his mistress with more exuberant enthusiasm than I could put, honestly and sincerely, into my song of New Mexico."

The public should be grateful to Mr. James for giving out in such a readable way the results of his travels for more than thirty years over the length and breadth of this land of "sunshine, silence and adobe."

It is evident that no effort has been spared in the making of this volume. Not only is the letter press all that can be desired but the attention given to the illustrations is particularly noteworthy. A map and 56 plates of which 8 are in color add materially to the attractiveness of the book. Special interest attaches to the reproductions of paintings by such artists as Carlos Viera Joullin and Lucille made expressly for the author, also paintings and etchings reproduced from the masterly hand of W. L. De Wolf.

The sub-title is most comprehensive: The History of its Ancient Cliff Dwellings and Pueblos, Conquest by the Spaniards, Franciscan Missions, Personal Accounts of the Ceremonies, Games, Social Life, and Industries of its Indians; A Description of its Climate, Geology, Flora and Birds, its Rivers and Forests; A Review of its Rapid Development, Land Reclamation Projects and Educational System; with full and accurate accounts of its Progressive Counties, Cities and Towns.

The book is appropriately dedicated to Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The author dwells at considerable length upon the history of New Mexico which he considers in three chapters; on Zuni with its unique Pueblo lore; on Acoma unlike anything else anywhere; on the religion and music of the Indians; the strange and almost unbelievable practices of the Penitentes; the influence of New Mexico upon literature, in which chapter he discusses a selected list of books inspired by New Mexico; on the influence of New Mexico upon art, in which chapter he exclusively considers the Taos School of Artists. The author's comment that an equally interesting and comprehensive chapter might well be written upon the work of the Santa Fe artists does not console us for this serious omission.

On turning with keen anticipation to the chapter entitled The Antiquities of New Mexico, Its Ancient Dwellings—Its Mission Churches, there is a distinct disappointment when the author dismisses the subject in three pages recommending us to go for information to the Director of the School of American Research and referring the reader who may desire to know something of the missions to consult Prince's book on that subject. The sense of limitation confessed by the author probably also influenced his omission of a chapter on Old Santa Fe with its Governor's Palace and School of American Research.

To those who are deeply interested in the ancient Pueblo sites, many of which are discussed as National Monuments in this number, it will be a matter of sincere regret that the author of *The Land of the Delight Makers* did not incorporate in this volume the results of his own personal studies of these antiquities (which he states he will treat in another book), and also the story of Santa Fe, the capital city where three civilizations have held sway, and left the monuments of their achievement.

—CAROLYN CARROLL.

Arizona the Wonderland, by George Wharton James. Boston: The Page Company. Pp. XXIV—477. \$5.00.

This earlier volume of the "See America First" Series calls for mention in this number

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as well as "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight Makers," since Arizona has already to her credit more National Monuments than any other state. Fortunately more space is given to antiquities in this volume than in the one on New Mexico, and the Chapters on the "Cliff and Cave Dwellers," "How Fray Marcos Discovered Arizona," "The Jesuits and Franciscans," and the "Indians of Arizona," are full of information and personal experience racily narrated. The author is a great admirer of the Red Man and his sympathetic interpretation of Indian character should prove of service to government officials who have to deal with Indian affairs.

Arizona is pre-eminently "the Wonderland of the Southwest" in its natural features—its fathomless canyons, its snow-mantled Sierras, its vast deserts, its blooming oases—and the author is as gifted in telling the Story of Nature as he is the Story of Man. Hence the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forests, Sunset Crater, the mountains and forests, the birds, the flora, and the minerals of Arizona receive their share of attention. In the chapter on "the Literature and Art of Arizona," we are informed that this Wonderland has inspired over seven thousand volumes of prose and poetry, and the influence of its charm applies as well to the artist. Thomas Moran's pictures of the Grand Canyon—one of them in the National Gallery—and Henry Cassie Best's colorful canvases deserve especial mention. The map and the sixty full-page plates, 12 of which are in color, contribute greatly to the value of the book. But we must refer the reader to the volume itself for any adequate conception of its richness and variety.

—M. C.

Commission of Fine Arts. Eighth Report Jan. 1, 1818–July 1, 1919. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1920.

Reports of Committees, Bureaus and Commissions are usually rather dull reading except to the compilers thereof, but an exception must be made to the very interesting and illuminating report of the Fine Arts Commission, the Eighth Annual Report lately issued.

It is not only readable and deeply interesting, but positively exciting for those who live in Washington, and should be so for those who live in the United States, for it belongs to them as well and to all who have pride and interest in the development of the National Capital.

The book in itself is a "fine art" in the heavy, plain white paper binding, clear title lettering and beautiful illustrations, from the frontispiece, a halftone of the Lincoln Memorial, to

the smallest insignia designed for the sailors and soldiers.

There are sixty-nine illustrations and they show views of the Mall, plans for its continued improvement, public buildings and monuments, not only in the District, but those that have been submitted to the Commission for their approval and advice; the planting to be done about the Lincoln Memorial; the Memorial Bridge and Rock Creek Parking; the Grant Statue which is the central feature of the great monument in the Botanic Gardens; the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln which is to be erected in London and the plan which gives its placement in the Canning Enclosure, opposite the north entrance to Westminster Abbey; the Women's Memorial to those who lost their lives on the "Titanic"; the American cemeteries for the soldiers in France and the improvements to be made at Arlington—in fact all the things we wish to know about.

A discussion is given of all the problems that are submitted to the Commission from the various Departments in Washington, as well as from individuals and cities throughout the country and they include memorials, monuments, statues, public buildings, War medals, parks, bridges and cemeteries.

The report gives a resumé of the history of the Washington plan from the original by L'Enfant, what has been done, what will be done, an inspiring record. It also states that the fine central location of the lovely Lincoln Memorial is greater in extent than the Paris composition from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, greater even than the London composition from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The names of the members of the Commission who have served from its establishment by Act of Congress in 1910, include painters, sculptors, architects and landscape architects of distinction. The members during the past year are:—Charles Moore, Chairman; Herbert Adams, sculptor; Charles A. Platt, architect; William Mitchell Kendall, architect; John Russell Pope, architect and James L. Greenleaf, landscape architect. Col. C. S. Ridley, U. S. A., the officer in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds in Washington is secretary *ex officio*.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the services rendered by this very able body of *unpaid* men, their wise and earnest efforts along these important lines of work, their patriotism, altruism and their tremendous accomplishment.

—HELEN WRIGHT.



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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1920

No. 3

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By GEORGE B. ROSE,

A lifelong student of Renaissance art, author of *Renaissance Masters—Art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, Rubens and Claude Lorraine, 1898-1908*; *The World's Leading Painters, 1911*; also numerous minor writings within the fields both of literature and art. Lawyer by profession, resident of Little Rock, Arkansas.

TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER & Co., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y., the New York Office of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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PORTRAIT OF ARCHIBALD SKIRVING, ESQ.

By SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R. A., 1756-1833

BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1920

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THE RALPH CROSS JOHNSON COLLECTION

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

By GEORGE B. ROSE

IT IS easy for a man to leave his pictures to a public gallery after his death. He knows that he is thus erecting to his memory one of the noblest and most enduring of monuments, and that he is insuring the beloved objects against destruction. But for the living art lover to part with his treasures is hard indeed. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and the longer we own it the closer it twines itself about our hearts. We all remember the story of Cardinal Mazarin taking leave of his pictures. He was a passionate and discriminating lover of art, and his great collection is still the chief glory of the Louvre. When told that he must die, he had himself borne to his gallery, and there he took a last, long, fond, lingering view of each cherished possession, parting from them all with an agonizing regret. He could surrender earthly power and splendor with no great repining; but to part with the pictures that he loved so much tore his heart.

And so it is with every true lover of art. He is willing to lend his pictures to the public, that others may share his joy for a time. Occasionally, out of a large number he will give one to some public gallery. But rarely indeed does he do more until forced by the hand of death to yield them up. The gift by Mr. Ralph Cross Johnson of twenty-four choice old masters, to our National Gallery, has been but seldom paralleled.

These pictures have been hung together in one room, and they must be forever kept together as a memorial of such unexampled generosity. It is a collection rare for its even excellence. Each picture is a good and, indeed, a notable specimen of the master's style. Too often in our public galleries we see works of the great masters that are unworthy of their brush, and which tend rather to prejudice the public against these great men, than to incite admiration.



MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH ST. JOHN AND AN ANGEL

By SEBASTIANO MAINARDI, DIED 1513

FLORENTINE SCHOOL.



THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

By GIACOMO FRANCIA, 1486-1557

BOLOGNESE SCHOOL.



A VENETIAN SENATOR
By LORENZO LOTTO, 1480-1554
VENETIAN SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL

By TITIAN, 1477-1576

VENETIAN SCHOOL.



LORD MULGRAVE, IN NAVAL UNIFORM By THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A., 1747-1788
BRITISH SCHOOL.

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In speaking of these pictures I do not write as an expert on attributions. Mr. Johnson's collection has long been one of the most notable in the country, and has been sufficiently expertized. To be an expert in attributions, one must have a knowledge of the weaving of canvas in different ages and countries, of the growth and structure of woods in various lands, of the idiosyncrasies of artists in the painting of ears and fingers and other non-essentials, in short, of a thousand details, which I do not possess. It is a science demanding the study of a life-time, and not a very exact one if we may judge by the incessant controversies among its greatest exponents; and too often the experts seem to lose all feeling for the beauty of the pictures, and to consider them as coldly as if they were insects to be classified. I shall accept the attributions given; and, after all, they are not so important, for the work of art is the thing, regardless of its origin.

First in time, and to my heart, always first in importance, is the Italian school.

A few years ago our people had scant appreciation of the Italian primitives. When Jarvis brought over his extensive collection, he found no purchaser, and what would today make his fortune, proved his ruin. The larger part is now the pride of Yale University, while the remainder draws visitors from distant lands to the Cleveland Museum; but Jarvis had to let them go for debt. Now, thanks chiefly to the influence and example of the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, Italian primitives are eagerly sought, and single pictures in the Jarvis collection would probably bring as much as he received for the whole.

One of the most delicious of the Italian primitives is Bastiano Mainardi, best known by his beautiful and gracious fresco of the *Madonna della Cin-*

tola in the Baroncelli Chapel in Santa Croce at Florence, depicting the Madonna dropping her girdle to the adoring disciples as she is borne to heaven by choiring angels.

Mainardi continued to paint until 1513, and witnessed the revolution in art wrought by the genius of Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael; but the achievements of those supreme masters affected him not at all, and to the last he continued to paint in the old sweet primitive way of the early Florentines.

Mr. Johnson has given us one of his most delightful and characteristic pictures. It is a charming work in a marvellous state of preservation, fresh as when it came from the master's easel. The beautiful Mother, clothed in a robe of brilliant red with dark blue embroidered mantle, holds the infant Christ on her lap while with the other hand she caresses the infant John the Baptist, whose hands are clasped in adoration as he gazes upon the divine child. Jesus lifts his little hands in blessing, while an angel bearing annunciation lilies is looking on. To the left there is a Florentine landscape.

This picture is probably the original from which the larger and more pretentious work in the Louvre was evolved. In repeating a composition, artists usually add to it other figures. Seldom do they proceed by way of subtraction. Therefore the simpler composition is usually the first. Certainly this is the finer of the two, better preserved, richer in color, more united in composition.

The school of the Marches produced no painter of the very first rank, though some of the works of Francesco Francia, such as the *Pietà* in London, the *Deposition from the Cross* at Parma, the *Annunciation* in the Brera, and the *Madonna of the Rose Garden* at Munich, are among the most precious things in



VIEW IN ROME, WITH THE CHURCH OF ARA COELI BY FRANCESCO GUARDI, 1712-1793
VENETIAN SCHOOL.



RUINS AND FIGURES By FRANCESCO GUARDI, 1712-1793
VENETIAN SCHOOL.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

By BERNARD VAN ORLEY, 1493-1542

FLEMISH SCHOOL.



MADONNA AND CHILD

By GOVAERT FLINCK, 1615-1660

DUTCH SCHOOL.



THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH ST. ELIZABETH

By PETER PAUL RUBENS, 1577-1640

FLEMISH SCHOOL.

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all the range of art. The dry-as-dust critic who cannot appreciate their ineffable charm is surely to be pitied.

Francesco had several sons who devoted themselves to painting, chief of whom was Giacomo Francia. The *Marriage of St. Catherine* in the Johnson collection is one of his most delightful works. Both the Madonna and the St. Catherine are beautiful, especially the latter, a highborn maiden with features of Grecian regularity and wearing a royal diadem upon her queenly head. She lifts up her exquisite hand to the the Christ Child, who is stretching forth the betrothal ring, while behind the group is St. Joseph and a landscape background.

The Venetian is the most glorious of all the schools of painting. In that branch of art it maintains the incontestable supremacy that Athens holds in sculpture; and among its masters there is none possessed of a more compelling charm than Lorenzo Lotto. There is scarcely anything on earth more beautiful than his *Holy Family* at Vienna, certainly nothing more exquisite and refined. And hundreds of years before Gainsborough painted his *Blue Boy*, Lotto in this picture refuted still more triumphantly the dictum of Sir Joshua Reynolds that blue was a cold color that should be relegated to the less important parts of the canvas, and used only to enhance the effect of the warmer hues. If it is ever admissible in speaking of one art to use the language of another, this must be called the incomparable symphony in blue.

But, while Lotto painted many lovely religious pictures, he was perhaps even more distinguished in the art of portraiture. When men have achieved success and have become rich and prosperous a pardonable pride leads to a desire to transmit their lineaments to poster-

ity; and the Venetian nobles had every reason to be proud. They had raised upon the mud banks of the Adriatic a dream of imperishable beauty; they had attained the hegemony in the world's commerce, so that the wealth of the Orient was poured into their city's lap; and in a thousand desperate struggles on land and sea, they had built up a splendid empire. Their favorite painter was Titian, who depicted them as they loved to appear, calm, serene, far-seeing, their brows crowned with the aureole of success, masters of themselves and of their fate.

With this grand official style the portraits of Lorenzo Lotto have little in common. As Van Dyck gave to all his sitters an aristocratic elegance, so Lotto gives to his a romantic sadness. One of the most haunting of all portraits is the *Man with the Claw* at Vienna. There is perhaps in no other male face so much refinement and delicacy combined with so wistful a melancholy. It is not surprising that in the rearrangement of the Brera a whole room is given up to portraits by Lotto; and there are few rooms that are so haunting.

The Lotto in the Ralph Cross Johnson collection represents a Venetian senator, a man in middle life, clothed in the black garments which Spanish fanaticism had forced upon the color-loving Italians, and with a black hat. You can see that he was born to great position, that he is calm, self-possessed, yet a little weary of it all; that the lesson of Solomon that all is vanity has not been lost upon his soul. Lotto has tried to paint one of the official portraits in the style of Titian, and has made a splendid masterpiece; but despite himself, something of his own romantic sadness has crept in.

The most striking of the Italian pictures is the large portrait of a cardinal



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WEARING A LARGE HAT

By REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1606-1669

DUTCH SCHOOL.



A BURGOMASTER

By NICHOLAAS MAES, 1632-1693

DUTCH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF SIR SIMPSON WRIGHT

By GEORGE ROMNEY, 1734-1802

BRITISH SCHOOL.

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by Titian. Here we have a man somewhat past middle life, seated at a table on which is a cover of rich damask. Before him lies an open book, from which he has just looked up. His face, with its hollow cheeks and deeply sunken eyes, is that of a man accustomed to rule, a man of affairs and yet a scholar; and it is apparent that greatness has brought no joy. The dark crimson robe which he wears and the cap of that color, are so deep in their rich tones, that only on a bright day can we realize their full splendor. This is one of the grandest portraits in America, equally remarkable for the force of characterization and the consummate technique.

It is a far cry from the great age of Titian and Lotto to the days of Francesco Guardi. Venetian art had flowered and died, and was enjoying a brief revival at the hands of Tiepolo and Canaletto. Two masters could not be further removed than these; Tiepolo with his sketchy, impressionistic treatment, his vague outlines, his brilliant colors and his exuberant imagination; Canaletto with his photographic accuracy, his clear-cut lines, his grey tones and his unflinching realism. Guardi was the pupil of the latter, and in most of his works closely adhered to his master's style, though with somewhat more of freedom and with somewhat richer tints.

In this collection there are two large and notable pictures by Guardi. One represents the church of Ara Coeli and the Capitol at Rome. This is very like a Canaletto, and is a characteristic example of Guardi's usual style at its best. In the other, a landscape showing ruins with figures, he surpasses himself, and borrows from his contemporary Tiepolo something of his sketchy treatment and brilliant color. It is the most delightful work by this master that I have

ever seen. Evidently he was proud of it himself and conscious that from its unusual style it might be attributed to another; for upon one of the stones he has inscribed his full name, Francesco Guardi, in large letters in the form of a high relief.

Passing now to the Northern schools, we find that Mr. Johnson has had the good taste to love those Dutchmen who went to Italy, and got there the preference for beautiful forms and faces while preserving their admirable Dutch technique. I have never been able to understand the prejudice that exists against these men. When the painters of other countries go to Italy and learn there the secret of eternal beauty, as did Poussin and Claude Lorraine, everybody commends them. But let a Dutchman or a Fleming before Rubens go to Italy and learn the same secret, he is treated as a renegade and a traitor, and no language is strong enough to voice the critics' condemnation. To me these Italianate Dutchmen and Flemings, with their marvelous skill and care in painting and their beautiful Italian types, are among the most delightful of painters.

Foremost among these were Bernard van Orley and Govaert Flinck.

In Mr. Johnson's collection is a *Madonna and Child* by van Orley. Both are beautiful. The child holds an apple in his hand. The background is a lovely and highly varied landscape with mountains in the distance. On the left we see soldiers sacking a large mansion, murdering the men and pursuing the fleeing women, who have no chance of escape. It is war. On the left is peace. Peasants are at work in the fields, while soldiers march by in the splendor of their accoutrements.

It seems to me that in these days when it is the fashion to sacrifice all details to the general effect, we lose



THE DUCHESS OF ANCASTER

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A., 1723-1792

BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT HILL

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A., 1723-1792

BRITISH SCHOOL.



A FAMILY AT THE COTTAGE DOOR

By *THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A., 1727-1788*

BRITISH SCHOOL.

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more than we gain. One sees at a glance all that there is in a picture, and unless it has a compelling charm, it soon wearies us. But these early masters with their wealth of detail, are inexhaustible. No matter how often we return to them, we find something new, and so our interest never flags.

Govaert Flinck's picture is simpler. It presents only a beautiful Madonna holding the divine infant, who stops nursing for a moment to look at the spectator. The types are Italian, the admirable execution is Dutch.

It seems to me that as a technician Rembrandt is the supreme master. He can paint in more styles than any other, and he is equally proficient in all, from the most photographic precision of infinite detail to the broadest effects. He is equally skilled in the manipulation of glowing color and of richest monochrome that yet gives the impression of splendid color. And his pigments have suffered no apparent deterioration. We have seen Whistler in his nocturnes and other painters reproduce for a time the luminous shadows of Rembrandt; but we have also seen these works grow opaque and muddy, mocked by the changeless perfection of the incomparable master. Had Rembrandt possessed the sense of beautiful form that characterized the Greeks and Raphael and Titian, he would have been the greatest of painters. Even with this limitation, he remains without a superior.

In smart circles these days it is the fashion to exalt Velasquez above Rembrandt. The Spaniard is undoubtedly a mighty master of the brush; but his cold and apparently contemptuous aloofness, presenting the outward lineaments of his sitters with unsurpassable veracity while almost ignoring their souls, ranks him far below the sympathetic and deep-seeing Rembrandt, who

comprehends and depicts every emotion from the gentlest and sweetest to the fiercest and most turbulent.

The element in a portrait that most interests the ordinary beholder is the character portrayed. Ordinarily the young have little character in their faces; but with advancing years the result of all the good and evil that men have done and thought becomes etched upon their lineaments in lines which the discerning eye can read as in an open book. Therefore, Rembrandt, the supreme master in the depicting of character, loved particularly the faces of the aged, and he makes them tell us all their secrets. Raphael and Titian and Velasquez were wonderful painters of portraits; but to my mind Rembrandt was the greatest of them all.

In Mr. Johnson's collection there is the splendid portrait of a rather young and handsome man, clothed in black with a broad-brimmed black felt hat and a broad white collar fringed with lace. He is evidently a gentleman of wealth and refinement, and he is painted with the admirable precision of Rembrandt's earlier style before he became absorbed in the study of light, and when his figures emerge mysteriously from luminous shadows. A truer or more vital portrait it would be hard to find.

While Rembrandt is *facile princeps* among the painters of Holland, the school had so many splendid masters of portraiture that it is hard to choose among them. But it seems to me that after Rembrandt none surpasses Nicolaas Maes. He never indulges in any of the dizzy flights of genius that so mystified Rembrandt's contemporaries. His feet are always planted firmly upon the solid earth; but his absolute fidelity to nature and his impeccable technique rank him among the great painters of portraits.



LANDSCAPE; OUTSKIRTS OF A WOOD By DAVID COX, 1783-1859
BRITISH SCHOOL.



SUMMER AFTERNOON ABOUT 4 P. M. By RICHARD WILSON, R. A., 1714-1782
BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF LORD ABERCORN

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A., 1769-1830

BRITISH SCHOOL.

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One of the finest collections of pictures in private ownership is that of Mr. Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati. His dining-room is adorned with a number of portraits of the English school of the Eighteenth Century, marvels of style, dignity, and aristocratic bearing. But he has made the mistake of placing in their midst a magnificent Dutch portrait—by Nicolaas Maes, if I remember rightly—and when we turn from that living presentation of the actual man to the English portraits, they seem to lose all vitality, and to be not men, but pictures of men.

By Nicolaas Maes there is in the Johnson collection a wonderful portrait called *The Burgomaster*. Whether he is a burgomaster or one of the dominating clergy of the time, I cannot say. Certainly he is a man used to command and quite satisfied with himself. Large, stout, florid, with the top of his head bald, but with long, grey hair growing out at the side and falling to his shoulders, with slight mustache and imperial, he is the ideal of the successful elderly gentleman, who looks with entire satisfaction on his past and with serene confidence to the future. But how unstable is human fortune! At London in the National Gallery, there is another portrait of the same man, signed and dated just one year later, haggard, with flabby cheeks, broken in body and soul. Sometime in that brief year the heavy hand of Fate was laid upon him with crushing force.

It is strange how indifferent our American collectors have been to Rubens. It is impossible to make any list of the world's half dozen greatest painters that would not include his name. He is as great as Rembrandt. Yet, while we have upon our shores more than a fourth of the masterpieces of the mighty Dutchman, the worthy examples of Rubens in our country

could probably be counted upon the fingers of a single hand.

Yet one would think that Rubens would particularly appeal to our generation. In the old days genius was defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Leonardo worked four years on the *Mona Lisa*, and still deemed it unfinished. Titian kept his pictures in his studio for an average of five years. These days, however, the supreme desideratum of the artist is economy of labor. The man who can paint a picture with the fewest strokes of the brush is hailed by artists as their chief, and proclaimed by critics as the worthy disciple of Velasquez.

In point of fact, these slap-dash masters of our day find no justification in the practice of the great Spainard. He was a slow and careful workman, who produced comparatively few pictures, less than one fourth as many as Rembrandt, not one tenth as many as Rubens. He painted usually with such perfection of finish that no brush-mark remains, and we have no idea how the marvel was wrought. His pictures are equally satisfying whether we look at them from a distance or close at hand. We do not have to cross the room to see them, as with our modern artists who exalt themselves in his name.

When it comes to true economy of labor, no other painter can approach Rubens. The Primitives and many moderns put into a picture numerous details which can be seen only on close inspection, and which are lost when we stand far enough away to grasp the picture as a whole. Many of our contemporaries, perhaps a majority, including all of those who are most praised by the smart critics, omit countless details which would be clearly apparent to one standing at the point of sight. Rubens alone never falls into either of these errors. He wastes no time in de-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. TOWRY

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A., 1769-1830

BRITISH SCHOOL.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PRICE

By WILLIAM HOGARTH, 1697-1764

BRITISH SCHOOL.



GRAND ITALIAN LANDSCAPE; SUNSET GLOW. By RICHARD WILSON, R. A., 1714-1782
BRITISH SCHOOL.

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pecting things which we should not see when far enough away to view the picture in its entirety, and he omits nothing that could be seen at that distance.

He is the Lord of Life. His pictures are sometimes gross and sensual, but they possess an exuberant vitality unequalled in the realm of art; or, for that matter, in nature; for his men and women seem more alive than the living beings who stand before them. In depicting the satiny sheen of palpitating flesh he knows no rival. He is the most brilliant of all colorists, and time seems to have no power to dim the immortal lustre of his hues.

That so supreme a master should be so inadequately represented in America is greatly to be regretted. We are therefore peculiarly fortunate in possessing Mr. Johnson's splendid Rubens. It is a beautiful Madonna nursing the infant Christ, whom St. Elizabeth watches with rapt devotion, while behind, St. Joseph lifts his hand with a protecting gesture. The St. Elizabeth is a portrait of Rubens' splendid mother, one of the grandest of women. The Madonna is full, but not gross, and her neck and bosom are painted with the glowing flesh tints that Rubens alone knew how to render. Apparently it was painted about the same time as the *Descent from the Cross* at Antwerp.

But it is the English School that is most fully represented in this remarkable collection, particularly the great portrait painters of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries.

This is one of the noblest of all the schools of portraiture, and it was fortunate in the subjects which it had to depict. No one can doubt that the aristocracy of England is the finest aristocracy in the world. Their vigorous life in the open air has made them strong and tall and graceful. The active participation in public affairs

and the grave responsibilities which the traditions of their caste compel them to assume prevent their degenerating into the effete parlor-knights so common on the Continent. The respect and loyalty with which the common people have generally treated them lends to their countenances a serene nobility of expression. Of course there are exceptions; but taken as a whole they are a splendid body of men and women. No wonder that Sir Joshua and his contemporaries loved to paint them.

And with what dignity and elegance they were portrayed by those great masters! No doubt the style of Van Dyck had much to do with this. Sir Anthony had painted all the greatest lords and ladies of the England of his day. His masterpieces were to be seen in many an English mansion. The painter who came after him knew that his works would be hung beside Van Dyck's portraits, so aristocratic, so elegant, so full of style; and he felt that he must not derogate from their high standard.

By general consent Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed at the head of the English school. Probably he deserved it; but his colors have so often faded and dulled that as matters really stand to-day, his pre-eminence is no longer incontestable.

When he pronounced the eulogy on Gainsborough, after the latter's death, he said that Gainsborough was the greatest of all English landscape painters; and Richard Wilson, piqued, perhaps, that he himself should have been assigned to an inferior rank in his chosen field, exclaimed, "And the greatest portrait painter, too."

I confess that I am inclined to Wilson's opinion. Certainly when we compare Reynolds' theatrical *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse* with the wonderful



EDINBURGH; A PAINTING OF SUNLIGHT AND AIR By J. M. W. TURNER, R. A., 1775-1851
BRITISH SCHOOL.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

portrait of that marvelous woman by Gainsborough, so refined, so keenly intelligent, so vitally alive, that hangs in the London National Gallery, Sir Joshua appears indeed a poor second. But Reynolds is not often so insincere, and Gainsborough perhaps never again reached to such a height; so that the question of pre-eminence is not easy to decide.

In the Johnson collection Sir Joshua is represented by two fine examples, the *Duchess of Ancaster* and *Viscount Hill*, both handsome young aristocrats, painted with admirable skill and showing none of that deterioration too common in his pictures.

Gainsborough is still better represented.

The portrait of Lord Mulgrave dressed as a naval officer, is one of his most important works. A large, distinguished-looking man in blue coat and white waistcoat, he stands out with intense vitality against a red curtain, while to the left we see a far-reaching and delightful English landscape.

Though he made his living painting portraits, Gainsborough was, at heart, a painter of landscapes; and whenever he could escape from the drudgery of portraiture, he sallied forth into the woods and fields, to depict the beauties of nature. Here he is a supreme master, as he is in portraiture. Unhappily he was compelled to paint these truant masterpieces rapidly, putting on one coat before its predecessor was entirely dry, so that they have cracked more than his portraits; but they are very beautiful and supremely attractive. In this one we have fine trees, between which is a splendid view of an extensive prospect bathed in the glow of sunset, the whole redolent with the charm of the English country-side. At the door of an humble thatched cottage stands a most beautiful and aristocratic woman

evidently one of Gainsborough's most distinguished sitters. She is supposed to be the mother of the four children about her, who, however, are evidently drawn from peasant models. Gainsborough painted no more notable landscape, few larger, certainly none finer, none superior in composition or richer in color.

One of the best of the English landscape painters was the elder David Cox. He loved the gracious landscapes of his native land with all his heart, and reproduced them with the greatest care, usually in water-color. He is here represented by a very characteristic work, *The Outskirts of a Wood in Autumn*. The trees are studied with admirable fidelity to nature, and with such attention to detail that each leaf can be counted.

It is the fashion these days rather to depreciate Sir Thomas Lawrence; but I am unable to share that view. He was the spoiled child of fortune, courted alike by men and women. Sometimes, overwhelmed by commissions and distracted by social pleasures, his work is superficial and insincere; but at his best he is worthy to stand beside the great masters of portraiture, and he is so often at his best that his failures may be ignored.

It is doubtful whether anyone save Lord Byron ever had a more intense appreciation of the beauty of women. They loved Sir Thomas, and he loved them perhaps overmuch; but to this intense feeling for woman's charms we owe some of the most delightful portraits ever painted.

Of Sir Thomas we have two splendid examples. Lord Abercorn, a high-born gentleman of refined and commanding presence, somewhat past middle life, stands out alive against a red curtain; while Mrs. Towry is the ideal of English beauty, with perfect and high-

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bred features that would be faultless in a cameo, but whose loveliness is enhanced by brilliant color, large blue eyes and rich chestnut hair. She represents the English aristocracy in its supreme perfection.

Romney was one of the most elegant and refined of English painters, though his infatuation for Lady Hamilton, of whom he painted innumerable portraits, was perhaps as injurious to his art as to his morals. He is shown in a faultless portrait of Sir Sampson Wright, a stout squire in a red coat.

But the gem of the British portraits is the work of the Scotchman Raeburn. He has given us the living presentment of his friend Archibald Skirving, who was a painter and a poet. In neither capacity did he attain distinction; but the pursuit of high ideals gave to his face a rare refinement and intelligence. He is growing old, and the gray locks are thin; but age has brought only a sweeter and a saner outlook on life. A more delightful portrait of an elderly and scholarly gentleman was never made; and we can see that affection guided the brush to this admirable result.

We should have begun our notice of the British painters of this group with Hogarth, the first and one of the greatest of them all. He was among the notable revolutionists. At a time when art had become over-refined and sugar-sweet, when Watteau and Boucher ruled the hour, he turned from their exquisite but unreal creations to a strong, sane realism. He wrought in England a revolution as great as that which David wrought in France, but on a more enduring basis. David sought to turn back the hands of time, and to make Romans of us all; and by the force of his powerful genius he succeeded for a while. But a conception so fundamentally false could not long endure,

and though David can never be forgotten, his influence is now negligible.

Hogarth, on the other hand, is the strong rock on which modern art has been built. In painting he is like Bach in music, the somewhat austere master at whose feet all have sat. In his own days it was his satires on the vices of society to which he owed his greatest fame. Now it is his admirable portraits, so realistic, so vitally alive, that interest us most.

One of his finest portraits is here; Mrs. Price, an alert, intelligent, high-bred woman, with head proudly erect, sure of herself and of her position, dressed in blue, and painted with a marvelous realism.

Among the greatest of the painters of classic landscape is Richard Wilson. To the sense of distance and the ineffable peace of Claude Lorraine, he adds the mellow afternoon light of Albert Cuyp or the splendid sunset glow of Jan Both. His pictures are poems in color. There are two of them here. The smaller and less important is in his more usual style. It depicts a landscape through which flows a river spanned by a bridge of five graceful arches, the whole bathed in the sunlight of a serene afternoon. The other is an unusual picture, and one of the most notable that Wilson ever painted. It is one of his largest landscapes. It presents a far-reaching prospect suffused by a splendid sunset glow. It is truly a symphony in gold and golden brown.

Fortunately Mr. Johnson has in his house three other wonderful pictures by Wilson, one of which I believe to be the finest of all his works, the fullest of beauty, poetry and romance; and perhaps in that day, which we hope is very distant, when he is forced to part with them, they too will become the property of the nation. Then the man who would

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

understand the genius of Richard Wilson will be forced to make the pilgrimage to our National Gallery.

To my mind the greatest of all painters of landscape is Turner. Others may equal him in various aspects of his art; but none can compare with him in his variety. He comes nearer the universality of Shakespeare than any other landscape painter. He began with a painstaking realism equal to Constable's. Then he dared to rival Claude Lorraine, and in his *Crossing the Brook*, *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*, and the works inspired by the glories and decline of Carthage, he became a worthy competitor of that supreme master of classic landscape where over scenes of ideal beauty and illimitable spaciousness there broods a celestial peace. Then light and air fascinated Turner, and he presented their glories and their mystery with a splendor that makes the

best of the Impressionists seem cheap; and, as was fitting, he passed into another world when in this he had ceased to see anything save the blinding glory of light. In each aspect of his art he is without a superior, and in the breadth of his achievement he is without a rival. Compared with him, how pitifully narrow seem the great landscapists of France! When we have seen one Rousseau, one Daubigny, one Diaz, one Corot, we recognize the others at a glance; but Turner is limited only by Nature's infinite variety.

The last painting in date in this remarkable collection is a view of Edinburgh by Turner, one of his latest works, when his pictures had become dreams of light and air. The Castle is there and the Palace; but what we see is a *dream* of golden light.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MAINARDI, SEBASTIANO.

Florentine School. Born at San Gimignano, date unknown. Pupil and brother-in-law of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Died 1513.

FRANCIA, GIACOMO.

1486-1557. Bolognese School. Most talented of the sons of Francesco Francia. Works mostly at Bologna.

TITIAN, or TIZIANO, VERCELLI.

1477-1576. Venetian School. Born Pieve di Cadore among Dolomites. Pupil of Giovanni Bellini, but more influenced by his fellow pupil Giorgione. Passed life at Venice save when visiting the Emperor, the Pope or his native town. Lived like a prince and treated by princes with rare respect.

LOTTO, LORENZO

1480-1554. Venetian School. Born at Bergamo, but painted mostly in Venice. Successively influenced by Palma Vecchio, Giorgione and Titian.

GUARDI, FRANCESCO.

1712-1793. Venetian School. Born and died in Venice. Pupil of Canaletto, and devoted himself chiefly to painting views of Venice.

ORLEY, BERNAERT VAN.

1493-1542. Flemish School. Born and died at Brussels. Spent several years in Rome prior to 1515 studying Raphael, perhaps his pupil.

RUBENS, PETER PAUL.

1577-1640. Flemish School. Studied at Antwerp under various masters till 1600, when he went to Italy and became court painter to Duke of Mantua, who sent him to Spain on a diplomatic mission. Returned to Antwerp in 1608, where he continued to reside until his death, save for diplomatic missions to Spain and England. Knighted by Charles I. Surrounded by an army of devoted pupils who assisted him in his works; he lived like a great lord. His two wives, Isabella Brandt and Helena Fourment, particularly the latter, often served him as models.

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REMBRANDT, VAN RYN.

1607-1669. Dutch School. Born at Leyden, but spent most of his life at Antwerp. While he painted with the detailed realism loved by the Dutch he was very prosperous; but when he became enamored of chiaroscuro, and painted figures emerging mysteriously from luminous shadows, his popularity declined and he died at Amsterdam in extreme poverty while painting his greatest picture. His first wife, Saskia van Ulenburgh, an aristocratic young lady, was the companion of his happy days, and often served him as a model.

GOVAERT, FLINCK.

1615-1660. Dutch School. Born at Cleves, died at Amsterdam. Pupil of Rembrandt, but later studied the Italian masters, and modeled his style on them.

MAES, NICHOLAAS.

1632-1693. Dutch School. Born at Dordrecht, died at Amsterdam. Portrait and genre painter, pupil of Rembrandt, but later influenced by Jordaens and the Antwerp masters.

HOGARTH, WILLIAM.

1697-1764. British School. Born and died in London. Best known by his series of pictures satirizing the vices of the times and by his portraits.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA

1723-1792. British School. Born at Plumpton in Devonshire, died in London, where most of his life was passed. Spent more than two years in Italy (1749-1752) studying the great Italian masters, who greatly influenced his style. On the establishment of the Royal Academy in 1768 he was chosen its first president and was knighted, and in 1784 became principal painter to the King. A man of great cultivation and dignity, of courtly manners, who did much to raise his profession in the eyes of Englishmen.

GAINESBOROUGH, THOMAS.

1727-1788. British School. Born at Sudbury, Suffolk, died in London. Practiced his art mostly in Bath and London, where his portraits rivaled in popularity those of Reynolds. The real founder of English landscape.

WILSON, RICHARD.

1713-1782. British School. After Claude Lorraine the most successful master of classic landscape. Born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, died at Llanberis, Carnarvonshire. He spent the years from 1749 to 1755 in Italy, where his style was formed. In his own day he met with scantiest recognition, and he suffered great poverty. Now he is esteemed one of England's greatest masters. That he should have painted such visions of celestial peace while suffering from disappointment and neglect is wonderful.

ROMNEY, GEORGE.

1734-1802. British School. Born in Lancashire and died in Kendal, Westmoreland. In 1773 he visited Italy, where he remained for two years. On his return to England he settled in London, where he became the rival of Reynolds and Gainsborough as a portrait painter. Fell under the spell of Lady Hamilton, and painted her many times in varied characters.

COX, DAVID.

1783-1859. British School. Born and died near Birmingham. Spent his life wandering over England and Wales, painting landscapes of realistic fidelity and great beauty.

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY.

1756-1823. British School. Born near Edinburgh, where he died. His youth was spent in great poverty, but a fortunate marriage brought him an ample fortune, and enabled him to study in Italy for two years. Returning to Edinburgh in 1787 he speedily became the foremost portrait painter of Scotland. In 1812 he became president of the Scotch Society of Artists and in 1822 he was knighted.

LAWRENCE, SIR THOMAS.

1769-1830. British School. The last of the great English portrait painters of the 18th Century. Born at Bristol, died in London. He was the spoilt child of fortune. Though reared in poverty, he attained distinction even as a boy. He became the favorite of George III and George IV, who loaded him with commissions; and he received for his works prices until then without example in England. He was admitted to the Royal Academy before the age required by its rules, and became its president in 1820. He was knighted in 1815. He died in London at the height of his prosperity.

TURNER, J. M. W.

1775-1851. British School. England's greatest landscape painter. Born and died in London. Beginning with realistic landscapes, he passed on to classic landscapes in the style of Claude Lorraine, and ended in painting pictures which are essentially visions of light and air.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Announcement

The National Gallery of Art, which is the legal depository of all objects of art belonging to the nation not lawfully assigned to other custodianship, has heretofore existed as a dependency of the National Museum, one of the six coördinate units appropriated for by Congress under the Smithsonian Institution. On July 1, 1920 the Gallery was separated from the Museum and became the seventh coordinate administrative unit under the Institution. This resulted from the passage by the 66th Congress of an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill providing "for the administration of the National Gallery of Art by the Smithsonian Institution, including compensation of necessary employees and necessary incidental expenses." The Gallery has now an organization of its own and a modest staff with Dr. W. H. Holmes, as director, the collections of art works having been brought together in large measure under his charge as Curator while also Head Curator of the Department of Anthropology, U. S. National Museum.

The recognition of the Gallery as a distinct administrative unit is regarded as a most important step in the development of our national art interests since it opens the way to the building up in Washington of collections comparable in rank with those of other important centers of culture. The Gallery is already recognized as occupying a worthy position among the galleries of the country, although without a home aside from the limited space allotted to it in the greatly overcrowded halls of the Natural History Museum. It is confidently expected, however, that in the near future Congress will authorize the erection of a suitable building for its accommodation. The building contemplated by the Smithsonian authorities embodies in its plan the housing, for a period at least, of both the art gallery and the division of history, the former occupying at present, upwards of 20,000 square feet of the floor space in the Natural History museum building and the latter upwards of 75,000 square feet in the three buildings. Other collections expected in the near future will still further encroach upon the scientific departments.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded in 1846 and art was recognized in its fundamental act as one of its four departments, but in the early years little was done to further this feature, available funds being very limited, and progress was further hindered by a disastrous fire which in 1865 burned out the upper story of the Smithsonian building destroying in large part the art collections. The Gallery developed slowly until 1906 when a collection of art works was bequeathed to the Corcoran Gallery of Art by Harriet Lane Johnston, mistress of the White House during President Buchanan's administration, subject however, to the condition that should a national gallery be established in Washington they should become the absolute property of that gallery. This led to an inquiry regarding the status of the Institution as a national gallery and the question was referred to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia which rendered the decision that the Institution is the duly constituted National Gallery of Art. The collection was, therefore, assigned to its care. Since that time the national collections have been increasing rapidly, chiefly through gifts and bequests of art works. Among the

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gifts may be mentioned the William T. Evans Collection, regarded as one of the choicest collections of contemporary American paintings existing, and the Ralph Cross Johnson gift, which comprises 24 paintings by leading European masters, fully illustrated in the present number of this journal. Numerous minor collections are worthy of mention among which are "The A. R. and M. H. Eddy Donation" of oil paintings, miniatures and ivories; a large collection of art objects, the gift of the Reverend Alfred Duane Pell of New York; and 82 paintings and drawings by French artists, the gift of the French people in recognition of the part taken by America in the war with Germany.

Although no provision is made for the purchase of works of art by the Gallery a considerable fund is made available by the will of Henry Ward Ranger which will insure important additions each year, and other like resources are expected to materialize in the near future. An anticipated addition of particular moment is a collection of portraits of personages prominently connected with recent international affairs which is in preparation by a committee of patriotic citizens recently organized in New York. The foremost American portrait painters are engaged upon the work and nearly a score of portraits are already finished.

The value of the National Gallery collections already in hand is estimated in millions, their acquirement being due entirely to the generous attitude of American citizens toward the Smithsonian Institution, no single work now in its possession having been acquired by purchase. It can hardly be doubted that when a building is provided in which contributions can be cared for, and presented to the public in the manner they deserve, many collectors seeking a permanent home for their treasures will welcome the opportunity of placing them in the custody of the national institution. The authorization by Congress of a suitable building for the Gallery is all that is necessary to make Washington in the years to come an art center fully worthy of the nation.

The maintenance of a reasonable standard of excellence in works of art accepted by the Gallery has been provided for by the appointment of an advisory committee the members of which are W. H. Holmes, Chairman, Edwin H. Blashfield, Douglas Volk, Herbert Adams and Edmund C. Tarbell.

The Freer Gallery which is, by the terms of the gift, a distinct administrative unit under the Smithsonian Institution, to stand forever as such, will occupy the superb gallery provided for it by the donor, Charles L. Freer of Detroit and designed by Charles A. Platt, architect. The Gallery will be administered, as stipulated by the terms of the Freer bequest, by a staff separate from the National Gallery proper and fully provided for by the Freer Estate. It is a matter of deep regret that Mr. Freer should have died on the very eve of the realization of the great undertaking to which his life was chiefly consecrated.



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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1920

No. 4

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

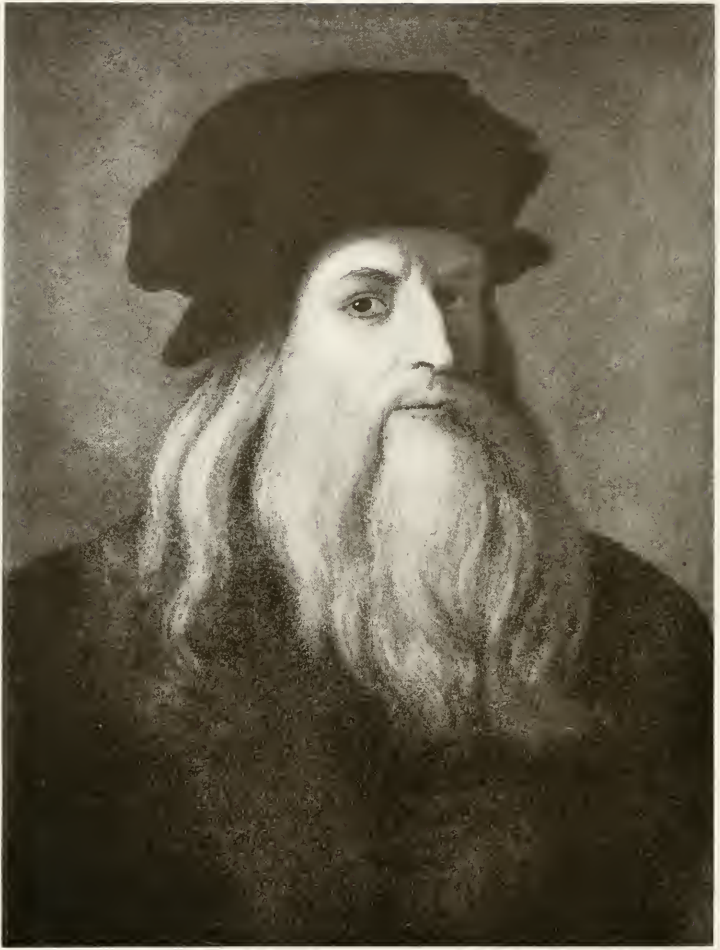
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Foreign subscriptions and advertisements should be sent to David H. Bond, 407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 1

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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SELF-PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1920

NUMBER 4

ARTISTS' SELF-PORTRAITS

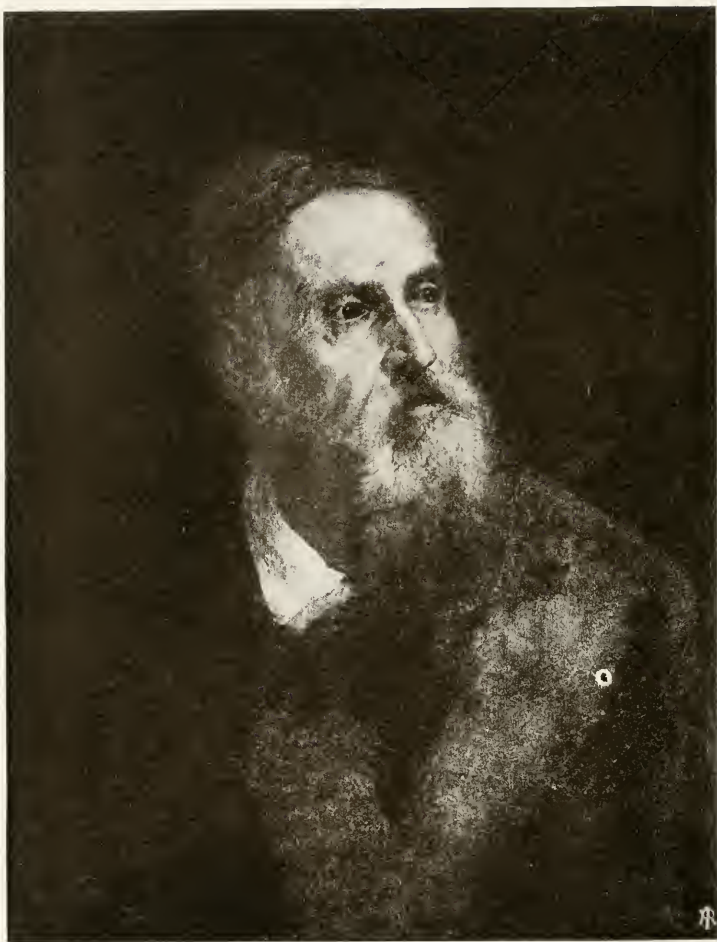
By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

IN ONE of his note-books Samuel Butler makes this observation: "A great portrait is always more a portrait of the painter than of the painted. When we look at a portrait by Holbein or Rembrandt, it is of Holbein or Rembrandt that we think more than of the subject of their picture. Even a portrait of Shakespeare by Holbein or Rembrandt could tell us very little about Shakespeare. It would, however, tell us a great deal about Holbein or Rembrandt."

Thus all portraits are, to a degree, self-portraits, just as all novels are, to a degree, autobiographical. When Raphael said that he painted "man as he ought to be," he meant, as Raphael thought man ought to be. It is well nigh impossible for an artist to paint the temperament, peculiarities and character of a sitter without exchanging some of them for his own. Kipling was right—he paints the thing as he sees it. This prerogative of selection, of showing a man ever at his best, has descended from ancient times to the present, save

in those modern radicals who scorn all the traditions of Art and paint the thing as nobody ever sees it. To the saner men it is still a canon. There is very much of William Chase in his portraits and much of Sargent's fastidiousness in his. In this lies the individuality of their work—the genius behind their technique.

The same characteristics can be observed, too, in men who were not distinctively portrait painters, but have left us portraits of themselves; there is something of their landscapes or their frescoes or their easel pictures in their self-portraits. It is a solemn fact, the man who paints cherubs instinctively puts something of the cherub in his own portrait; which is reasonable enough, since he maintains the cherub outlook on life and naturally considers himself in much the same cherubic light. In Overbeck's portrait of himself you can read the spell of Tuscany that gripped him in youth and won him the soubriquet of the Nazarene. Henner, who reveled deliciously in female



SELF-PORTRAIT OF TITIAN (1477-1576)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



SELF-PORTRAIT OF GIULIO ROMANO (1512-1546)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



SELF-PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)

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flesh painting, cannot entirely hide it in his rather buttery portrait of himself. Bouguereau's correct, conventional style of super-porcelain painting characterizes his own portrait. The

element of personality seems insoluble, unforgettable, irrepressible. His personality is the real master of the artist's technique, the demos that holds the brush and selects the colors.



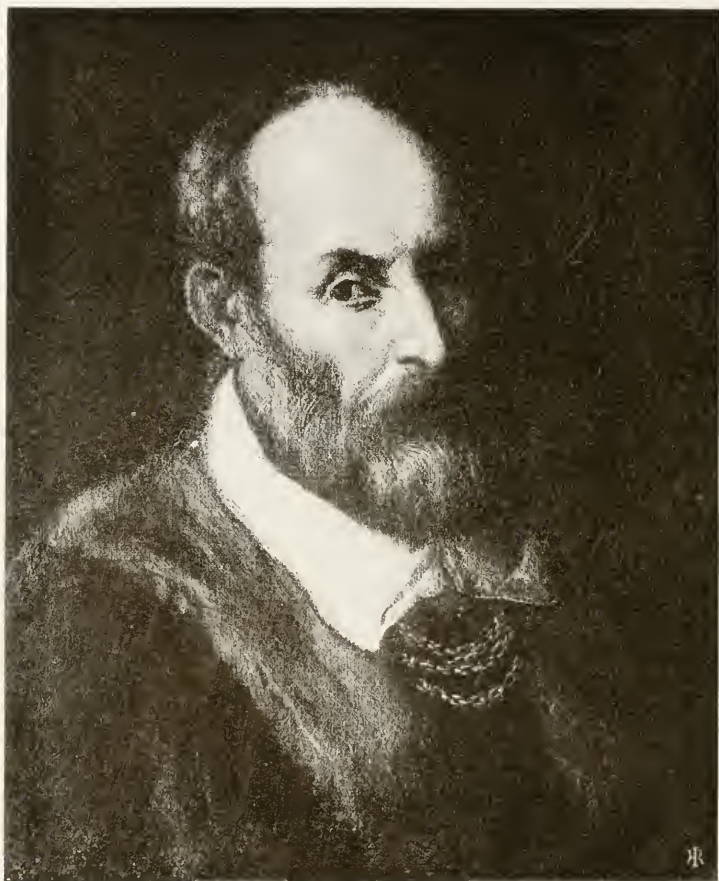
SELF-PORTRAIT OF CARLO DOLCI (1616-1686)

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One may wonder why artists paint themselves. Explanations are innumerable and each has its own amusing examples.

Even the least vain of us nurses the legitimate ambition of not being forgotten. We want the world to remem-

ber us and we want posterity to know both what we looked like and what we actually were like. Tennyson has put this theory into verse. He is said to have gotten the idea from George Frederick Watts while the latter was painting the laureate.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF VERONESE (PAVLO CAGLIARI, 1528-1588)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Self-portrait of Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520),
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

"As when a painter, poring on a face
Divinely, through all hinderance, finds
the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his
face,
The shape and color of a mind and life
Lives for his children, ever at its best."

The old Italian masters, schooled in monastic humility, made so bold as to put themselves in their frescoes. Perugino is in his *Cambio* fresco; he also left a portrait of himself, showing a rather tight-lipped, dour old fellow. Tintoretto slipped into his *Miracle of St. Mark*, and Veronese into his *Marriage at Cana*.

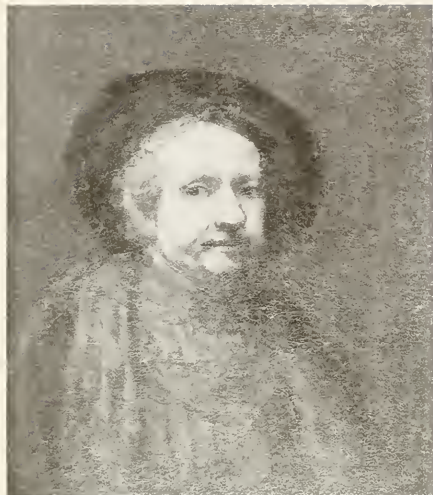
Such examples are legion. These old masters saw to it that their enemies were abased among the goats and it was natural that, having a wholesome respect of themselves, they should choose to be among the sheep—up with the adoring devout, close to the throne.

Another explanation of why an artist paints himself is that he is always seeking after the perfect expression, the clearest crystalization of personality, which is not possible where the personality of another sitter intrudes itself upon the vision. The physician knows that he cannot heal himself, but the artist considers himself his best portraitist.

There was Rembrandt, for example, a man of many moods. No other artist could get them all in one portrait, so he painted and sketched innumerable



Self-portrait of Hans Holbein (1497-1533)
Uffizi Gallery, Florence



Self-Portrait of Rembrandt, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1607-1669)



Self-Portrait of Overbeck, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1789-1869)



Self-Portrait of Leighton, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1830-1896)



Self-Portrait of Bouguereau, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1825-1905)



Self-portrait of William Chase
(1849-1918)

pictures of himself, and we see Rembrandt as a Young Man, Rembrandt With Open Mouth, Rembrandt With A Fur Cap, Rembrandt With A Fur Cap and Coat, Rembrandt With Dishevelled Hair, Rembrandt Laughing, Rembrandt As A Polish Cavalier, Rembrandt in 1648, Rembrandt and Saskia.

George Frederick Watts seems to have preferred himself in costume. We have the portrait as a youth of seventeen, the one of him in armor painted in Florence, the one as *The Venetian Senator*, quite grave and thoughtful, the 1864 portrait that hangs in the Tate Gallery showing him in the conventional artist's hat and cloak, and finally the unfinished portrait of 1904, the vision that death stopped—or began—of one who awaits calmly the echo of the trumpets blowing on the other side.

A third example would be Sir Joshua Reynolds who, either for the enlightenment of posterity or the lack of the perfect model, found time, during a life crowded with portraits, to paint himself no less than forty-five times.

To posterity and perfection, might be added a third reason for an artist painting himself. It would seem that every so often a man must stop and take stock of himself. Men in commerce today use efficiency tests. The physician takes his own blood pressure. The writer writes something that he actually likes to write. The editor



Self-portrait of Filippino Lippi, Uffizi Gallery, Florence
(1460-1505)



SELF-PORTRAIT OF PERUGINO (PIETRO VANUCCI, 1446-1524)

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



Self-portrait of Jean Jacques Henner (1829-1905),
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

publishes something that pleases himself alone, without regard to what the dear reader thinks. And in like manner, the artist tests the measure of his own personality. He has a dread of being like the man in the Bible who, looking at himself in a glass, goeth away, forgetting what manner of man he is. Let the artist look at himself in a glass—and his brushes are in his hand!

Now this, too, has some interesting results. Manet's self-portrait of 1878, *The Portrait With The Palette*, shows him younger than the portrait painted eighteen years previously. Durer was satisfied with thrice taking stock of himself and signing the results. Of the moderns one would expect to be constantly in front of a mirror, Whistler painted or drew himself only four times,

Chase three times, and Sir Frederick Leighton only twice—the first in 1846, a half-length that was his initial canvas, the other in 1881, which is illustrated here, for the Uffizi.

To the Uffizi we look as the greatest gallery of self-portraiture extant. The collection was begun by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici, who purchased the collection already started by the Accademia di S. Luca at Rome. To this the Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo added in 1768 the collection of the Abate Pazzi.

By no means can the claim of authenticity be sustained in the case of every portrait shown in the Uffizi. Some of them do not even represent the persons they are said to portray. Out of fifty-nine portraits of old masters listed, seventeen are not from their brush or are mere copies of existing self-portraits. The Dosso Dossi, for example, does not even belong to the master's epoch. The Giorgione is incredibly insignificant and poor. The Hans Holbein, despite the signature, is not genuine. Others are unquestionably self-portraits. The original of the Filippino Lippi illustrated here is an astonishingly sympathetic painting executed in monochrome on a tile. The Raphael was painted in 1506, in the master's twenty-third year, for his uncle Sinione Ciorla of Urbino. From Urbino the picture went first to the Academy of St. Luke and thence to the Uffizi. Authorities disagree on the Titian portrait; one will say that it is a varied copy of the original in the Berlin Gallery and bought in Antwerp in 1677; others tell this fantastic story—of how Titian painted the portrait for his family and presented it to his cousin Tiziano Vecelli. After his death the picture was declared common prop-

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erty, in 1728 it was sold to Marco Ricci by an Oswaldo Zuliano, a treacherous guardian of Alessandro Vecelli. Zuliano took it to Venice on the pretense of having it valued and then sent it to Ricci at Florence. From Ricci the Uffizi acquired it. The Vecelli family could not account for its disappearance until one of their members saw it in the Uffizi. Quite amusing this, but how like the average modern family's quarrel over an ancestor's portrait.

Among the important artists who hang in the Uffizi are Lippi, Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, Vasari, Holbein, Matsys, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Titian and Rubens. The later painters include Angelica Kaufmann, Ingres, Jules Breton, Watts, Millais, Leighton, Cabanel, our own William Chase and, of course, the coquettish Mme. Le Brun, a striking portrait that sparkles with all her characteristic vivacity. Of all the portraits in this gallery none is so often absent from its place being copied.

Another Le Brun self-portrait hangs in the National Gallery, and of its painting she tells, in her fascinating memoirs, quite the most interesting confession

about self-portraiture we have encountered. It has a delightful feminine flavor. In an Antwerp collection she was intrigued by Rubens' *Chapeau de Paille*, now in the National Gallery. "This wonderful painting represents one of Rubens' wives," she writes. "Its principal effects consists in the different lights given by the sun, daylight and the sun's rays. Perhaps only a painter can judge of its merits and wonderful execution. I was enchanted with this picture, and when I returned to Brussels I made a portrait of myself and endeavored to obtain the same effect. I wore on my head a straw hat, a feather, and a garland of field flowers, and held in my hands a palette." Then she concludes naively, "When the portrait was exhibited in the Salon, I may say that it added a good deal to my previous reputation."

Truly the artist is gifted above other men. He can add to his reputation by painting himself. He strikes a veritable mine of kudos in the

"power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

New York, N. Y.

COAST OF MAINE

Pine crowned rocks edging the voluptuous sea,
Thy beauty lies in thy stoned majesty:
Graven, storm-swept ledges of Eternity.

LEBARON COOKE.



"The Knight's Vision," by Raphael

RAPHAEL'S WAY OF WORKING

By MARRION WILCOX

WHY WAS it Raphael's practice in all his works to employ every available means for the idealization of his subjects, and what was the fountain-head of his idealism? What method did he follow in his preparatory studies? What mediums did he use? *The Knight's Vision* with its full cartoon—a pen drawing pricked for pouncing on the panel—suggests these questions.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century and in the first quarter of the sixteenth century the tempera painters in Italy continued to use egg as a medium. During the same period progressives were availing themselves of the new method of painting in oil, choosing as their mediums such drying-oils as those extracted from linseed, nuts, or the opium poppy, either plain or mixed with varnish. But, since there were advantages in each of the meth-

ods, we naturally find some of the wisest painters intent upon combining both mediums and thus trying to secure the best results of each. This was Raphael's practice, as the enamel-like surface and remarkably good state of preservation of his pictures make it incredible that they were painted in oil colors alone. He had egg as well as oil; he was quite familiar with the properties of drying-oil, and in addition he had oil varnishes consisting of large quantities of soluble resins dissolved in a comparatively small quantity of linseed oil. It is not possible for us to say definitely whether he also had such volatile mediums as spirits of turpentine. The first clear literary evidence that these volatile mediums were being used by painters is found in the sixteenth century manuscripts, where recipes are given for preparing varnishes by dissolving resins in spirits of turpentine,

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oil of spike, and petroleum. We must assume that Raphael experimented with all known mediums and methods in his desire to attain perfection of finish. Microphotographic tests reveal a very high finish of surface in his paintings, and the actual brushwork is concealed, as it is in works of the Van Eycks and their followers. We know, however, that Perugino painted in oils, and that fact makes it certain that his pupil tested the oil-painters' methods very thoroughly indeed. Now, as for his method of execution, this was about as follows: The color scheme was applied in an even impasto on a monochrome under-painting or brush-drawing, shaded and modelled in brown tones over white. Solid layers were put over transparent ones, the object being not only to get transparent undertones but to obtain a radiant base. The *Knight's Vision* was painted on a wooden panel, and we find that the woods most in favor for this use are the poplar, tulip wood, oak, and cedar, though plane wood and chestnut had their advocates. Panels were preferred to canvas before Raphael's day, but canvas was used very generally from that time. Many large pictures, originally painted on panels, have been in following centuries transferred to canvas. In the selection and blending of pigments Raphael as a rule displayed intimate acquaintance with their durability, though Moreau-Vautier calls attention to a single exception. He says that madder mixed with white is absorbed; and so it is that in Raphael's *Madonna of Francis I*, in the Louvre, a part of the Virgin's drapery is now a yellowish white in the lights and a purplish red in the shades. Originally the drapery in question was uniformly red. But this red was mixed with white in the high lights. The white absorbed the

madder and in time took on a yellowish tone, due to the oil and to a coat of varnish. In the shadows, on the other hand, where the madder was pure and thick, it has survived.

Now, after observing that the study for the charming figure at the right in the *Knight's Vision* is a drawing from life in his Venice sketch-book, let us summarize the method Raphael followed in later years as part of his general plan to place his own skill and talents under the formative influence of masterpieces of ancient art, though ever correcting traditional forms by original observations of nature and by anatomical studies. Thus obviously he both studied the antique and appealed to nature in order to attain the perfection of the *Canigiani Madonna*. Then, too, he recalled the works of Donatello, of Signorelli, of Botticelli and Filippino, and refreshed his early reminiscences of Mantegna. "One step further he went even than this," according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "He fell to admiring the methods which Michaelangelo had displayed, as to form, in the *Pietà* at St. Peter's, as to attitude and drapery in the *Madonna of the Uffizi*. He made Michaelangelo's system of painting his own, adapting to his compositions the clear contour and modeling of Buonarrotti, his translucent blending of tints and marbled smoothness of surface." He also adopted Michaelangelo's habitual contrasts of light and shade. "But with what labor and exercise of patience he compassed all this it would be hard to understand if the numberless drawings had not been preserved which preceded the actual undertaking of the altar-pieces of Domenico Canigiani and Atalanta Baglioni." In both of these pictures he drew the models of the nudes, which he afterwards draped, he copied skeletons, repeated the figures in

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various movements, and even changed their distribution in all kinds of ways.

And now let us see what light is thrown on Raphael's practice of idealizing his subjects, and on the source of his idealism, by closer observation of this little panel picture, in regard to which a writer has offered the following suggestion: "The subject breathes the very essence of that courtly and romantic atmosphere which haunted the palace of Urbino and may well have been inspired by the Duchess Elizabeth herself. This accomplished lady was the first to honor the son of her old friend Giovanni Santi with her patronage, and Raphael may have painted this little allegory for the decoration of her chamber." Quite certainly Raphael did receive at the most impressionable age his strong idealizing predilection. The teaching at Urbino which formed his character when his very first essays in the field of art were undertaken was the teaching of high courtesy, the quest

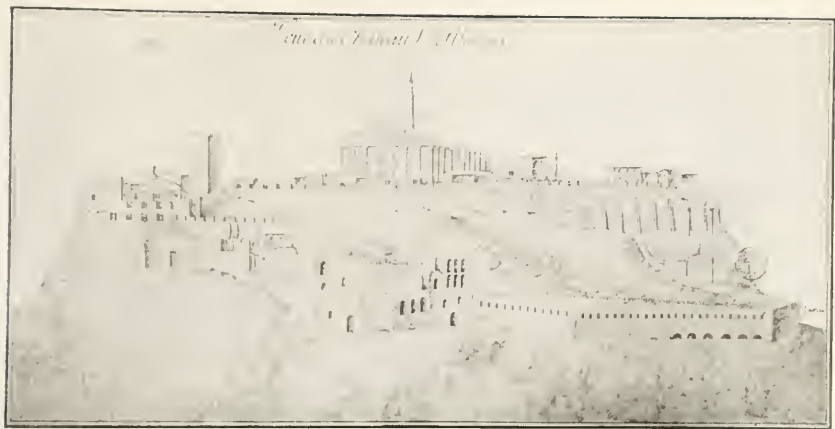
of the beautiful, the noble, in thought and action—precisely that choice of which the boyish knight is dreaming in the picture. When the Duchess of Urbino held her court in the time-honored fashion, and young people (Raphael and others) who studied to become soldiers, poets, artists, and statesmen met in her rooms, "many a courtly conversation took place" and, we are told, instruction was given for the conduct of true lovers, polished courtiers, and accomplished soldiers. Only ideal careers were portrayed then. The Knight asleep upon his shield at the foot of a laurel tree may choose between one lovely ideal, the girl who stands near his head with a sword in her right hand and a hook in her left, and another equally lovely who offers a spray of myrtle. Raphael never lost the inspiration derived from the Urbino ideals.

Yale Club, New York City.

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PAESTUM.

Eternal loveliness, that knows not death,
Eternal strength and boundless purity,
Oh, living symbol that the hands of men
Have crowned with such transcending dignity,
Such god-like aspiration, ageless stone,
Washed by the golden sun and liquid air,
Begirt with flowers whose spring-time joyousness
Is frail beside your own virility,
The passionate truth that marks your silent days,
Youth of the spirit; columned citadel,
Of all the bravest hopes of human life;
Gigantic majesty, enshrined and lone
In the great mystery that beauty is,
Our souls grow great in but beholding you.
Our hearts expand beyond their little span
And we partake of your divinity.

LESLYN LOUISE EVERETT



View of the Acropolis in 1674, reproduced from the design made for Nointel and d'Ortieres and preserved in the National Library at Paris. Observe the Frankish tower, the Parthenon with its minaret, and the music hall of Herodes Atticus. From *Omont, Athènes au xvi^e Siècle*, Paris, 1896. Plate xxxi.

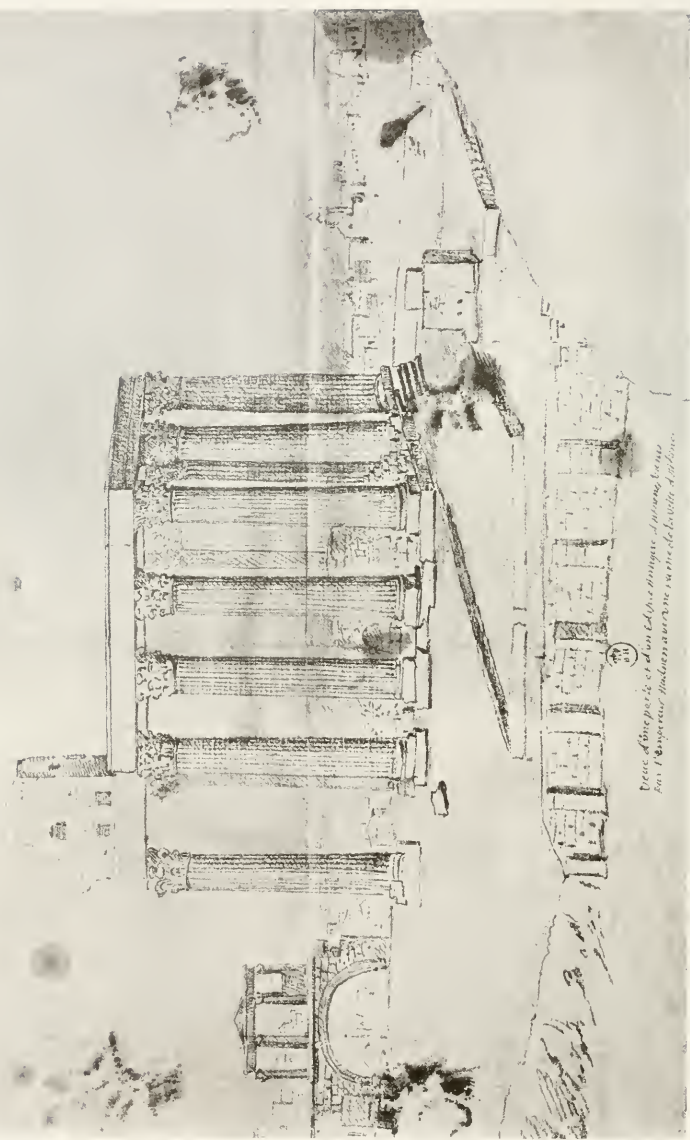
AN EARLY ENGLISH TRAVELER IN GREECE

By WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON

AS IS WELL KNOWN, the work of Pausanias, who made his famous journey through Greece in the second century A. D., is the only detailed account, which has come down to us from classic times, of that country's many objects of artistic interest. At the time of his journey Greece was still rich in works of art, and the great temples which he looked upon, were standing in all their original beauty. From scattered allusions in later authors Leake has concluded that, even as late as the fourth century, the chief monuments of ancient art were practically unharmed. But in the dark centuries that followed, devastation repeatedly swept over Greece, and in the general havoc, "temple and tower went down." We know but little of Greece during this long period and it came even to be doubted, in Western Europe, whether Athens any longer existed. Finally, with the great awakening of

the Italian Renaissance, there arose naturally, a curiosity as to the condition of Greece, but no exact information could be obtained; since, with the Turkish occupation of the country in the fifteenth century, Greece was practically closed, for two centuries after, to the rest of Europe. Not until near the close of the seventeenth century, when the Turkish terror had somewhat abated, did travelers venture to encounter the privations and perils of a "Journey into Greece," nor, have we, until that time, any satisfactory account of the condition of Greece under Turkish rule.

In 1675 George Wheler, an Englishman, made his so-called "Journey into Greece," in company with Dr. Spon, a Frenchman of Lyons. Soon after their return home, Spon published an account of the journey. Meanwhile Wheler had also been planning a book and when, in 1678, Spon's book appear-



Temple d'Olympien et de son Calypso temple d'Apollon
par l'Empereur Hadrien au commencement du siècle de l'ère chrétienne

Ruins of the Olympieion, or Temple of Olympian Zeus, attributed to Carrey and executed in 1674, during the sojourn of the Marquis de Nointel, Ambassador of France to Constantinople. This is as seen by Wheeler, showing the hermit's cell on top of the columns. From *Onont, Altitus au xvii^e siècle*, Paris, 1896. Plate xxii.

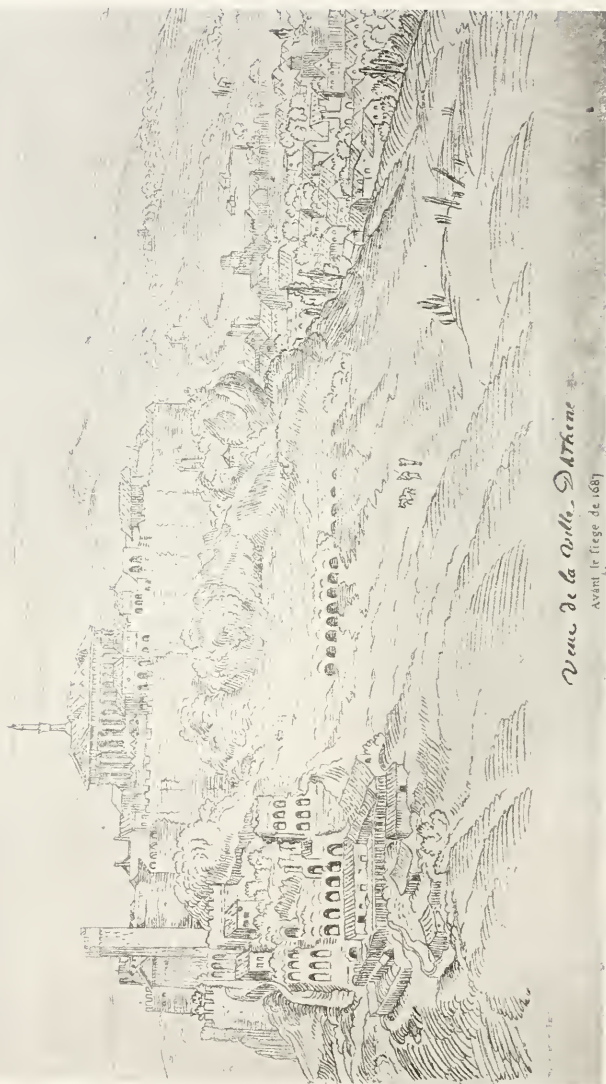
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ed, the Englishman proceeded to finish his account, and published it in 1682. The story told by these men of what they saw in Greece, and particularly in Athens, is a narrative of the highest interest, for Spon and Wheeler were the first travelers since the time of Pausanias, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, to give us any account, of real value, of the condition of the Greek antiquities that had survived to the modern period. A few notices, hardly more than notices, have indeed come down to us from the two or three preceding centuries, but they are characterized by the grossest ignorance—such as calling the Parthenon the Pantheon, or naming it as the temple of the “Unknown God” referred to by St. Paul. It is in 1674 that we first come upon something of real interest; for in that year the Marquis de Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte, in passing through Athens, was greatly impressed by the Parthenon, and employed an artist, by name Carrey, to make those famous drawings of the pediment sculptures which have been of such value in later studies of the temple. In the very next year, 1675, Spon and Wheeler visited Greece and were perhaps the last travelers from the west to look upon the Parthenon before the bombardment, ten years later, reduced it to its present ruinous condition. This circumstance alone would give to their journey and their narrative the highest interest for us, who can today look only upon the ruined structure. By a comparison of their description with the accounts of the classical authorities, Pausanias and others, we may form some idea of the losses suffered by Grecian art during the centuries previous to their visit. From these earliest modern travelers, and from those who soon followed them, we learn also, with dismay, of the de-

struction that was still going on, during the century and a half that remained before Greece was finally freed from the Turkish yoke.

Though Spon and Wheeler traveled together, we shall now limit ourselves to Wheeler's account of the journey. The value of Wheeler's work is simply as an account of what he saw. As for his theories and conclusions, they concern us little, since many of them are now known to be erroneous. Still it is fair to say for him that some of his mistaken notions have only recently been corrected. We must bear in mind the enormous amount of attention that has been given to archaeological investigation in our day, and I think we shall conclude that he was probably as well informed upon classical antiquities as could be expected of him, in his day and generation. As to the main thing—the reporting of what he actually saw—he was probably painstaking, and, in general, trustworthy. But he was greatly hampered in many ways. For example, when he visited the Acropolis in Athens he was unable to take notes or make sketches while actually on the spot. Had he done so he ran the risk of arrest as a spy, making notes of the fortifications into which the entire Acropolis had been converted by the Turks. He was obliged, therefore, to write out his description later, from memory, which might, of course, fail him in some important details.

Wheeler met Spon by appointment in Venice in June, 1675. There they took ship for Constantinople, stopping at various points on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and among the Greek islands, arriving at Constantinople in September. From Constantinople they came down through Asia Minor, partly by sea and partly by land, to Smyrna, whence they sailed for Zante. From



View of the Acropolis and vicinity as seen by Wheeler, 1676. Note the Turkish minaret above the Parthenon, also the fortification of the Propylaea, with the mediaeval watch-tower. This is a reproduction of the most ancient plan of the Acropolis now in the Art Museum of the University of Bonn. From *Osmânî, Mîlletleri an' avrûsî Sicîli*, Paris, 1896, Plate XXIX.

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Zante, partly by water and partly by land, they came into Attica, and over Mt. Paries, by the Pass of Phyle, to Athens. Wheler tells us that they arrived at Athens in January 1676. He then proceeds to give a full account of the city, the condition of the people, the language, etc. Much of this is very curious and interesting but we pass at once to his account of the Acropolis, which he calls, generally, the "Castle." It was no easy matter to gain permission to visit it. It was the citadel of the town, strongly guarded and garrisoned by a Turkish force, and, although the travelers remained in Athens a month, they succeeded in gaining but a single admission. He says: "It was with great difficulty we obtained the favor of seeing the Castle of the Haga,* who being newly come hither and scarce well settled in his place, knew not whether he might safely gratify us; but an old soldier of the Castle, his friend and confidant, for three okas of coffee—two to the governor and one to himself—persuaded him at last to give way, assuring him it was never refused to such strangers as it appeared that we were. The Haga hath for his garrison about an hundred Turks of the country, who reside there with their families, and are always on their guard for fear of pirates, who often land there and do a great deal of mischief. Wherefore all night a part of them by turns, go the round of the walls, making a great hallooing and noise, to signify their watchfulness, and that if pirates or other enemies come, they are ready to receive them."

Having secured their permission they ascended the hill by the same winding slope that we ascend today. Wheler tells us that they passed through three gates. The third brought them nearly to the top where they beheld, on their

right, the temple of the Unwinged Victory, at that time, he says, used by the Turks as a powder-magazine. The curious fate of this temple is now well known. It had been mentioned by Pausanias and it was seen and described by Wheler. In the next century it had disappeared. Stuart and Revett looked for it in vain in 1750. So late as 1835, however, when the Greeks, after the departure of the Turks, were clearing away the remains of Turkish fortifications, sculptured fragments were found—sufficient portions of the temple being recovered to reconstruct it, piecemeal, upon its original site with the aid of Spon and Wheler's accounts.

On the left of this temple, as they ascended, they saw what they thought might be, and what really was, the Propylaea. Wheler's account, however, is confused and it is difficult to make out the state of the structure at that time. Wheler seems to have been somewhat impressed and puzzled by two towers on the right and left of the entrance. Could one of them have been that famous medieval watch-tower, taken down some years ago, but which is so familiar an object in all engravings of the Acropolis made in the early part of the last century?

Wheler's difficulty probably arose from the fact that the Propylaea, a few years before, had been greatly injured by the explosion of a powder-magazine. Probably in Wheler's time the structure was still encumbered to such an extent with the ruins, that he failed to make out its true character. The first travelers to follow Wheler, in the next century, had no difficulty in identifying the building, though Chandler found it used as a fortification; the intercolumniations walled up, and on the top a battery of cannon. Today, as is well known, the columns are seen free and clear of all the Turkish obstructions. And here we may well excuse Wheler

Haga, i. e., the Turkish governor of the place

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for the vagueness of his description of the Propylaea, in view of his eagerness to reach the Parthenon. With a delightful enthusiasm he says: "We could hardly stay here to make all the observations we might have done, we were so impatient to go to the Temple of Minerva, the chief goddess of the Athenians, which is not only still the chief ornament of the citadel, but absolutely both for matter and art the most beautiful piece of antiquity remaining in the world. I wish I could communicate the pleasure I took in viewing it, by a description that would in some proportion express the idea I then had of it, which I cannot hope to do."

The Parthenon which Wheler beheld was nearly a perfect structure. The only serious loss which it had suffered was in the sculptures of the eastern pediment, which we are told by Pausanias, represented the Birth of Athena in the presence of the assembled gods of Olympus. The whole central portion of these sculptures, which must have represented the most important personages in the scene, had disappeared, and in the wall of the pediment behind them an opening for a window had been made, as is generally supposed, the work of the Christians, at the time when they consecrated the Temple of the Virgin goddess Athena to be a church for the worship of the virgin Mary.* Overbeck fixes the time to be at the end of the fifth century. At that time, too, the eastern door was walled up, and as the Christian altar was placed at the eastern end of the temple, the window was inserted in the wall above it in order to light the interior.

* The slow and gradual conversion of the Greeks had the natural effect of blending the rites of the two religions, and of introducing many of the ancient ceremonies and customs of Paganism into the Church, and we are not surprised to find that the Christians chose, for the converted temple, the saint most resembling the Pagan deity to whom it had before been sacred. Thus the Parthenon, which had derived its name from the virginity of Minerva, became sacred to the virgin mother of Christ.—*Leake*.

The remaining sculptures of this pediment, which were left unhurt by the Christians, and which were seen in their place by Wheler, were a part of the rich spoil carried off by Lord Elgin, at the beginning of the last century, and are now in the British Museum in London.

The western pediment, with its sculptures representing the contest of Poseidon and Athena for the Attic country was seen entire by Wheler, and from his description and with the aid of Carrey's drawings, made shortly before this time, we can form some idea of how the subject was treated. Of these sculptures of the western pediment, as is well known, scarce anything is left to-day. Only two figures, much battered and difficult to identify, still remain in place on the pediment; and there is now in the Elgin collection, a mutilated, recumbent male figure identified as a River God (the Cephissus or the Ilissus) and supposed to belong to the western pediment.

Wheler made a curious mistake in explaining the subject of the west pediment and yet he thought he was following the ancient author, Pausanias. Pausanias, provokingly brief about the Parthenon, has only this to say of the pediments:—

"As you enter the temple called the Parthenon, all that is contained in what is termed the pediment relates to the Birth of Athena. But on the opposite, or back front, is the contest of Athena and Poseidon for the land."

It is now known that the ancient entrance to the Parthenon was at the eastern end, and hence the sculptures of that pediment must have told the story of the Birth of Athena, as Pausanias says. But Wheler, finding the only entrance to be at the west, and supposing it to be the entrance of Pausanias,



West Pediment of the Parthenon, reproducing the sculptures as drawn by Carrey and copied for d'Ortières, when on his mission to the Levant for Louis XIV, 1685-87. From *Oumont, Athènes au xvi^e Siècle*, Paris, 1896, Plate xxv.

naturally tried to fit the birth scene to the sculptures which he saw on that pediment, whereas they really represented the Athena and Poseidon contest. Two figures of this pediment seem to have particularly interested him. In his description he speaks of these figures as "sitting in the corner" of the pediment at the west, and takes them to be emperor Hadrian, and his wife Sabina; "whom I easily knew to be so," he says, "by the many medals and statues I have seen of them." As it happens these are the two figures already referred to, as still in position—headless and battered—the solitary remnant which the Parthenon still possesses of its pediment sculptures.

Wheler's theory that these two figures represent Hadrian and Sabina may seem to us to-day very curious, but it persisted to hold ground, long after Wheler's time. It seems to have grown out of the well-known interest which Hadrian had in Athens, and his activity and benefactions there, and from careless reading or quotation of the statements of ancient authors concerning

him. The notion was even prevalent in Wheler's time that Hadrian had built the Parthenon, which notion, however, Wheler appears not to have accepted; for he triumphantly quotes Plutarch's statement, that Pericles built the temple; but even he thinks that this may refer to the *cella* to which, he says, "Attalus added the magnificent portico, which Hadrian most probably repaired, and adorned it with those figures at each front. For the whiteness of the marble and his own statue joined with them, apparently show them to have been of a later age than the first, and done by the Emperor's command."

Stuart, in the following century, in his "Antiquities of Athens," quotes Wheler and thinks there is at least a doubt whether the sculptures of both pediments were not put up by Hadrian. Chandler (1765) thought the sculptures all of the early age, but thought that possibly the heads of Hadrian and his wife might, out of compliment, have been substituted by the Athenians for the original heads of the statues in question. In the very interesting ex-

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amination, in 1816, of art-experts before the House of Commons Committee in England, in order to determine the value of the Elgin marbles, with a view to their purchase by the nation, it was considered of great importance by the Committee, to settle the question whether the marbles were really of the age of Phidias, as was claimed by Elgin. Among those examined, however, Payne Knight seems to have been the only one who had any serious doubt that they were the work of Phidias; and he based his view mainly upon the statement of Spon and Wheler. From the testimony of Lord Aberdeen, given before the Committee, we learn the interesting fact, that when Aberdeen visited Athens, the figure of the supposed Hadrian had still its head; that it was knocked off while he was still in the city, probably to sell to some traveler, and in its fall was broken to pieces.

When Wheler comes to speak of the east pediment he says of the sculptures, that "they are now all fallen down, only part of a sea-horse excepted." This seems a strange statement in view of the fact that Elgin brought away some eight or ten figures from the east pediment. Moreover, Carrey's drawings, made only the year before Wheler's visit, show all the figures in place except, of course, the great central group which was removed in the fifth century, by the Christians, when they made the opening for a window. We may perhaps account for Wheler's surprising statement by supposing that he naturally gave most of his attention to the western pediment, as the sculptures there were complete. The eastern pediment, then, with its great gap in the centre, impressed him, by comparison with the western, as in so ruinous a condition that when he came to write about it, his memory simply failed him, and he

thought of nothing of importance as remaining there.

Wheler's account of the interior of the Parthenon is of great interest, in view of the fact that there is absolutely nothing left today of its internal construction. "On entering the temple," he says, "my companion and I were not surprised at the obscurity, because the observations we had made on other heathen temples, did make it no new thing unto us. And that the heathens loved obscurity in their religious rites and customs, many reasons may be given—especially because, by that means, the pomps they exposed to the people had much advantage; and the defects of them, with all their juggling and cheating, were less exposed to view. When the Christians consecrated it to serve God in, they let in the light at the east end, which is all that it yet hath."

Our good traveler's theory that the obscurity of the temple was for a definite purpose—*forsooth* to assist the jugglery of the heathen worship, seems rather amusing when we remember that the Parthenon has been thought by many as one of the class of hypæthral temples, and therefore, partially at least, unroofed. If this view be correct, then the roof that Wheler saw may have been put on by the Christians themselves, who at the same time opened the window in the east pediment, to get their light from that source rather than through the opening in the roof by which the ancient temple was lighted. It is an interesting fact, however, that Wheler found the Parthenon roofed, and it were to be wished that he had given us some account of the kind of roof he saw. But the whole question about the roofing and lighting of ancient temples has been greatly discussed and is perhaps still *sub judice*. As the Greek temple had no windows in

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the side walls it might be supposed necessary to have some opening in the roof, for the purpose of lighting the interior, or at least to illumine the cella, where the statue of the divinity stood. In that case it was equally important to protect the statue from the rain in some way. Fergusson has a theory that the light may have come in through some kind of clerestory, instead of a skylight. But the theory now generally adopted is that of Dörpfeld, who gives up hypæthral and every other form of lighting for the Parthenon, save through the door. He takes the ground that the great door, when opened, would give abundance of light, in which case, as Miss Harrison suggests, "When the great doors were flung open, the light would be enough; reflected as it was from marble pavement and cella-wall, and a hundred glittering objects; enough for the shimmer of the white ivory, gold, and precious stones; but subdued enough to leave about the goddess, a veil of awe and mystery. It would seem indeed as though no sunlight or lamp were needed in the temple; for the radiant goddess herself was the light thereof."

Wheler entered the Parthenon at the western end, as we have said, and passed through the great western portal used by the Christians at the time when they walled up the original entrance at the east. They appear, at the same time, to have cut through the wall separating the cella from the opisthodomos better to adapt the temple to the new purpose for which it was now to be used. Of the interior which he saw, on entering, Wheler says: "On both sides and toward the door is a kind of gallery, made with two ranks of pillars, twenty-two below and twenty-three above. The odd pillar is over the arch of the entrance which was left for the passage."

Of this columniation nothing is left today save the traces, on the pavement, of the positions which the columns occupied. How much of the columniation which Wheler saw, belonged originally to the temple, or what changes had been made in it by the Christians, it is impossible to say. The words, "kind of gallery," are vague, and may, perhaps, merely refer to the architrave which supported the upper colonnade. We can form some idea of a possible interior of the Parthenon from the interior columns, still to be seen today, in the great temple of Poseidon at Paestum in Italy, where sixteen columns in the cella support an upper range of smaller columns.

Continuing his account of the interior, Wheler tells us that the Christian arrangements had not been greatly disturbed by the Turks. He saw at the extreme east, what he calls the "semicircle of the Holy Place," or what, in church language, is called the apse. On each side of this recess there were two jasper pillars. Within was a canopy, supported by four porphyry columns with beautiful Corinthian capitals of white marble. There were two or three semicircular steps, by which to ascend to the episcopal chair of marble—the chair being still in place under the window. Dodwell, who was in Athens, more than a century later, saw, among the ruins at the east end, some fragments of red porphyry which he thought might be the remains of the four columns mentioned by Wheler.

The excellent condition of the interior of the Parthenon at the time of Wheler's visit, was due to the fact, that at the downfall of Paganism the Christians had used it as a church; and that the Turks later, on their conquest of the country, had similarly converted it into a mosque. For their purpose but

little change was necessary. According to the Mohammedan feeling the sacred niche known as the *Mihrab*, and corresponding to the Christian altar, or apse, must lie in the direction of Mecca. Wheler's account agrees with this. He says "the niche of the Turk's devotion is made in the corner, at the side of the altar on the right hand; by which is their place of prayer; and on the other side a pulpit to read their law in, as is usual in all mosques."

Those who have visited Constantinople will remember the same change there, made by the Turks in the great church of Justinian—*Santa Sophia*—and the curious effect produced by the long prayer-rugs on the floor, lying out of parallel with the line of the side-walls in such a position that the worshippers may exactly face the *Mihrab*.

Leaving the Parthenon our travelers inspected the *Erechtheum*—the outside only, as the interior was the seraglio of the Turkish governor. This beautiful building, now a sad ruin, was, in Wheler's time, in a good state of preservation. He has, however, little to say about it; and with this building ends his tour of the Acropolis.

The *Erechtheum* escaped, in 1687, the fate of the Parthenon, as may be seen by Stuart's drawing made in the middle of the 18th century. It was in the main complete until the Greek Revolution, when in the siege of 1827, it suffered great damage. Afterwards, in a storm in 1852, the western wall with its engaged columns was blown down.

Leaving the summit of the Acropolis Wheler descended to what he supposed to be the Dionysiac theatre. He says that the seats were ruined for the most part, and the best preserved portion of the building was the front. He saw three ranges of arches, one above the other. These he describes in some de-

tail. He then speaks of ruins to the east, which he thinks the remains of the Portico of Eumenes. Now all this seems to show, that he took the Odeum of Herodes Atticus to be the Dionysiac Theatre. The latter was in his day, probably entirely lost to view. Extensive remains of the Odeum, however, still exist today and his description of the theatre fits exactly the Odeum. Wheler thought this to be the theatre, though he ought to have been puzzled by its distinctly Roman construction. This Odeum was not described by Pausanias in his account of Athens, because it had not been built when he made his tour of that region. Elsewhere, however, he mentions it, and says he had written his *Attica* before the Odeum had been built. Wheler's error long persisted. In the next century Stuart made the same mistake. Chandler was the first to point out the actual site of the theatre, though there were probably visible at the time of his visit, only the scantiest vestiges of the structure. Leake (1820) following him, speaks with entire correctness, and feels sure "that the Dionysiac theatre is indicated by the hollow at the southeast end of the Acropolis." He adduces, too, in confirmation, the coin in the British Museum which shows the theatre, with the Parthenon rising above it—tallying exactly with the description of Dicaearchus, who visited Athens in the 4th century and speaks of these buildings in their relative positions—the Odeum, then the Theatre, and the Parthenon rising above the theatre. As we now know, the excavations, made since Leake's time, have revealed the theatre and settled the question.

From the Acropolis Wheler came to what we now know as the remains of the great temple of Zeus Olympius, but

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

which he failed to identify. Seventeen columns were standing in his time, one having since fallen. He calls them "Hadrian's Pillars" and says, "they are commonly reported to be the remains of his palace," a view which he seems to accept. Then he naively says, "But my companion and I are not of their opinion that believe the palace was built on top of them; for that doubtless would prove too really a castle in the air, they being about fifty-two feet high." This facetious reference to a "palace built on top," was probably suggested to Wheeler by a curious structure which he saw resting on the architrave above two of the columns, and which he could not account for. It was seen by Chandler in the next century, and identified by him as the ruined cell of a Stylite hermit, of course forming no part of the original temple. It was seen by Dodwell, Hobhouse, and other travelers, in the early part of the 19th century, and appears in pictures made at that time, and was finally removed after the liberation of the Greeks from the Turks, when all the ancient buildings were at once set free from the alien accretions that had gathered about them. But Wheeler does not forget the great temple of Zeus, though failing to identify it. In a long argument, he locates it in the interior of the town, apparently mistaking for it the structure now known as the Stoa of Hadrian.

After remaining a month at Athens our travelers visited various outlying places of interest—Aegina, Sunium, Corinth. At Corinth they saw the eleven monolith columns of which, a century later, four had fallen, when Byron wrote of the "seven columns of Doric mold." They finally left Athens, in February, 1676, for their homeward journey, by way of northern Greece. When they reached Lebadea the two

friends reluctantly separated. Spon, being impatient to reach his home, took ship at the little port of Asprospiti for Zante, from which he hoped to depart for Italy and France. Wheeler lingered on in Boeotia intending to return again to Athens. But a month later he changed his mind and followed on in the wake of Spon. In their northern journey Wheeler tells of many privations and perils. He had a particular fear of pirates in the Gulf of Corinth, until the little ship had passed safely out into the open sea. "But Heaven," he says, "that had so many times so wonderfully preserved me, did then also deliver me out of the hands of those infidels, and brought me safely to Zante the next day by noon. Whence, by the first occasion, I departed for Italy and France; where having further satisfied my curiosity and congratulated with my friends my prosperous voyage, I hastened to render myself to my country and to the long-wished-for embraces of my parents, relations and friends and to give praise to God for the wonderful things he had done for my soul."

Then, after a most enthusiastic paean of praise for England, her institutions and her laws, he continues: "Therefore arriving at Canterbury, its Metropolitan Throne, November 15, 1676, transported with unspeakable joy at the singular bliss of my country, relations and friends, far exceeding any nation I had seen beyond our British seas, I offered to God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, resolving forever to call upon His great name who is the only mighty preserver of mankind."

Then follow long quotations of passages of Scripture, in praise of the Almighty; and so ends Wheeler's quaint and interesting "Journey into Greece."

Swarthmore College, Pa.

PRESIDENTIAL BOOKPLATES

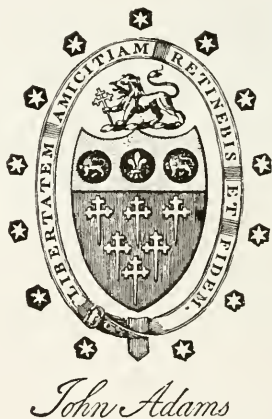
By ALFRED FOWLER

IN THIS YEAR of overshadowing interest in the Presidential election, a brief survey of the bookplates of the Presidents may afford a timely sidelight on the subject. That so many of our executives should have used bookplates may be a surprise to even some bookplate enthusiasts for, like a collection of autographs of the Presidents, a complete collection of bookplates of the Presidents is a rare item. But the bookplates possess an added interest as works of art.



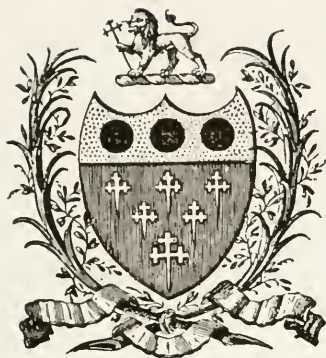
George Washington established a good precedent by using a handsome Chippendale armorial bookplate. The arms of his family are displayed on the usual rococo shield surrounded by the conventional sprays and roses. The motto, *Exitus acta probat* (The end

shows the deed), is borne on a ribbon below the shield whilst the name George Washington is engraved in script on a rococo tablet at the base. The engraver of the plate is unknown but the fact that the arms are not heraldically correct, in that a wreath has been placed under the coronet and the eagle in the crest is incorrectly displayed, leads to the conclusion that the



engraver did not know as much about heraldry as any English engraver of that period would have known and that it must have been engraved in America. More evidence in favor of this theory results from a search of Washington's bills of goods received from London which do not show the purchase of a bookplate abroad, as was the custom with many Colonial gentlemen.

The Washington bookplate is very rare; so rare, in fact, that the plate has



John Quincy Adams

been counterfeited. The spurious design is very poorly done, however, and may be easily recognized. The counterfeit was used to raise the value of some books to be sold at auction but it was immediately detected by the name being poorly engraved, the printing poorly done and by the use of palpably modern paper. Another difference readily perceived by the student of heraldry is a difference in the tinctures of the crest, *sable* in the original and *gules* in the forgery. A copy of the design has also been made by a modern engraver but it does not pose as the original, the impressions being printed on Japanese vellum. The original copper-plate is supposed to have been cut into pieces by a fanatical owner and thrown into the Schuylkill river.

Amongst the early Presidents John Adams, John Quincy Adams and John Tyler also used bookplates. The John Adams bookplate displays a shield of arms within a belt bearing the motto, *Libertatem amicitiam retinebis et fidem* (Keep liberty, friendship and good

faith), the whole surrounded by thirteen brilliant stars—those thirteen brilliant stars within which he did, indeed, keep liberty, friendship and good faith! The name John Adams is engraved in script below the design. The bookplate of John Quincy Adams is of the style known as *Festoon Armorial*, the spade shield and crest being enclosed by wreaths and the name engraved below the design, which bears no motto. John Tyler's bookplate is a plain printed label.

Fourteen presidents after John Tyler were bookplateless until we come to Theodore Roosevelt who followed the good precedent of having an armorial bookplate. The arms are displayed on an Elizabethan shield surmounted by an Esquire's helmet bearing the crest. The bookplate is of special interest as an example of *armes parlantes*: two rose plants, bearing three roses, growing out





Theodore Roosevelt

of a mound or veldt. The motto, *Qui plantavit curabit*, is on a ribbon below the shield with the name engraved below that.

Mrs. Roosevelt has an artistic bookplate which is one of only eight designed by Howard Pyle. It was engraved by

Sidney L. Smith, whose bookplates are so highly prized by collectors. The design is of classical motif, showing Terpsichore and Clio standing by an altar which bears the lettering "*Ex-libris* Edith Kermit Roosevelt." The design is quite rare in collections as Mrs. Roosevelt does not exchange with bookplate collectors.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, now Mrs. Preston, has an imposing bookplate by the late Charles W. Sherborn, R. E., of London, which is also an unusual item even in collections of Presidential bookplates. The design was exhibited at the Royal Painter Etchers Exhibition in London, 1902. It portrays a woman standing beneath a tree, writing on a scroll, with a view of the Washington Capitol in the distance and the arms of the United States above. The lettering reads "*Ex-libris* Frances Folsom Cleveland" and the whole is surrounded with flowers and conventional foliage.

William Howard Taft has a handsomely engraved bookplate which de-





picts the Torrey homestead in Millbury, Massachusetts, his home during his youth. The scales of Justice at the top symbolize his Associate Judgeship, the palms at the side recall his Insular Governorships, whilst the seal of Yale University is found in the upper sinister corner and the arms of the United States appear in the opposite corner. Mr. Taft does not exchange and has lost the original copper of his design.

President Wilson is using two bookplates, one depicting a shelf of books with his own signature on a scroll in front of it followed by a quotation of his own making:

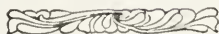
Council and Light,
Knowledge with Vision,
And Strength and Life and Pleasure withal.

The second design is a portrait of himself seated at a table, holding pen and paper, with Notre Dame in the background. The arms of the United States

are shown at the top with the following quotation below: " 'Behind the clouds the sun is still shining,' Out of the darkness unity must come."

Whether or not the present candidates have bookplates is not known but that hardly comes within our province before November second!

Kansas City, Mo.





Courtesy of Duseen Prothers

"Portraits of the Sisters, Margaret and Susanna Beckford"
By George Romney

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Romney Portraits in America.

When in 1914 the firm of Duveen Brothers, New York City, purchased Romney's fine, full-length portrait of Anne, Lady de la Pole, beating every previous auction record, it was generally believed that Romney had reached the nadir of his sale-room fame. The following year the same firm paid an even larger sum to Lord de Saumarez for another full-length Romney, the portrait of Mrs. Penelope Lee Acton. These stupendous transactions remained still to be eclipsed by the same enterprising house, when recently, at the sale of the late Duke of Hamilton's fine historical portraits at Christie's, London, they paid \$275,000 for yet another Romney, this time the double portrait of the sisters Margaret and Susanna Beckford, the daughters of the celebrated William Beckford, traveler and author of "Vathek." At the same sale the Duveens also purchased for \$84,000 Romney's portrait of the father, when a boy.

The picture in question represents Margaret, the elder, at the age of six years, standing, and the younger, Susanna, at the age of three, sitting on the ground, looking up at her sister, both in white muslin dresses lined with pink, Susanna having a black band around the waist, a muslin cap with pink ribbons, white stockings and pink slippers; Margaret having a band around her head instead of a cap, and a knot on the arm. Margaret married Major-General James Orde and Susanna married her cousin, the Marquis of Douglas, who became the tenth Duke of Hamilton. The canvas measures 60 x 47½ inches. Until recently offered at auction it had been exhibited but on two occasions to the public,—at the Loan Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits, Edinburgh, 1884, and at the Hanover Exhibition, New Gallery, London, in 1890.

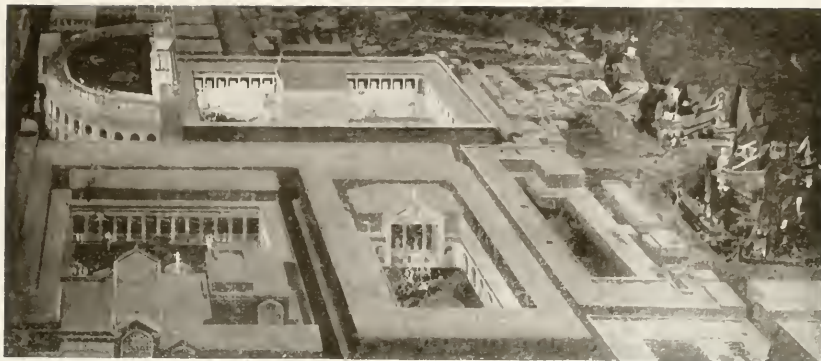
Romney's pictures of children and women have long been popular for the very reason that whether his sitters were really beautiful or not, he had the art of making them appear so. The formula is always pretty much the same,—there is little variety in the type and pattern, but yet every one of Romney's women is a woman and not a fashion plate. His painting was as simple and straightforward as his style. If there were a question of competition among the fairest faces and forms of his women there can be but little doubt that the golden apple would fall to the fine, full-length portrait of Mrs. Lee Acton, purchased as above stated, by the firm of Duveen in 1914, and which is now in America. Scarcely less charming is the same painter's "Lady Milnes" also brought to this country by the Duveens a few years ago. Mention may also be made of other famous Romney's, some of which were on view at the notable Loan Exhibition of English Portraits acquired by American Collectors held in the Duveen Galleries in 1914, when it was stated that—"Judging from the number and quality of the Old English Masters in this exhibition, it would seem few worthies had found an American home without passing through this cosmopolitan firm," among them being the magnificent portrait group known as "The Sisters," which was purchased at the Viscount Clifden's sale in 1896, and caused a sensation.

The portraits are those of Caroline, Viscountess Clifden, and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of the Fourth Duke of Marlborough, for which Romney received the sum of 80 guineas. There is also the extremely graceful "Lady Milnes" which first belonged to the Earl of Crews and aroused great admiration in Paris in 1909, when it was exhibited at the "Cent Portraits des Femmes" Exhibition. Besides these, most of which are well known, either from having been publicly exhibited or from engravings, which have found their way to this country through the auspices of the same firm, are the splendid whole-length portraits of "Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Milnes" exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1875, the "Three Children of Captain Little" exhibited at the Guildhall, London, in 1892; "Lady Kinross," "Sir William and Lady Lemon of Carolew," "Master Day," "George Brinsley Sheridan," "Lady Elizabeth Forbes" and a full-length figure of a little girl with two sheep beside her representing "Little Bo-Peep."

It is scarcely more than forty years that the name and work of George Romney has been given that place which it will never cease to occupy, that is, beside the two other giants of English portraiture,—Reynolds and Gainsborough.



Views of Pompeii (above) and Ostia (below) from an aeroplane



Reconstruction of Civic Center of Ostia, by Raymond M. Kennedy, of the American Academy in Rome

Aviation and Archaeology.

The most recent and the most thrilling of human inventions—Aviation—has placed itself in the service of archaeology, and reproduces by means of photographs, taken at the height of a thousand or more feet, the cities and monuments of the past, which ages of neglect have buried, but which the love and scientific curiosity of later generations have restored to the light of day. These photographs, which unite in one the conquest of the air and the dominion of the earth, are most trustworthy documents and witnesses.

The reader sees the interesting and instructive ruins of Ostia—which I have already described in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY* (VIII No. 6, 1919)—and also those of the famous city of the dead, Pompeii, under a different aspect. He sees the ruins of Ostia as I have seen them flying at the height of a thousand feet in an Italian military dirigible, commanded by Colonel Carlo Berlini, Chief of Italian Military Aviation, who has had the happy and intelligent idea of reproducing in photographs taken from the clouds, the monuments and glories of our past.

It will be possible, with these photographs, rapidly to execute the plan of an archaeological map of Italy, to which the General Director of Fine Arts, Commendatore Colasante, lends the approval of his authority. And such is the clearness of these views, and so great is the precision of detail in these photographs, that one feels sure all the austere, glorious ruins scattered throughout our ancient peninsula will be presented with archaeological sincerity and with their original characteristics. Besides the advantage of rapidly executing a work, which with the usual methods would require many years and much labor, we shall, for the first time enjoy the sensation of seeing the whole of an ancient city and all its monuments at one view.

Flying over the city at the Tiber's mouth—over Ostia Antica—I recognized each house, each public building, each street, that I have been slowly excavating beneath heaps of masonry and earth, the accumulation of the ages; yet I seemed to receive a strange, new impression of them. I saw the whole antique city at a glance for the first time; and I realized that the ensemble of an ancient city was most worthy of study. In fact, comparing the photograph of Ostia with that of Pompeii, one fundamentally realizes the fundamental difference that must have existed between the city of the Tiber and the city of Vesuvius. Archaeologists have until now studied the monuments and edifices of antiquity by themselves and for themselves without considering the surroundings in which they were placed. In fact, we have never had an idea of what an ancient city was as a whole with its public buildings and private houses. And tho in building a city, the chief concern of the ancients was for the strength of the defenses, and salubrity of location, the aesthetic principles which prevail today could not have been entirely lacking.

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The plan of the streets, the arrangement and height of the dwellings, the many arcades, the diverse character of the buildings, the various coloring of walls, roofs and terraces of the houses, the location of parks and gardens—all these elements doubtless gave individuality of character and aspect to each city. But what was this aspect? What was the difference between the city plan of Constantinople, and the city plan of Rome? What was the character of Ostia compared with Pompeii?

These photographs, taken from the clouds, will help us to reconstruct the ancient city as a whole, and invite us to consider the relation between building and building.

The architect, Raymond M. Kennedy, a student of the American Academy in Rome, was moved by the desire to reanimate the aesthetic principles of an ancient city in making his reconstruction of the theatre and piazza of Ostia. I have the pleasure of reproducing a photograph of this brilliant reconstruction in which are associated the culture of the archaeologist and the talent of the architect, and which gives new life to the imposing public buildings and makes us live in the inspiring atmosphere of the cosmopolitan city of Ostia.

Thus archaeology, architecture and aviation have united to throw new light upon, and give new life to, the glorious past of Rome.

GUIDO CALZA.

The Kansas City Fine Arts Institute.

Our readers will be pleased with certain news from the Middle West not only because of their general interest in art developments throughout the country but also because it concerns the most recently elected member of our editorial board. Mr. Virgil Barker, whose articles and book reviews have been a feature of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY during the past six months, has been called to fill the position of Director of the Fine Arts Institute of Kansas City, Missouri.

The Institute has moved from a down-town office building into a large and beautiful residence in the most charming and easily reached quarter of the city, thus gaining about five times its former space. Much greater financial support is in sight—and of course, no art institution can exist, much less develop, without the utmost generosity in this respect. A decided effort is being made by the Institute, heartily supported by the local newspapers and the Chamber of Commerce, to awaken a widespread popular interest in its work and aims. It is to be earnestly hoped that this effort will meet with the response which such an undertaking deserves and that later ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY will have the pleasure of recording results of the most encouraging nature.

All the more importance attaches to this movement in Kansas City because it may prove to be merely preliminary to a future development of national importance. The most commanding site in town has already been acquired and two million dollars already subscribed for the erection of a Liberty Memorial. The location, a hill of over thirty acres directly in front of the new Union Station and overlooking on the other side the lovely reaches of Penn Valley Park, is of such exceptional beauty that it might well form one of the largest and most artistic civic centers in this country. With the proposed Liberty Memorial as a nucleus, all the cultural institutions of the city could be fittingly housed immediately around. With the Mary Atkins bequest practically in hand and ultimately that from W. R. Nelson, Kansas City should immediately support its Fine Arts Institute in such generous fashion as to make unmistakably plain its worthiness of those most enviable gifts.

Exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

At the Ehrich Galleries the first exhibition of the season is given to a group of painters mostly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Salient among them is the portrait of "Lord Salisbury, Sportsman" by Thomas Barker, or "Barker of Bath" who flourished at the end of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth. Among the other paintings is a luscious portrait of a bixom lady by George Henry Harlow. We have lost the trick of such reds as the artist put into her cheeks and lips, her old rose scarf and the velvet band on her round young wrist. "A Brahmin," by Romney, is an unusual example of his work. Antoine Monnoyer is represented with a decorative panel of flowers—again magnificent reds; other pictures are by Giuseppe Pannini, Thomas Hand, Sir William Beechey, Antoine Vestier, Jean de Fontenay, and David Teniers the Younger. This exhibition will be followed by an important group of pictures by Sully.



Ettore Cadorin's War Memorial at Edgewater, N. J.

Edgewater, N. J., will soon boast a memorial to honor the boys who participated in the Great War. This photograph shows, as a part of it, a high relief in bronze which represents a soldier, a marine and a sailor setting out for "the great adventure." An important feature of it is that two of the figures are almost statues in relief, while the third one is almost bas-relief. There is a lot of idealism in the faces, each of which represents a true American type.

This splendid work is by Mr. Ettore Cadorin, the well known sculptor, noted especially for his statues in St. Mark's Square in Venice and for a memorial to Wagner also in Venice. Mr. Cadorin is now working on a bas-relief in bronze which will complete the memorial; the bronzes will be mounted on a block of Palisades granite and will be placed in the park of Edgewater overlooking the Hudson.

The memorial was ordered by the Borough of Edgewater, Mayor, Henry Wissel. On the Committee are Mr. R. B. Burgess, Mr. D. Davies and Mr. L. Kleiser. A celebration will take place at the unveiling next fall.

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Summer Exhibition of Gallery on the Moors, East Gloucester.

The exhibitions at the summer colonies along the Eastern New England shore, have become notable events and writers and critics have come to regard them as almost of the same importance as the big winter shows in the cities.

The charming "Gallery on the Moors" at East Gloucester, has the most picturesque setting and surroundings of all the exhibit places, beside being a little picture in itself, design by Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished architect, as a studio for Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Atwood, but primarily that the painters of the East Gloucester Colony might have a place in which to hold exhibitions. The building is partly stone, partly of wood and timber, plastered and tinted grayish pink. It is approached by a stone path bordered by rocks and flowers and from the tiny porch one looks over the moors to the sea beyond.

The exhibition this year, during August, was selected by a jury chosen by ballot by the artists. A great collection, some seven or eight hundred pieces, was submitted and the work of the jury assumed the significance of a Corcoran, or Pennsylvania Academy show. Out of the number was chosen seventy-five paintings, fourteen pieces of sculpture and a group of etchings.

The hanging was very well done, not over crowded and well arranged as to color and subject. In the small vestibule hung with blue curtains, were the water-colors, a group of colorful pictures by Harry De Maine, and a charming "August Day" by E. Parker Nordell.

Mrs. Nordell and her husband, whose picture, "The Seamstress" occupied a post of honor in the gallery, have a charming studio in Gloucester overhanging the Bay.

Opposite his picture, dominating the room was Hugh H. Breckenridge's "Nude with Still Life," a brilliant painting of lamp light, or fire-light—a most remarkable effect of a "prismatically illumined girl" sitting by a gaily covered table which held a dish of gorgeously luscious fruit. Near it hung, in striking contrast, the exquisite portrait of Convere McAden, by Camilla Whitehurst, the clever Baltimore painter. The picture was seen in Washington at the exhibit this winter at the Corcoran—a lovely little girl in white, wearing a large white bonnet tied under her chin. The innocent, childish expression and pose and the fine execution made it one of the gems of the collection.

Nearly half of the exhibitors were women and they made a most creditable showing. Washington was represented by Bertha E. Perrie in a delightful "Quiet Moment," a characteristic Gloucester picture of the fishermen's boats at the docks, Marguerite C. Munn in "Manor Gates," Felicie Waldo Howell, "Drying Nets," a charming mingling of tones of greys, browns and blues.

"The Garden by the Sea," by Irma Kohn was a lovely garden of hollyhocks, poppies and blue flowers, a bird fountain and view of deep blue sea, seen through tall trees.

Mrs. Florence Frances Snell's "The Farm," was a most artistic and clever rendering of a pasture, brown and grey rocks and the soft coloring in the moorland—a more interesting picture really than Henry Snell's "Afterglow."

Hobart Nichols' lovely and poetic "Twilight," a blue gate in a wall, just where a white road turns, tall poplars on either side, with the sea in the distance, was only a Gloucester lane on the way to the Gallery, but an artist's appreciation discerned its beauty, and its resemblance to some rare Italian view. It was the first picture to be sold.

Eban F. Comins' "Juliet in Orange," Alice Schille's "Young Girl," were both strikingly brilliant and effective pictures. The "Shaded Street" by Adele Williams, might be any one of the lovely streets throughout the North Shore villages, where tall elms throw deep shadows over street and old Colonial houses.

The list is a long one and among the painters were H. A. Vincent, Paul Cornoyer, William Baxter Closson, Martha Walter, George L. Noyes, J. Olaf Olson and Frederick G. Hall.

In Sculpture, Anna Vaughn Hyatt showed a small bronze figure of her beautiful "Jeanne d'Arc," Anna Colman Ladd "A Winged Youth," Albert Henry Atkins' "Naiad-Dryad," which was made for Mr. W. E. Brigham's garden was a pretty conception of a wood-nymph and sea-nymph.

P. Bryant Baker, in the "New Age," showed a youth with hands uplifted rushing forward to ambition and success, to the new and better world that promises. Louise Allen's "La Baigneuse," an exquisitely graceful and beautifully modeled figure occupied the center of the Gallery.

The group of etchers represented were: Lester G. Hornby, James E. Thompson, Frederick G. Hall and Arthur W. Heintzleman.

H. W.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Recent Sales in London and Paris.

Prices paid for books, manuscripts, pictures and prints at the sales in London, make exciting reading, especially for collectors.

Although many collectors are obliged to part with their treasures, eager purchasers are invariably on hand to pick them up. First editions, presentation copies, and original manuscripts are generally the prizes sought.

At the sale of the manuscripts and books belonging to the late Moneure D. Conway, in June, \$4,000 was paid for the manuscript of the first copy in Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." It is said to differ very much from "Mowgli Brothers," as published in the "Jungle Book" and was probably his first conception, which he afterwards changed. It is also a "presentation copy" as it contains the inscription on the first page, "Susan Bishop, from Rudyard Kipling, February 1893."

Another interesting item in the same sale was the original manuscript of Mark Twain's English edition of "Tom Sawyer," which appropriately enough was purchased by a Mr. Sawyer for \$825.

The first issue of the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with a letter of Whitman's to Moneure D. Conway, enclosing a letter from Ralph R. Emerson to Whitman commending the book, was well worth the \$600 given for it.

The sale of the great Henry Huth Library began in 1911 and was completed this year in June, realizing up to the final dispersal \$1,174,670. In addition, the autograph letters brought \$65,455, the engravings and woodcuts \$72,200.

The Library contained many rarities and wonderful Shakespeare Folios and Quartos that are now in the Elizabethan Club Library at Yale University, which are not included in the above prices.

In Paris, the famous Beurdeley collection of old and modern masters, sculpture and prints was a great success, notwithstanding the tax bill, which everyone feared would affect prices seriously.

There is no more tragic figure in the history of Art than Charles Méryon, the brilliant French etcher, who died insane, having suffered poverty, hunger and a broken heart. In the Beurdeley Collection his "L'Abside de Notre Dame" brought 30,600 francs. In the early days of his poverty this same print he sold for one franc and a half, to pay for his supper! The "Pont au Change" brought 9,500 francs and "Le Stryge" 8,500 francs. It was not until he was locked away in a mad-house, when he could do nothing more, that appreciation of his work was given.

The "Isle of Artists."

The *American Art News* prints the following from the *N. Y. Times*—"The beautiful island in Lake Como, famous for its associations with Pliny and with Julius Caesar's colonies of Greeks who settled in Lombardy, will hereafter be known as the 'Isle of Artists.'"

In admiration for the Belgian people and the conduct of their monarch throughout the war, the former proprietor of Comacina Island, Signor Caprini, bequeathed the isle to King Albert, and in his will expressed the wish that it might serve some noble purpose in which Italy also could share. King Albert has now sent to Italy M. Destree, Minister of Arts and Sciences, to hand over the property to the Italian Government with the object of making this spot a restful retreat and a center of activity for those who have devoted their lives to art.

Under the auspices of the Academy at Milan, pretty villas are to be built for artist residents and the place will be transformed into a little capital for promoting industrial and fine arts in the Italian lakes district.

This will doubtless be much of the same character as our own "artists retreats," the Edward McDowell Memorial Association at Peterborough, New Hampshire, and the beautiful country estate of Laurelton Hall, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., which has recently been given by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany as an Art Institute, to be known as the "Louis C. Tiffany Art Foundation."

There is an endowment of about \$1,000,000. It is not intended for art students, so much as the artists who have finished their studies at the Academies, and are at work at their various professions.

Such peaceful environments as these colonies furnish, should produce the highest quality of work of which the men are capable, and the idea of these bequests is inspirational. H. W.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The Parthenon at Nashville, Tenn.

(The following notes were obtained through the courtesy of Mr. George Julian Zolnay, the sculptor who has been entrusted by the city of Nashville with the reconstruction of the sculptures of this great Temple. An illustrated article on this work will appear in an early issue.)

Nashville is acquiring the distinction of being the only city in the world to possess an exact replica—exact to the inch—in permanent form, of the Athenian Parthenon.

The temporary replica of this great structure of the past was originally erected to house the Art Exhibit of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition of 1897, with no intention of permanence. But it seems that the mysterious power inherent in all great masterpieces had cast its spell over the people who demanded its preservation. By patching it year after year, it stood the ravages of time until finally it could be patched no longer and had either to be torn down or made permanent.

The task of studying the problem of reconstruction was entrusted to Mr. Russell E. Hart, a local architect of great ability and a scholar of classic architecture, who, having come to the conclusion that marble would be too susceptible to the action of the inevitable city smoke as well as too costly, it was decided to take advantage of our improved methods of concrete construction.

There remained, however, the problem of color which was solved by the use of crushed yellow Italian marble which, combined with a special sand and white Portland cement, produces a beautiful stone-like cream-colored texture to be used on the columns and plain surfaces.

The great problem, however, was the application of the various colors to the ornamentation and back grounds of the sculptures (works) which, in turn, was solved by the use of Zolnay's synthetic stone, Petrinite, in which the colors, instead of being applied to the surface, are made part of the stone itself so that no erosion is possible.

An accurate reconstruction of the figures, of which there are over two hundred, is made possible by a recent publication of photographic reproductions of every remaining fragment preserved in the great art museums of the world. These reconstructed models will be reproduced in Petrinite which, according to all calculations will last indefinitely. Thus, what is considered man's greatest masterpiece of ancient times will stand as a monument to the vision of the men who compose the Board of Park Commissioners of Nashville and add to that city's claim of being the Athens of the South.

Activities of the Arts Club of Washington.

The Carillon Committee of the Arts Club entertained at a dinner at the Club House September 15, 1920, the Directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who were then in session in Washington, and requested their cooperation in the nation-wide project for the erection of a bell tower and carillon as a national peace memorial to the American soldiers, sailors, and marines of the world-war. The project contemplates the use of the building not only as a school for master carillon players, but also as a museum for relics from the battle-fields of France and Belgium, and a place of assembly for patriotic purposes. Letters have been received from the governors of forty states endorsing the movement, and it has been commended by various organizations. The Council of the General Federation has appointed a committee to report at its next meeting, when action will be taken.

General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America.

The twenty-second General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America will be held at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-30, 1920, in conjunction with the American Philological Association. The forty-first annual meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute will be held during this period. Members having papers to present will kindly communicate with Professor George M. Whicher, General Secretary, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

A Correction.

We wish to correct an error in the National Monuments Number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY (August 1920) pp. 42, 43, due to a confusion in the use of the word "Aztec." The Yucca House National Monument is at Aztec Springs, Colorado; the excavations conducted by the American Museum of Natural History are at Aztec, New Mexico. Mr. Morris excavated the Aztec Ruin and not Yucca House; and the publication of the American Museum referred to deals with the Aztec (N. M.) Ruin. Hence the caption of the illustration on page 43 should read merely, "East Wing, Aztec Ruin from the South."

BOOK CRITIQUES

Archaic England, by Harold Bayley, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. 1920, pp. 894.

Mr. Bayley tells us that his work "is an application of the jigsaw system to certain archaeological problems" and indeed it does remind one of the tale of the kind friend who, desiring to alleviate the weariness of his convalescence, sent to a sick man a jigsaw puzzle of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in which he had mixed a few pieces of the map of Palestine "just to make it interesting." No one who casts his net so wide and far as the writer has done can fail to capture some interesting fish, but it must be admitted that with them have emerged from the deep some strange monsters and many and various objects of more than dubious value. The author commences with the satisfying thesis that all philologists and most archaeologists know little of what they have sat down to write about. Max Muller "uses words in a loose sense;" the etymologies of Skeat and Murray are very often plainly wrong; "one has only to refer to their pages to realize the ignorance which prevails as to the origin and the meaning of the most simple and everyday words." After this painful exposure of those whom we have supposed to be masters of their subject, Mr. Bayley proceeds to develop his own ideas of etymology, being careful, however, to warn us that "in a study of this character there must of necessity be a disquieting percentage of 'probabyls' and 'possibyls'." "This," he adds, "is deplorable." Just so. Amongst these probabilities and possibilities let us consider his views as to the name John. Mr. Bayley is greatly impressed with the importance of this name. "The Irish Church," he tells us "attributes its origin to disciples of St. John" a new fact for ecclesiological students. "The Gaelic for John is *Jain*, the Gaelic for Jean or Jane is *Sine*, with which I equate *Shine*, *shone* and *sheen*, all of which have respect to the sun, as also had the arabic *Jinn*, *genii*, and '*Gian Ben Gian*' a fabulous world ruler of the Golden Age." It is painful to have to differ but as a mere matter of fact the Gaels of today and indeed of all days, who were christened John, write themselves down as either *Sean* or *Eoin*, neither of which words is pronounced in the least like *Jain*. "Sinjohn" too, a corruption which surely does not need explanation, also has an esoteric meaning for "it was always sunshine." Again Sintan and Sinclair have

their meanings quite apart from what we now learn to be the common error that they are vulgar abbreviations of St. Anne and St. Clare, both, of course, historical personages. What really happened was that the Christian Church transformed "*San Tan*, the *Holy Fire*, into St. Anne, *Sin Clair*, the *Holy Light*, into St. Clare." We have searched but nowhere found an explanation of the fact, claimant of Mr. Bayley's attention, that *Sellenger* is a not uncommon vulgarisation of St. Leger. There cannot but be some deep significance underlying this fact. Even St. Anne's husband does not escape for "Joachim is the Joy King."

Place names are also illuminated by the rays of Mr. Bayley's system of etymology. Clerkewell is not, as generations have supposed, derived from the clerks or clerics of that part of London but from one of the varieties of Irish Fairy, the *cluricaune*. One further gem must suffice to show the treasures contained in this mine. "Near the Shannon in Ireland, and in close proximity to the church and village of Shanagolden, is 'castle' *Shenet* or *Shanid*, attached to which is a rath or earthwork. * * * As it is a matter of common knowledge that the worldwide wheel cross (there is a cross path in the rath in question) "was an emblem of the sun, I should therefore have no scruples in connoting Castle Shenet with the Primæval *jeayantl* or the Golden *Shine*; and suggesting that it was a sanctuary originally constructed by the Ganganoi, a people mentioned by Ptolemy as dwelling in the neighbourhood of the Shannon. The eponymous hero of the Ganganoi was a certain Sengann, who is probably the original St. Jean or Sinjohn to whom the fires of St. Jean and St. John have been diverted." And so, as we began, we close on the note of John. But surely since the spacious days of Stukely and Vallancey, when personal imagination was the standard of archaeological theory there has never appeared such a collection of singular possibilities and probabilities.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE.

The Life of Paul, by Benjamin Willard Robinson, Ph.D. Chicago, The University Press, 1918. xiii + 250 pages, \$1.25.

The Bible writers were men of their time. They wrote for the people of their own age. To interpret them aright, we must understand

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

the period when they lived. This requires a knowledge of the customs, manners, antiquities, history, geography, civilization and religions. This is especially true of the apostle Paul who was the scholar among the authors of the New Testament books. Paul was influenced by his native city, Tarsus, the heathen religions, the contemporary philosophy and by the Greek-speaking synagogues. For the first time we are now becoming acquainted with Paul's world. Ramsay in such books, as "The Cities of St. Paul" and "St. Paul, the Traveler," has done much. Deissmann's volumes in "Light from Ancient East," and "St. Paul," throw a flood of light on the letters of Paul. Wendland's "Die Hellenistisch-Römische Kultur" is a masterly survey of the influence of Greek and Roman civilization on Judaism and Christianity. Heretofore we have lacked a volume that could briefly combine all the best recent contributions to the interpretation of St. Paul.

This want has now been admirably supplied in Prof. Robinson's "St. Paul." The work, containing ten chapters, opens with an account of the Mediterranean life in Paul's day dealing with such topics as The Mediterranean World, The Jews In Palestine, The Jewish Dispersion, Political and Social Conditions in the Empire, Philosophies and Mystery-Religions, Emperor-Worship and the Fullness of Time. In succeeding chapters, at every stage of the apostle's work as a teacher, preacher and writer, Prof. Robinson has gathered whatever throws light on Paul's words and works.

The epistles of Paul are outlined and woven into the narrative where they originated so that we can see at a glance the circumstances which called them forth. This furnishes a historical basis for the letters and makes them very interesting reading. At the end of each chapter are lists of the more important works for supplementary reading. The book has four appendixes containing a chronological table, a reference library, topics for special study and an outline of a life of Paul. There are full indexes of subjects and scripture passages. The work is to be highly recommended as a most important contribution to the intelligent study of Paul's life words and works. The purpose of the author expressed in the preface, has been admirably fulfilled: "The purpose of this handbook is to serve as a guide in so reading the ancient in the light of the modern that the student will be able to derive

a clear and accurate conception of the apostle and his achievements."

GEORGE S. DUNCAN.

Miniatura or the Art of Limning by Edward Norgate. Edited from the Manuscript of the Bodleian Library and collated with the Manuscripts by Martha Hardie. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1919.

Martin Hardie has rendered a distinct service in his edition of *Miniatura* or the Art of Limning, by Edward Norgate. He has prefaced the edition with a brief but comprehensive introduction. The treatise itself, on a subject of perpetual interest, is sound and explicit as to technicalities of the art, and quaintly charming as an essay. It may, with truth, be called intimate, so affectionately does our author handle his matter. For example, in speaking of "English Oker" he calls it "a friendly and familiar color." But when he speaks of Orpiment as unfit for this "exquisite Art" and "fitter" for "coulour Mapps" one is forced to smile again at the possible differences of opinion among doctors, recalling Whistler's remarks about "tender tones of orpiment."

Quite apart from the many detailed and interesting recipes and rules for actual procedure there are dispersed throughout the text many bits of comment and criticism much worth while. The praise of "Industry and practice" as fundamental to success in this, or any other art, recalls Coleridge's dictum to the effect that common sense and the willingness to work are the chief ingredients of genius. And how fine a power of discrimination he has Norgate shows when he says of the drawing of "the excellent Vandike" that it was at first "neat, exact and curious" but that he was "in all his later drawing ever judicious, never exact." "Holbeene" he calls "soe rare generall and absolute an Artist as never to imitate any man nor ever was worthily imitated by any." And yet, in closing, Norgate says; "For all Painting in general I look upon but as lace and ornament and without which a kingdom may subsist." This raises an ancient question which is always fresh, and one of peculiar concern to present civilization. The unique interest of this charming little book lies largely in this very fact. It reflects personality and is therefore of the old that are ever young.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Etchers and Etching. Chapters in the History of Art, together with technical Explanations of Modern Artistic Methods. By Joseph Pennell. Pp. XVIII—357. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1919. \$15.00.

This is a large, beautifully illustrated, and expensive volume written in Mr. Pennell's characteristic indignant but humorous, lively, and amusing style. The book is divided into two parts: the first is historical and is a study of the work of the great etchers. Meryon proves to be no etcher but only a fad. Whistler receives high praise and the chapter on Whistler is one of the best and most original and valuable, especially when we remember how intimately acquainted with Whistler Mr. Pennell was. One will discount or take as humorous the fine frenzy in which Mr. Pennell indulges, even where he waxes so wrathful against professors of the fine arts and anæmic humphback newspaper reporters. Mr. Pennell's language, as we have noticed in his recent exonerations of the sign-boards at Princeton Junction and elsewhere, is delightful, even if exaggerated, and will attract notice to points which need to be driven home to the minds of many.

The Technical section, based on lectures delivered before various societies, academies, and schools in Europe and America, is even more interesting. There is nothing dry about it and it is full of personal experience. Here is a good account of inks and papers and etching grounds and tools, of biting and dry point, and mezzotint and aquatint, of printing, of trials and states, of framing and publishing and preserving prints, of arranging a print room and making a catalogue. Every known method of etching is described and the descriptions are accompanied by examples of the work of the most distinguished artists in etching of old and modern times and by original plates by the author himself.

The book will prove useful to students, collectors, and all who derive information as to the art of etching and the many plates will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever to all lovers of this important form of art. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

Studies of the Human Figure, by G. M. Ellwood and F. R. Yerbury. Boston, Marshall Jones Co., 1920.

This is a valuable text-book for classes in drawing from life, with its 87 full-page plates, and its instructive notes on drawing and anatomy, and is useful to all students of the human figure.

A Handbook of Red-Figured Vases, signed by or attributed to the Various Masters of the Sixth and Fifth Centuries B. C. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. 2 vols. Pp. XXIV, 472 and VIII, 600. Illustrated. Harvard University Press, 1919. \$8.00 per volume.

Professor Hoppin's life-long study of Greek vases, his many articles in this field, and his recent book on *Euthymides and his Fellows*, lately reviewed in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, have made him one of the best authorities on vases. He was thus especially fitted to produce an illustrated corpus of signed Greek vases, and the present two volumes bear testimony to endless labor and detailed research as well as to Professor Hoppin's sound scholarship. All the artists identified by that great English scholar of Greek ceramics, Beazley, have been included, though not illustrated, so that the work is right up-to-date and a most valuable compendium and reference-work. It is remarkable, considering the difficulties of getting photographs in war times, how very few signed vases (less than 25) are not illustrated. In many cases good illustrations of signed vases appear here for the first time and in some cases new signed vases such as my Talaos pyxis are here first published. The material is marshalled with full bibliography under the various painters and potters in numerical order alphabetically by cities and their museums, the signed vases followed by the attributed vases and by a list of subjects and shapes employed by each master. For a work of such infinite detail and countless references there are very few misprints or minor mistakes (see my longer review in *The Art Bulletin*, vol. II, No. 2, pp. 123-128). These two volumes were well worth doing and will be invaluable for purposes of reference. They are one of the most valuable contributions and practical helps to the study of Greek vases which have appeared in recent years. They will be useful to the student of Greek ceramics in particular and to the student of art in general. Let us hope that Professor Hoppin will soon give us a similar volume for black-figured vases, for which I understand he is now gathering the material. D. M. R.

The Johns Hopkins University.

Hellenistic Sculptures, by Guy Dickins, with a preface by Percy Gardner. Oxford University Press, 1920.

This volume, by a former Fellow of the British School at Athens, who died of wounds received in the battle of the Somme, was prepared for publication by his wife. To Guy

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Dickins we are also indebted for a volume of the Catalogue of the Acropolis Museum, which appeared a few years ago, and for several valuable archaeological papers. The preface, by Percy Gardner, is a tribute to his thorough scholarship. Professor Gardner regards this work, though incomplete, as the best that has been written on the subject, and expresses regret, in which every reader will join, that the author could not bring his rich harvest to completion. Mr. Dickins treats in single chapters the Schools of Pergamon, of Alexandria and of Rhodes, and the Mainland Schools during the Hellenistic Age. He concludes with a chapter on Graeco-Roman Sculpture. Gardner adds as an appendix a list of Dickins' published works, with a summary of their purpose and contents. The book contains 53 illustrations, giving a fairly complete survey of the entire field. The author is rich in original observations, and has gathered together in concise form the best that is known of this interesting period of Greek art. The work will win prompt recognition as the most satisfactory and available handbook on the subject of Hellenistic Sculpture.

M. C.

The Gloss of Youth, by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., A. B., Litt. D. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincoll Company, 1920. \$1.00.

Shakespeare lovers and all who are admirers of the scholarly Variorum volumes will enjoy this delightful one-act play by Dr. Furness, Jr. The theme is an imaginary episode in the lives of Shakespeare and the collaborator of his later years, John Fletcher. The great dramatist, though scorned by the "scholars" of his day, peers into the Future through "the gloss of youth," and sees the security of his fame. There is a spirited dialogue between the lad Noll Cromwell of fourteen, as King Harry, and Jack Milton aged ten, as Hamlet. Shakespeare overhears, and at length takes part in their animated discussion. Written for performance at the Shakespeare celebration of the dramatist's birth at the Edwin Forrest Home, Philadelphia, April 23rd. "The Gloss of Youth" was successfully presented by members of the Franklin Inn Club, and has been accepted for the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon, in August 1920.

G. R. B.

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C. BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME X

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 5

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. All manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

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Foreign subscriptions and advertisements should be sent to David H. Bond, 407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 1.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

NOVEMBER, 1920.

NUMBER 5

THE BURNT AREAS OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND PROPOSAL FOR A CITY PLAN*

By FRANCIS W. KELSEY

OF THE TOTAL area of Stamboul, the most ancient part of Constantinople, and still the heart of the city, approximately one-fourth has been burnt over within the past twelve years, and lies unrestored and desolate.

This estimate is based upon official data. The total area of Stamboul which has been built upon is reckoned at eight million five hundred thousand square meters; the burnt areas—making no account of isolated small fires, aggregate two million and eighty-nine thousand square meters.

East of Stamboul lies the quarter of Galata, which is separated from it by the Golden Horn. Above Galata, on the crest of the height, is Pera, the European quarter. Though these and the other sections of Constantinople east of the Golden Horn contain a larger proportion of modern buildings their desolated burnt areas are nevertheless conspicuous.

The relation of the burnt areas to the rest of the city may be seen at a glance. The accompanying Plan with the areas marked was prepared for the United States High Commissioner, Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, and is published with his permission. It is evident that the destruction has been caused by a series of seven great conflagrations.

The first of these desolated the area in Stamboul marked A on the Plan. It started on August 26th, 1908, and destroyed fifteen hundred buildings. The second great fire commenced July 24th, 1911, in the smaller of the two areas marked B and leaped across to the larger areas; it burned two thousand four hundred and sixty-three buildings. The following day the area marked C, in the Jewish quarter, was burnt over. The area marked D was burned June 3d, 1912.

The largest burnt area in Pera is that marked E on the Plan. The fire

*Owing to the urgency and importance of Professor Kelsey's suggestion, this article appears simultaneously in *The Journal of the American Institute of Architects*.—EDITORS.



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: A typical fire-nest in Stamboul, near the edge of burnt area marked F.

started on July 26th, 1915, a short distance south of the German Embassy which occupied a dominating position on the Pera ridge, and spread southward roughly paralleling the shore of the Bosphorus. It consumed fourteen hundred buildings. The most recent fire on the east side of the Golden Horn broke out about a year ago, on June 21st, 1919; the burnt area is marked G.

The most fearful conflagration of all commenced on June 13th, 1918, and swept over the area marked F. It cleared a broad strip from near the edge of the Golden Horn southward over the peninsula through the heart of Stamboul. It destroyed eight thousand buildings and left desolate eleven hundred thousand square meters, slightly more than one-eighth of the entire area of Stamboul devoted to buildings.

These areas of destruction by fire give to Constantinople an appearance in some respects resembling that of European cities which were partially destroyed in the war. There is, however, this difference. In the war-wrecked cities of Europe—with some exceptions—walls of buildings are still standing; in Constantinople there are whole blocks in which so little stone or brick was used in construction that one looks across an almost open space.

The fires have had their origin in a variety of causes.

The first cause is the failure to enforce suitable building regulations. Leaving out of consideration the mosques, Government buildings and homes of the wealthy, one observes that the great majority of the shops and houses in Stamboul, and a smaller proportion



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View from the city wall near the Adrianople Gate, looking east. In the background, at the right, is the Sea of Marmora. The group of six minarets in the background and nearest the sea belongs to the Mosque of Ahmed. The large tower at the middle of the background indicates the location of the War Office. In the middle ground the burnt area F extends entirely across the range of vision.

in the quarters east of the Golden Horn, are wretchedly built. Though the roofs may be covered with tiles, wood has been so extensively used in construction that the fire hazard in many places is greater than in the average American frontier town, because the streets are so much narrower. Fire-nests, consisting of groups of unpainted and run-down wooden buildings, may be found within a block of the two principal streets of Pera, the Grande Rue de Pera and the Rue des Petits Champs. The fire protection, moreover, is wholly inadequate.

One hears strange stories, too, about the methods of the firemen under the old régime. These I have not been at pains to verify, and verification would be difficult; but I am told that when

a fire broke out warning was given to indicate the quarter in order that a man's friends might know that his property was in danger and rush to help him save his effects; and that the point of view of the firemen was about as follows:

"It is the will of Allah that this place be burned, else the fire would not have started. The owner would lose all his effects if we did not rescue them. If we take them for ourselves, therefore, it will be no loss to him, and we need the proceeds because we cannot get enough to live on in any other way."

Since the fireman's first duty, as he conceived it, was to himself, his main efforts were directed to salvaging, with the right to dispose of everything



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View in Pera, showing the contrast between European buildings, along the higher part of the ridge, and native buildings in the foreground.

which the owner and his friends could not carry away in their own hands. The fire meanwhile was apt to run its course, unless sufficient *bakshish* was forthcoming or some public building was in danger.

A long-time resident of Constantinople informs me that he has seen firemen in front of a burning building stand idle while bargaining with the owner in regard to the amount to be paid them in case they should put out the fire.

It is believed by many that if the indifference of Allah caused a dearth of fires for too extended a period, he might be reminded of the necessities of the firemen by starting a small blaze in some promising quarter. Should this die out, they would be resigned to further long-suffering; but

if a profitable fire resulted, it was the will of Allah, "whose name be praised."

Near the beginning of the war, when the Germans took charge of affairs in Constantinople, a more efficient fire-department was installed, with modern appliances. Nevertheless by comparison of dates it will be seen that two of the worst conflagrations have accomplished their work of destruction since 1914.

In regard to the origin of the recent fires there is no lack of sinister rumors. The fact that the largest burnt areas in Stamboul, marked A, B, D, and F on the Plan, are in districts inhabited chiefly by Turks, has led to the charge that their enemies were responsible for the destruction.

On the other hand, it has been suggested in all seriousness that the burnt



Photograph by George R. Swain, University of Michigan.

CONSTANTINOPLE: View over a section of the burnt area marked F, looking east, just before sunset. At the edge of evening the minaret in the middle ground, rising above ruined and deserted mosques, presents a ghostly appearance.

area below the German Embassy, E on the Plan, represents the fulfilment of a deliberate purpose on the part of the Germans to get rid of old buildings in order to beautify the part of the city between their Embassy and the water's edge. This reminds one of the rumor circulated after the great fire in Rome in July of the year 64 A.D., that the Emperor Nero had it started in order to clear the ground for a re-building of the city in accordance with his designs.

It is not necessary to attribute the conflagrations to an incendiary origin. A comparison of dates brings home the fact that they have all taken place in the summer, when the heat of the sun makes the houses as dry as tinder. Popular report has it that fire-alarms thicken when the fruit of the egg-plant

comes into market; this is fried in oil which, carelessly used, may easily start a blaze in a small wooden kitchen, though of course the use of oil in cooking is not confined to any season.

However that may be, if one looks at the Plan, he will see that the burnt areas run in a general direction north and south. An insurance expert informs me that all the great fires started at the north end of the devastated zones, and were driven southward by the north wind, which here blows strongly in the afternoon of a large proportion of summer days. "The recent great fires are all due to accident," he said, "and to a lack of water for putting them out as they were starting."

The same expert is authority for the statement that before the war the burning of single buildings or small groups

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of buildings was for a time systematically practiced by an organized gang of criminals who, forming an alliance with the police, placed heavy insurance and started fires in order to collect it. One is not surprised to learn that at the present time the rate of insurance in Constantinople is twice as high as in Paris for the same classes of buildings.

At first thought one wonders that almost nothing has been done in the way of re-building. Here again several causes have contributed to the same result. It must not be forgotten that in the years preceding the Great War conditions in Turkey were much disturbed, first by revolution, then by the Italian and Balkan wars. In the meantime the costs of materials and construction have so increased that according to the estimate of an expert about half the owners of the real estate in the fire-swept districts are quite unable to raise the money needed for re-building. But if the requisite capital were at hand, it is by no means certain that re-building would now be resumed, because of extreme uncertainty in regard to the future administration and development of the city, and the lack of a definite plan.

The destruction of habitations in Constantinople has been accompanied by a notable increase in population. In 1908 the number of inhabitants was estimated as above eight hundred thousand, but less than nine hundred thousand. No exact statistics are available but conservative computations place the total number of inhabitants at the present time about twelve hundred thousand, though it is suggested that the total may run as high as twelve hundred and fifty thousand. The city is crowded with refugees and foreigners.

The resulting condition has brought indescribable hardships to the people of the city. While the population has increased some thirty per cent or more, its housing accommodations have been reduced, on a conservative estimate, at least fifteen per cent below the total of 1908. The congestion of living and of street traffic is almost unbelievable to one who has not come into direct contact with it.

In consequence Constantinople, instead of being, as in times past, one of the cheapest cities in the world to live in, is now more expensive than any other capital that I have visited in recent months; to be specific, living is here more costly than in London, Paris, Athens, Rome, Bucharest, Sofia, Damascus, or even Jerusalem and Cairo. In what degree the high cost of living in Constantinople is due to profiteering I do not know; but it is not necessary to attribute wholly to profiteering the excessive cost of living here at this time in view of the demand for quarters to live in and the cutting off of the supplies ordinarily brought in from Asia Minor. The Turkish Nationalists have had control of the country east of the Bosphorus to within a comparatively short distance of the city.

From the point of view of the future, the burned areas of Constantinople are an asset of incomparable value and interest. The great fires of the last century in American cities furnish no proper parallel. These cities were of modern growth, with broad and regular streets, and in most cases had an adequate system of sewers and water mains. With the exception of a comparatively small area, therefore, it was possible in rebuilding to follow the lines of the old streets.

Here in Constantinople, on the contrary, one finds almost virgin soil for

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city planning. In the unburnt portions of the city a large part of the construction still remains of the flimsiest character, and the development of public utilities is far behind the requirements of the population. On account of its commercial and political relations, and its advantages of location, at the crossing of two inter-continental trade routes—an East and West land route connecting Europe and Asia, and a great water route North and South—this center of population, under proper governmental administration, must rank among the most important in the world.

If only a far-sighted and liberal public policy can be worked out and given legal sanction, it presents the most extraordinary opportunity of the ages to build a metropolitan city in the light of the experience and knowledge which the centuries of civic development, and the recent decades of intensive study of city planning, place at the service of the expert.

This is an age when the results of past experience are increasingly utilized by enlightened peoples in dealing with large problems of this character. But it is also an age which more than any other has reduced the study of human origins to a science; by means of investigation and interpretation of the remains of man's handiwork, it is laying the foundation for a more intelligent analysis of modern issues through the knowledge of what man has aimed at and has accomplished in the past. Human hands have wrought on the site of Stamboul since the seventh century before Christ, and on the site of Galata since the third century before Christ.

It would be a crime against science if the re-building of Constantinople should be commenced without strict regulations in regard to the recording

and conservation of all data of historical and archaeological interest revealed by excavations for streets and buildings. In all building operations arrangements should be made to unearth, under scientific direction, the sites where digging for any purpose should indicate the presence of material of historical or archaeological value. Under suitable regulations the scientific exploration of the site could be carried on along with the building operations in a way not to delay or impede construction.

Who will undertake to work out and formulate a comprehensive policy looking toward the future development of this city, which must arise from its squalor, and may, within a generation, be made "a city beautiful?" It is hardly to be expected that the local government, or the European Powers directly interested—beset, as they will be, with grave difficulties of many sorts—will of their own initiative essay this task in a broad way. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that if a competent commission of experts should work out a feasible plan, this would probably be adopted and enforced under proper supervision. The first step is to secure the data and prepare the plan.

Is this not a proper undertaking for certain leading organizations in the United States to attack through cooperation? If the American Institute of Architects or the American Federation of Arts should invite special organizations whose work touches the field—such as the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Historical Association—immediately to send representatives to New York or Washington to join in a conference in order to attack the problem in an effective way, the beginning would be

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made of a solution fraught with incalculable possibilities for good.

After a preliminary plan of attack had been worked out European co-operation might be enlisted and the way opened to present a clearly formulated and practicable plan to the authorities in control of the city.

The project is by no means visionary. In Constantinople there is no more careful student of problems connected with the welfare of the city, present and future, than the United States High Commissioner, Rear Admiral Bristol. In regard to the problem with which this article is concerned he has expressed himself as follows:

"The City of Constantinople, both in Stamboul and Pera, is suffering from the lack of public utilities which any modern city should have. The sewage and water systems are inefficient and inadequate. The streets are narrow and badly paved, if paved at all, and are generally used for depositing refuse. The lack of a proper supply of water and sufficient pressure in the water mains is not only conducive to unsanitary conditions, but places added difficulties in the way of fighting

fire. In addition to the narrow streets there are very few, if any, open spaces or parks as breathing places for the congested population. If it were not for the natural situation of the city on hills, with natural drainage to the sea, and the strong currents in the Bosphorus that flush away all refuse, this city would probably be a pest hole of all kinds of contagious diseases. As it is, contagious diseases of all kinds constantly exist in the city, and there are various epidemics from time to time.

"Thus it seems to me that an American organization to design, finance and construct a City Beautiful, with all modern appliances, upon the burned ruins of a large part of the city of Constantinople, would be an enterprise worthy of the best efforts of American progressiveness."

The first condition of success lies in immediate action, that a plan may be matured and made ready for adoption before conditions have so changed as to make the adoption of a comprehensive plan impossible.

London, England.





"And when did you last see your father?" by W. F. Yeames.
An episode in the time of Cromwell.

Liverpool Corporation.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRAGIC IN ART

By ALFRED J. LOTKA, M.A., D.Sc.

"Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes. In this sense, perhaps, France owes part of her greatness to Corneille."—Napoleon.

THERE seems something incongruous in the thought of "enjoying" a tragedy. Why should we go out of our way to be sad? Why does my Lady purchase occasion to shed tears at the price of a theatre box? Why should the mourning widow nurse her grief to keep it fresh against the dulling drift of time? Surely, pleasure and pain are strangely mingled.

In the landscape of life values have varied levels; molehills and mounds in the foreground, rolling headlands merging into great mountains on the far horizon. For the most part our attentions are kept fully occupied and absorbed with the little things in life, with small pleasures and petty annoyances. The low hill nearby eclipses the

mountain in the distance. Our horizon is narrowly drawn. We feel small in a small world. Then blows some wind of fate. There is a storm in our sea of values. We discover that these mounds, these hills, these mountains are not fixed, as points in the solid landscape of the earth, but rather, like the billows of the sea, they surge and heave, carrying us with them into their troughs and crests. Our whole perspective is changed. Carried aloft on the peak of some great emotion we seem to see the world now in its true proportions. How insignificant our concerns of yesterday, how intense the issues of today. We move, for a while, on a heroic plane. "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away" sings discon-



"The Weeping Magdalen," by Quentin Matsys.

Royal Gallery, Berlin



"The Muse Melpomene," by Johann Heinrich Tischbein.

Royal Gallery, Cassell

solate Byron. No emotion has the same power to stir to its depths the human heart as that of grief. Thus, in the hard school of life, pain and suffering is commonly the high price paid to purchase exaltation.

But we possess faculties which enable us, as it were, to cheat nature of her price. What is the secret of our absorption in the novel? How does a play draw tears to our eyes? Why so much feeling for a mere fictitious character? These are questions for the psychologist, and he is ready with an answer. He tells us that the reason we follow with breathless attention the play of fate around the hero

of the tale, is that we unconsciously identify ourselves with him and share his joys and sorrows. This is merely an extension of that faculty of sympathy by which in everyday life the members of a civilized community are knit together, and without which we should be reduced below the level of the savage. With this faculty and our imagination we, as it were, enter the play or the story and become living participants in its evolution. And so, in watching the play or reading the story we go through similar feelings and experiences as if we ourselves actually suffered the trials of the *dramatis personæ*. By the skill of the writer, by courtesy

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of the players we are led to those heights from which we may survey the world with enlarged horizon and in truer perspective.

But in fiction and the drama tragedy is shorn of its sting; its price is measured in dollars and cents instead of human lives. At the same time, no doubt, the appeal to the higher qualities in man is in a measure weakened when the make-believe is substituted for realities. The story of the Russian lady weeping over the characters in the play, while the coachman on the box of her carriage outside is freezing to death, is a pointed illustration of this. Yet we should err if we were to charge such faulty reaction to the stimulus

of tragedy wholly against the account of fiction. The same person would probably, in real life, display similar preoccupation with her "sweet sorrow," to the exclusion of altruistic feelings. The victims over whom Judge Jeffries shed his tears were, to their cost, very real persons.

No, we can not argue that, because the inspiration from tragedy is obtained at so small a sacrifice in fiction (as compared with what it costs in real life), therefore its value as an influence upon the people is correspondingly small, for there are compensating factors. In literature we see the world through the eyes of the great master minds. "Your own fragment of in-



"The Burning of Troy," by Adam Elsheimer.

Royal Pinakothek, Munich.



Grosvenor House, London

"Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse,"
by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

sight was accidental, and perhaps temporary. Their lives are one long ecstasy . . . " says Arnold Bennett. With such guides as these we may indeed mount high Parnassus, whence the Tragic Muse surveys the world. Thence, through Ibsen's genius, we see Hedvig, sweet and innocent, bearing upon her frail young shoulders the crushing weight of the stupid fanaticism of a Gregers; the human error of a Werle; the miserable, contemptible weakness of character of a Hjalmar. The Hjalmar in us smarts under the

stinging rebuke and is awed by the spectre of the visitation upon innocents of our transgressions: of dreaming, when we should have acted; of whining when, with brave heart and set face, we should have accepted the hard facts of fate.

But the Muse is not forever chiding. Since the dawn of history it has been the peculiar sphere of Melpomene to sing the undying glory of the heroes of fact and fiction; of those who have heeded the call to the supreme sacrifice. But yesterday, alas, Percival Allen sang the dirge:

They lie in France
Where lilies bloom;

And mutely there the long night shadows creep
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,
While o'er them through the dusk go silently
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea.

And the prophesy of the poet has come true:

For they shall have their hearts' desire
They who, unflinching, braved the fire,
Across the fields their eyes at last shall see
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory

And we, who reap in peace the harvest which *they* sowed in pain and blood and death, may catch a faint glimmer of the spirit in which *they* served. Then, perhaps, dawns on us the true significance of the Tragic in Art, as in Life—we feel with Emerson "'tis the majesty into which we have suddenly mounted, the impersonality, the scorn of egotism, the sphere of laws, that engage us." And, as the new truth comes to our mind, "we suddenly expand to its dimensions as if we grew to worlds." It is this expansion of one's being into a greater self coextensive with the universe that gives supreme satisfaction, that "sense of being which

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in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, . . . but one with them." Thus are we liberated from the shackles of our lesser selves, for "when souls reach a certain degree of perception, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. . . . He who sees through the design, presides over it, and must *will* that which must *be*." So Socrates, in superb contempt of death, refuses to sacrifice the dignity of manhood in a sordid plea for life; so Sydney Carton goes to his death, saying "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done before." The common interests of self are completely submerged in the greater consciousness of partnership in the universe.

How well has Sir Joshua Reynolds in his famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons rendered the spirit of the Tragic in Art. There is here no hint of that aspect of the tragic which is typified in the sculpture of the Laocoon Group, product of the later, decadent period of Greek art. For it is not in harrowing details of physical suffering that the great masters find material for their creations. The horrible may at times be an accessory of the tragic, but it is never its essential element.

It is the austere beauty of the tragic that engages the artist; and it is such solemn beauty that Sir Joshua Reynolds projected on his canvas in the portrait of *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*. Well might his brush be inspired to the task. For, as Mrs. Jameson tells us, "when Mrs. Siddons sat for this portrait in 1784, this unrivalled actress and in every way admirable woman was in her thirtieth year, in the prime of her glorious beauty, and in full blaze of her popularity; honored in her profession and honoring it by the union of moral and personal dignity, genius and virtue." To such a woman the painter paid his tribute when, having inscribed his name on the border of her drapery, he said, "I could not lose the honor of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Thus in an atmosphere of veneration was the masterpiece produced, as befitted the subject. For, when witnessing the creations of the Tragic Muse, we are impressed, not so much with the sadness of the spectacle, as with the fine nobility of soul for the manifestation of which the tragedy has furnished the occasion. For nobility is the willingness to suffer.

New York, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

(In honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

At fifty years it stands magnificent,
Adorned with glories gleaned from seven seas,
The burden of dream-laden argosies
Borne from far shores by dreamers reverent;
And rarest forms and colors ambient
Burn in long-buried vase and reliquaries
Of Greece, in paintings and in harmonies
Of storied stone, serenely excellent.

These treasures are not all: within those halls
The hearts of long ago beat clear to us,
And men once here seem weavers at a loom;
Thus, Art can hold Time conquered by her walls,
And over Silence prove victorious,
An Angel who rolls open wide the tomb.

JOHN L. FOLEY.

New York City.

OLYMPIA AND GREEK ATHLETICS

By CHARLES NEWTON SMILEY

IN DISCUSSING Greek athletics and Olympia we may take as a suitable text a phrase that was formulated by the Roman poet Juvenal, "mens sana in corpore sano," a sound mind in a sound body. Fully eight hundred years before Juvenal formulated the phrase, the ideal which it contains was striven after and in a large measure realized by the whole Greek people. No other nation has ever given so much attention to athletic sports as did the ancient Greeks. It can hardly be denied that this interest in physical training was responsible in no small degree for their prodigious mental attainments and intellectual achievements. In the days of Pericles in Athens a man was not considered educated unless his body were normally developed. There was abundant opportunity for this normal development. In the little district of Attica—a district not larger than a single county of Iowa, there were each year thirteen athletic festivals in which any Athenian youth might participate. Every district in Greece had similar local contests. But high-towering above the numerous local contests were the four great Panhellenic contests to which the whole Greek world was invited, the games at Olympia, at Nemea, at the Isthmus of Corinth, and at Delphi. If one went to the games at Olympia he met there the whole Greek speaking world. There were sure to be representatives not only from the mainland of Greece, but also from South Italy, from Cyrene in North Africa, from the Isle of Rhodes, from Asia Minor and from the more distant shores of the Black Sea. It was no unusual thing for an athlete to make a journey

of five hundred miles for the chance of winning a crown of wild olive. If he returned home as victor, his fellow-citizens welcomed him as a hero. Sometimes they broke down the city wall to make a new entrance way of honor. Often a celebrated poet was employed to write an ode commemorating the victory—and this ode was chanted by choruses of youths and maidens as the triumphal procession entered the city. Solon made provision in his great law code that any Athenian who was victorious at Olympia should receive five hundred drachmae from the public treasury. This emphasis on physical training was not a wild spasm of enthusiasm that soon passed by. The history of the games at Olympia extended over a thousand years, from 776 B.C. or even from an earlier date, down to 394 A.D., when the games along with other pagan institutions were abolished by the Christian emperor Theodosius. What lay behind this remarkable phenomenon? I wish to call attention to five distinct forces in Greek life which tended to make the Greeks devotees of athletics. First of all, the anthropologists tell us that the Greek race arose from the blending of two races; one a tall, fair-haired race from the north that brought with them from their northern home a love of the chase and of athletic sports; the other a short, dark-haired, art-loving Mediterranean race from whom the Greeks inherited an aesthetic bias in the blood, a love of the beautiful which manifested itself in their longing for symmetry and proportion in their temples, in their poetry, in their sculpture and in their own bodies. This aesthetic bias was subli-



Olympia as it appears today. The foundations of the temple of Zeus are in the foreground. In the background appears the museum in which the Hermes of Praxiteles, the pediment sculptures and metopes that survive from the temple, and other ancient marbles found in the excavations, are preserved.

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mated in the belief that a beautiful body was the external evidence and expression of a beautiful soul.

Third, there was the religious influence. The earliest Greeks were worshippers of their heroic dead. Pausanias tells us that in many market places of the various Greek cities he visited he found an altar above the grave of some local hero, where offerings were regularly made. One of the commonest ways of honoring such a local hero was by the perpetuation of funeral games. At Olympia the games were first held in honor of Pelops, the Phrygian hero who gave his name to the Peloponnesus. Afterwards when the worship of the Olympian deities superseded hero worship, the games were held in honor of Zeus. The sacred and religious character of the games is perhaps best illustrated by the sacred truce which was observed at the time of the celebration. Six weeks before the beginning of the festival, heralds went out through the whole Greek-speaking world announcing the games and truce. During a period of three months any one coming to or going from Olympia might pass in safety and without molestation even through the territory of an enemy.

The fourth force in the life of the Greeks which directed their attention to athletics, was war and military service. After the year 490 B. C., they could all remember with pride the time when the physical integrity of their race had saved Greece her freedom. They would not soon forget the glorious day when ten thousand Athenians had charged across the plain at Marathon—and after they had charged for a mile in heavy armor, still had strength enough to whip two hundred thousand Persians and drive them to their ships. Nearly all their athletic

contests were a preparation for military service and had a direct relation to warfare.

The fifth influence was the consciousness on the part of the Greeks that soundness of body is the true basis and foundation of intellectual achievement. "Bodily debility," says Socrates, "causes loss of memory, low spirits, a peevish temper and even madness to invade a man." One is surprised in looking over the list of distinguished men whose intellectual achievements made Athens a radiating centre of culture for all time, to see how many of them were conspicuous in their youth for their athletic victories. Plato the philosopher won prizes at the Isthmus and at Delphi; Aeschylus was one of the ten thousand who charged across the plain at Marathon; Euripides the last of the tragic triad was crowned victor at the Eleusinian and Thesean games. All of these men had the "*mens sana in corpore sano*."

But to turn now directly to a discussion of the games at Olympia. These games occurred every four years. They began at the time of the first or second full moon after the summer solstice; that would be either in August or September. They lasted five days. Any Greek of pure blood, no matter where he lived might enter the contests; but before he entered he must take oath at the altar of Zeus, first, that he had trained for ten months, the last month under the direction of the authorities at Olympia; second, that he would abide by the rules of the contest, that he would play fair. It is a noteworthy fact that in more than a thousand years only six or seven contestants were found guilty of breaking their oath.

At the first it seems that the games consisted only of chariot racing, but



The ruins of the Temple of Hera at Olympia in which the German excavators found the Hermes of Praxiteles. This is generally regarded as the oldest temple site in Greece.

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that soon other events were added until finally there were thirteen different events, viz., three foot races varying in length from two hundred yards to three miles; 4, the pentathlon; 5, wrestling; 6, boxing; 7, the pancration; 8, the foot race for boys; 9, the wrestling match for boys; 10, the boxing bout for boys; 11, race in heavy armor; 12, the chariot race; 13, the horse or mule race.

Perhaps a word of explanation will prove helpful, indicating how the ancient event differed from the modern event. In the foot races the contestants ran with bare feet, with no garment except the loin cloth. A runner who started too soon was ruled out of the race, so that it passed into a proverb: "He who starts too soon is beaten." Particular importance seems to have been attached to the shortest race, the stade race, of two hundred yards. Again and again Pausanias makes use of the expression—such and such an event occurred when so and so won the stade race at Olympia. Eusebius the church chronicler has preserved for us a list of all the victors in this race for a period of nine hundred and ninety three years. Aristotle the philosopher compiled the earlier part of this list. But it is the long distance running of the Greeks which most impresses the modern imagination. For a man to run all day long as Pheidippides ran from Athens to Sparta, seems almost unbelievable. Pausanias gives an account of a certain Drymus who after winning the three mile race at Olympia immediately set out for his home in Epidaurus, and ran all the way up hill and down dale, more than a hundred miles in a single day.

The event which counted the most for physical training was the pentathlon. To win the pentathlon one must participate in five different contests—

in running the stade race, in jumping, in throwing the spear, in throwing the discus, and in wrestling. There are several noteworthy things about the pentathlon. In the first place it makes provision for the development not of a particular set of muscles, but for the symmetrical development of all the muscles of the whole body. It laid emphasis on grace as well as strength. It was not sufficient for the wrestler to throw his opponent; he must throw him gracefully and in good form. The jumper must have a care to light with heels parallel and in such a way as to recover himself; he was not allowed to fall clumsily forward as some of our jumpers do. In throwing the discus the modern thrower whirls three times in a circle and lets the discus fly—not a very graceful performance. The ancient Greek ran forward to a line and threw the discus; distance was sacrificed for grace. Three of these contests, the jumping, throwing the discus, and throwing the spear, were accompanied by the music of the flute, giving a certain rhythm to the movements. In throwing the spear a cord was attached to it, which was wound around the shaft, giving it a rotary as well as a forward movement. The emperor Napoleon had experiments made with the spear, which demonstrated that the spear could be thrown eighty metres with the help of the cord, and only twenty metres without the cord. About fifteen specimens of the ancient discus have come down to us; they are made of stone or metal, and vary in weight from two to ten pounds. In jumping, weights were used.

In boxing, the boxer confined his attention to his opponent's head. The boxer was recognized by his crushed ears. In Greek times light thongs were bound about the boxer's hands. It



The winged Victory of Paonius, found by the German excavators in front of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia.

was not until imperial Roman times that the heavy metal cestus was used. Virgil is guilty of a serious anachronism when he assigns such boxing gloves to the followers of Aeneas.

The most brutal of all the events was the pancration. Pancration is from pan, meaning all, and cratos, meaning strength. The contestants were not allowed to bite or gouge each other, but they could use any other means they chose to make their adversary cry "enough." It was a rough-and-tumble fight, a sort of miniature foot ball game. In the Tribuna of the Uffizi gallery in Florence, there is a splendid sculptured group of two pancratiasts.

To turn now to the picturesque valley in which these contests were held. Olympia lies in the valley of the little river Alpheus at the foot of Mount Cronus, a hill top some four hundred feet above the sea. The place suffered various vicissitudes even before Theodosius abolished the games. Many of its works of art were carried off to embellish Rome and Constantinople. But after the games had been suppressed, Olympia met with still greater misfortunes. Various barbarian invaders from the north ravaged and plundered the sacred precinct. The inhabitants of the locality tore down some of its buildings to erect fortifications against these invaders. In the sixth century earthquakes shook down the principal temples, and finally the river Alpheus and its tributary stream the Cladeus changed their courses and covered the wreck and ruin with fifteen or twenty feet of silt and sand. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the great German scholar, Winckelmann, the founder of scientific archaeology, made the suggestion that if the valley were excavated, many art treasures would undoubtedly be found. It took a hundred years for this suggestion to bear fruit. In 1874 the German emperor, William I, gave two hundred thousand dollars to carry out the project. For seven years

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excavations were carried on under the direction of Ernst Curtius and Friedrich Adler. Thanks to these men and thanks to the later work of Doerpfeld, and thanks most of all to that indefatigable traveler and writer of the second century, Pausanias, we are now able to locate and identify nearly all the buildings at Olympia. A considerable number of art objects were found, but not so many as Winckelmann had hoped, for the barbarians and time had done their work too well. In entering the excavations one passes between the scant remains of the wrestling school and gymnasium where the athletes were trained; he then passes the prytaneum, the great dining hall where the victors were entertained at public cost. Then he comes to the temple of Hera, one of the oldest temples on the mainland of Greece. Pausanias tells us that he saw within this temple the gold and ivory table on which the victors' wreaths were laid. He further states that he saw near the wall of the temple, a splendid statue of Hermes and the infant Dionysus, the work of Praxiteles. Now it chanced that the wall of the temple was built only partly of stone; the upper part was made of sun-dried bricks. When the earthquakes wrecked the temple this statue of Praxiteles fell among the sun-dried bricks, where the rain made for it a soft bed of clay. In this bed of clay the German excavators found it. It is generally conceded that this statue is the most valuable single statue in the world. Without doubt, if it were offered for sale, it would bring far more than the two hundred thousand dollars which the German emperor invested in the excavations. As it appears in our picture, the legs below the knees are a restoration. In the days of Praxiteles, sculptors had not carefully studied the proportions



The Bronze Charioteer, portrait statue of a victor in the Pythian Games at Delphi, discovered in the French excavations.

of a child's body. The infant Dionysus has an adult form reduced. It was only in the Hellenistic age one hundred years later that careful attention was given to the infant's form in sculpture.

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Concerning the restoration of the right arm many conjectures have been made. The most remarkable one seems to be that Hermes is holding up a bunch of grapes before the infant wine god. At any rate he does not seem to be giving much attention to the child. He seems rapt in meditation; his thoughts seem far away. Perhaps he is listening to the nightingales that still sing in the valley at Olympia, or perhaps he catches the strain of some idle shepherd's pipe that comes dreamily floating across the valley from some distant hillside. It is a music that knows nothing of strenuousness, that is free from anxious care—a music that can produce the mood that is portrayed on the face of the Hermes. It is this which makes the statue supreme. The critics praise it not simply because it has beautifully modeled flesh, finely wrought muscles and a well proportioned body, but because it has a soul, a spirit. It could speak if it cared to give up its more precious meditation.

No woman was allowed to witness the great games at Olympia except the priestess of Demeter. The penalty for violating this rule was death. The story is told of a certain Rhodian mother, Pherenice, who came to Olympia dressed as a trainer that she might see the victory of her son. She was discovered and would have been put to death, if her family had not produced so long a line of athletic victors. But while women were not allowed to attend the great games, at a different season they had games of their own that were called the Heraea, in connection with the temple of Hera. By a rare chance there is preserved in the Vatican collection of sculpture, a statue which we are able to identify through the description of Pausanias as one of the runners at the Heraean games.

Directly in front of the great dining hall in the most conspicuous place in all Olympia stood a little circular structure with Ionic and Corinthian columns called the Philippeum. It was erected shortly after the year 338 B. C. when Philip of Macedon crushed the Athenians at the battle of Chaeronea. So it stood as a sort of monument to the final downfall of Athenian liberty. It contained gold and ivory statues of five members of the family of Philip, including that of his son Alexander the Great. It is said that during Alexander's campaigns in the far east, he sent couriers to Olympia to announce his achievements, and to issue proclamations in his name.

Going eastward beyond the temple of Hera towards the stadium, one passes along a terrace at the foot of Mount Cronus. On this terrace stood a succession of twelve treasure houses built by twelve Greek cities as repositories for votive offerings and the paraphernalia of their athletes. An enumeration of the names of these cities may help us to understand better the wide influence of the games. There were three on the mainland of Greece: Sicyon, Megara, and Epidamnus; two in South Italy: Metapontum and Sybaris; three in Sicily: Gela, Syracuse and Selinus; one in North Africa: Cyrene; and Byzantium on the Black Sea. There were two others of which Pausanias does not furnish us the names. On a lower terrace at the very entrance of the stadium stood sixteen small statues called *zanes*. These *zanes* were erected with the fines imposed on athletes for violating their oath. As I have already stated, it is a noteworthy fact that such fines were only imposed six or seven times in a thousand years. The position of the *zanes* at the entrance of the stadium is also noteworthy. The last thing an athlete saw before

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entering the contest was this reminder that he should keep his oath and play the game fair.

The stadium itself has been only partially excavated. It was six hundred and thirty-one feet long and quite similar to the stadium at Delphi shown in our picture; only there were no tiers of stone seats for the spectators. On one side the slopes of Mount Cronus were utilized; on the three other sides there were artificial embankments. It is estimated that forty or fifty thousand spectators could witness the games. As one visits the quiet stadium today it is hard to realize that the hillside once reverberated with the ovations given to Themistocles and Pericles.

South of the stadium was the hippodrome; this has been almost entirely obliterated by the river Alpheus. The Roman emperors Tiberius and Nero were victors in the chariot race in the hippodrome at Olympia. It is said that Nero was thrown from his chariot and almost killed; but in spite of that fact the judges found it expedient to give him the prize.

To return now to the sacred precinct, to the principal temple at Olympia, the temple of Zeus. It was erected after the Persian war some twenty years before the building of the Parthenon. It was two hundred and ten feet long and ninety-six feet wide; it was almost as large and of almost the same proportions as the Parthenon, though not so finely constructed. It was built of porous limestone stuccoed over to represent marble. At either end of the temple crowning the wall of the cella were sculptured metopes representing the twelve labors of Hercules. Only two of these metopes are reasonably well preserved. One represents Hercules struggling with the Cretan bull, a composition of great vigor of movement. The

other represents Hercules holding up the heavens while Atlas brings the apples of the Hesperides. There is a certain charming naïveté about this composition. It looks as if some feminine hand had furnished Hercules with the soft cushion that protects his head and shoulders. You will note, too, how one of the daughters of Atlas has gently lifted her hand to relieve the weary hero. It recalls that fine line of Shakespeare—that finest line in Shakespeare from the masculine view point. You remember the scene in the *Tempest* where Ferdinand is carrying the logs, how Miranda comes along—the gentle, the delicate, the refined Miranda, and says, “You rest and I’ll bear the logs the while.” In the east pediment of the temple there were sculptured figures representing the preparations for the chariot race between Pelops and Oenomaus. This brings us to the most important legend connected with Olympia. Oenomaus, an early king of the land, had a beautiful daughter, Hippodameia, who had many suitors. The condition had been laid down that whoever married Hippodameia, must first defeat her father in the chariot race. The course was a long one, extending from Olympia to the Isthmus of Corinth. Oenomaus always gave the suitor a start, while he sacrificed a ram. Then he overtook the suitor and slew him with a spear. Already thirteen suitors lay buried on a hilltop near by when Pelops, the Phrygian stranger came along. With him everything was fair in love. He bribed the king’s charioteer to loosen the lynch pin of his master’s chariot. So Oenomaus was slain and Pelops became king in his stead and married Hippodameia. In the days of Pausanias the tomb of Pelops was still an object of great veneration. The athletes first swore their



The Stadium at Delphi, where the Pythian Games were celebrated. Much better preserved than the Stadium at Olympia, of which only a few fragments remain to identify the site.

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oath at the tomb of Pelops and then at the altar of Zeus.

The sculptured figures in the west pediment were thought to be the work of Alcámenes, the pupil and rival of Phidias. The scene represented the fight between the Lapiths and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. The Centaurs had been invited to the wedding feast and in their intoxication had attempted to carry off the bride. They were prevented however by Pirithous and his friend Theseus. The central figure of the pediment is the god Apollo, a figure of splendid vigor, poise and reserve force. The work is excellent, but it is hard to believe that it is at all equal to that of the great master Phidias.

Within the temple stood the masterpiece of Phidias, the gold and ivory statue of the enthroned Zeus. The pedestal measured twenty by thirty feet. The height of the statue was about thirty-five feet. It was built about a core of wood. The flesh parts were laid on in ivory, the draperies were of gold and a large part of the throne was of ebony. According to the statement of Pausanias, various myths were sculptured on different parts of the throne. No part was left unembellished. On the extended right hand rested a figure of victory; the left hand grasped a sceptre. The statue was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. A series of stairways about it enabled the visitor to inspect every part. The only representation we have of it is furnished by a coin of the time of the Roman emperor Hadrian. On one side of the coin is a relief of the whole statue, on the other we have the head of Zeus. But we still have the testimony which ancient writers bore to the excellence of this masterpiece. As we read the words of Lucian, Quintilian, Arrian, Dio Chrys-

ostom, we are convinced that Phidias was a high priest of religion and a philosopher in stone. Lucian writes: "Those who enter the temple there no longer think that they are beholding the ivory of India or gold gotten from Thrace, but the very deity translated to earth by Phidias." Arrian, the ancient biographer of Alexander the Great, says: "Fare ye to Olympia that ye may see the work of Phidias, and account it a misfortune, each of you, if you die with this still unknown." But perhaps the most striking tribute of all is that of Dio Chrysostom who says: "Any man who is heavy laden in soul, who has suffered many misfortunes and sorrows in his life, and who has no comfort of sweet sleep, even such a one if he stood opposite this statue, would forget all the dangers and hardships of this mortal life. It is the image of him who is the giver of life and breath and every good gift, the common father and saviour and guardian of mankind, so far as it is possible for a mortal to conceive and embody a nature infinite and divine."

In addition to the various advantages already mentioned, that accrued to the Greek race from their athletic festivals, there are three others that deserve special attention. First the games furnished an intellectual clearing house for the ideas of the whole Greek world. From the steps of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, Lysias is said to have addressed the assembled Greeks; here, too, Gorgias held his audience spell-bound with his new Sicilian oratory; here Herodotus read portions of his history, recounting how the Greeks had driven the Persians from the land; here too Isocrates distributed his pamphlet, attempting to show how the Greeks if united could even carry their victorious arms into the empire of the Persians and do those things which Alexander the Great ac-

tually did do sixty or seventy years later. It was a rostrum from which ideas were promulgated to the whole Greek world. Here the Greeks attained intellectual unity even if they were unable to secure political unity.

Second, if we may believe the statement of Professor Furtwaengler, it would be impossible to conceive of Greek sculpture, without Greek athletics. In the open space about the temple of Zeus at Olympia, Pausanias saw almost three hundred statues of victorious athletes. This honor of erecting a portrait statue was granted to an athlete who had won three victories. It is hard to estimate the influence of this custom on the progress and development of the art of sculpture. The athletic contests not only made a demand for the product of the sculptor, but far more important than this, it gave the sculptor the best possible opportunity to study the nude human form in its perfection, both in movement and in repose. There are many Roman copies of Greek statues that show the influence of the athletic contests. There are three, however, that deserve special mention as they are copies of the works of three of the greatest Greek sculptors, Myron, Polyclitus and Lysippus. We have several good copies of the Discus Thrower of Myron, that once stood on the Acropolis at Athens. In the wrestling school at Pompeii was recovered a marble copy of the Spear Bearer, a statue that Polyclitus cast in bronze to illustrate his canon of correct proportions for the normally developed human form. In the Vatican collection of sculpture there is a fine marble copy of the Apoxyomenos, a work of Lysippus, the court sculptor of Alexander the Great. This statue represents an athlete cleansing himself of oil and sand with a strigil.

The athletic games not only made a significant contribution in the development of the art of sculpture; they were also an inspiration to the poets, and gave to the Greeks their greatest lyric poet, Pindar. The Roman poet Horace declared that one ode of Pindar was better than a hundred statues, and time has strangely confirmed this statement. The centuries have swept away the statues; there is only one statue that we can surely identify by name. But the forty four odes of Pindar, celebrating athletic victories have survived, as "monuments more enduring than brass and loftier than the pyramids of kings." It is hard for us to understand how a great poet could use his supreme gift in celebrating a thing so trivial as an athletic victory. But we must remember that the games at Olympia constituted a religious festival and that they were basic and fundamental in Greek life. In them Pindar found ample scope for the splendor of his imagination. He was recognized by his contemporaries as a great ethical and religious teacher. No one who has not studied Pindar can hope to understand the ethical and religious views of the Greeks of the fifth century B. C., Alexander the Great, when he sacked the city of Thebes commanded his soldiers to spare the house in which Pindar had lived. During his lifetime the Athenians presented the poet with a gift of ten thousand drachmae. On the island of Rhodes a poem of Pindar was written in letters of gold on the marble wall of a temple of Athena. At Delphi the iron chair of the poet stood in the temple of Apollo, and for three hundred years after Pindar's death, the priests of Apollo came forth at the twilight hour to the gates of their temple and cried: "Let Pindar the poet come in to the supper of the god."

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But while the poets were singing the praises of the athletes, there were those who felt that too much honor was accorded the athletic victors. About the time that Pindar was born (522 B. C.) Xenophanes of Colophon gave loud and clear expression to his protest. After enumerating the honors shown to athletes he continues: "Yet is he not so worthy as I, and my wisdom is better than the strength of men and horses. Nay, this is a foolish custom, nor is it right to honor strength more than excellent wisdom. Not though there were among the people a man good at boxing or in the pentathlon, or in wrestling, nay, nor one with swiftness of foot which is most honored in all contests of human strength—not for his presence would the city be better governed. And small joy would there be for a city, should one in contests win a victory by the banks of Pisa. These things do not make fat the dark corners of a city." Socrates disapproved of the life of an athlete on the ground that it was incompatible with the cultivation of the soul. From the Autolycus of Euripides we have these lines: "Of all the countless ills that prey on Hellas there is none that can compare with this tribe of athletes." And that, too, in spite of the fact that Euripides

in his youth had been a successful athlete. Plato also turns his back on his earlier athletic achievements and says in the Republic: "The athlete's nature is sleepy, and the least variation from his routine is likely to cause him serious illness." All this of course is but a protest against the life of the professional athlete, a life in which the thirty years of maturity are given to nothing higher than physical achievement. Theagenes of Thasos won fourteen hundred crowns in his career as an athlete; it is obvious that he had time for nothing else. He spent his life competing on the lower levels of existence and yet for all his success, the lower animals could have defeated him in all the fields in which he had excelled. The hare and horse and deer could outstrip him in swiftness; the lion and elephant in strength; the bull or donkey could beat him at the pancration. The athletic victory of young manhood unless it is a mere preliminary to some achievement in a higher field, is but a fragmentary and inconsequential thing. The broken winged victory of Paeonius is its fitting symbol. You will recall the Irishman's comment. "If this is victory I should like to see defeat."

Grinnell College.

TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

Against the blue of Grecian skies,
In tawny, fluted fragments, rise
The columns of Olympia's fane,
Which in the Vale of Elis lies.

About the Thunderer's fallen shrine
The white and crimson daisies shine;
Along the steps Menander trod,
There creeps a little nameless vine.

No longer flies the Bird of Jove
The shrines and stadium above;
Laughing, among the silences,
Only the Hamadryads rove.

And yet—mine eager spirit hears
Once more the clamor and the cheers;

Once more the hoof-beats on the course,
And shouting of the charioteers.

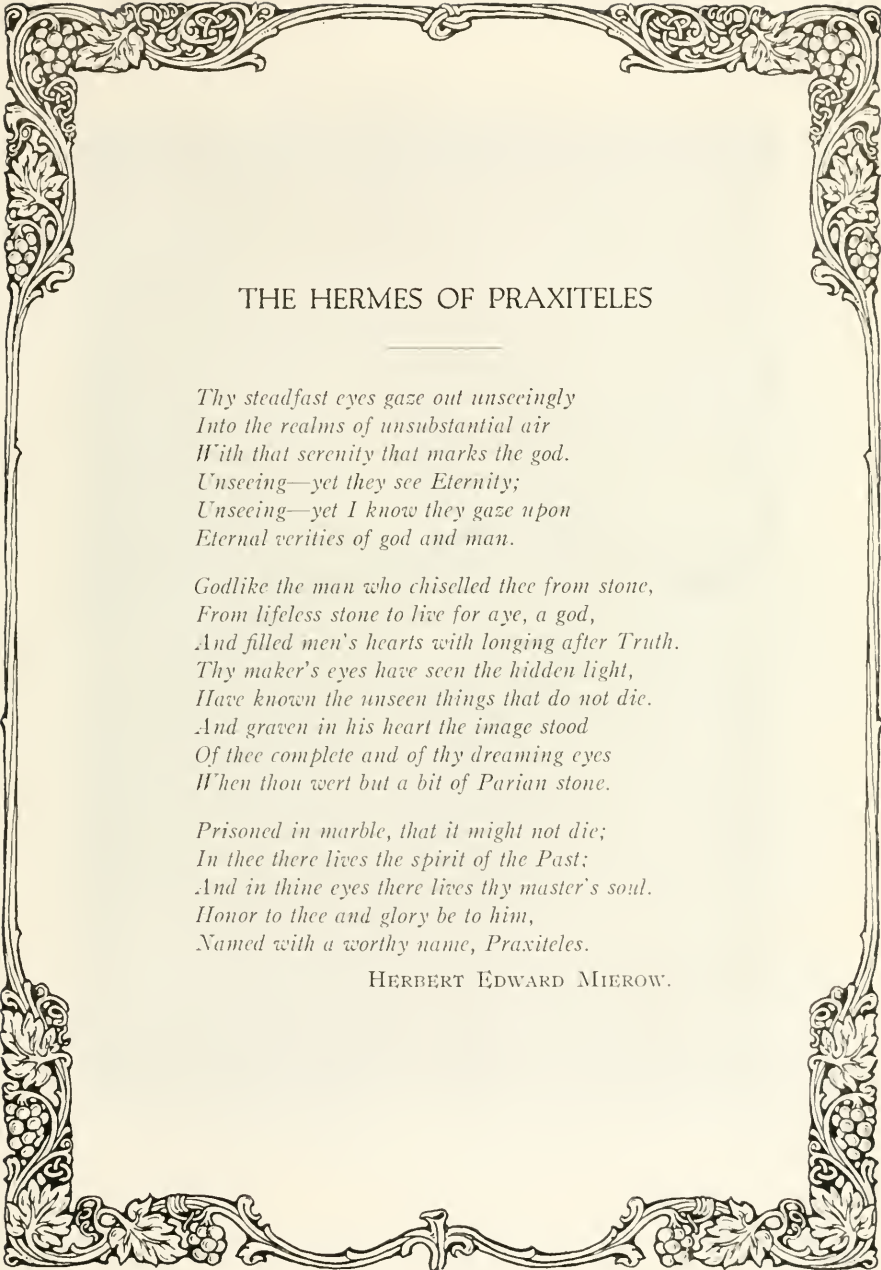
I smell the wreaths the maidens rain
Upon the victors, splendid, vain . . .
Those laureled ghosts and filleted,
I wonder if they come again

To seek the stadium forlorn,
Whose stones their conquering feet have worn,
And kneel before the altar, there,
Of all its gifts save memories shorn!

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.



The Hermes of Praxiteles, found in the ruined Temple of Hera at Olympia. The legs below the knees are restored; a portion of one foot, however, is original. It is conjectured that Hermes is holding a bunch of grapes before the infant wine god Dionysus.



THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

*Thy steadfast eyes gaze out unseeingly
Into the realms of unsubstantial air
With that serenity that marks the god.
Unseeing—yet they see Eternity;
Unseeing—yet I know they gaze upon
Eternal verities of god and man.*

*Godlike the man who chiselled thee from stone,
From lifeless stone to live for aye, a god,
And filled men's hearts with longing after Truth.
Thy maker's eyes have seen the hidden light,
Have known the unseen things that do not die.
And graven in his heart the image stood
Of thee complete and of thy dreaming eyes
When thou wert but a bit of Parian stone.*

*Prisoned in marble, that it might not die;
In thee there lives the spirit of the Past;
And in thine eyes there lives thy master's soul.
Honor to thee and glory be to him,
Named with a worthy name, Praxiteles.*

HERBERT EDWARD MIEROW.



George Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, at the Ainslie Galleries

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Another Washington Portrait by Gilbert Stuart, at the Ainslie Galleries.

The exhibition in a New York gallery of a portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart that has heretofore been so little known as to be unrecorded in the "Stuart Books" and that presents some variations from the three standard types of Washington portraits by Stuart has revived in art circles the old but interesting controversy as to what the Father of His Country really looked like. Stuart painted only three originals of Washington. Using these as models he produced the forty odd paintings that are recognized by the experts as authentic. He first painted the so-called Vaughan type, long of face and probably very much like the subject, but he early discarded it because it did not suit his ideals. Next came the Landsdowne type, with face a bit broader and with features a deal more placid and idealized, and of this he painted many replicas. Last came the Athenaeum type, in which the painter reached the ideal that satisfied him and that so captivated the world that it has become the favorite and standard representation of Washington, although it undoubtedly looked less like him than either of the other two. Stuart sought to produce a nation's ideal rather than a faithful presentment of physical facts, and he achieved this ideal eventually by means of the use of horizontal lines in depicting the eyes, mouth, nose and chin. He obtained an effect of placid dignity and repose that pleased the world. It was no great matter that his exaggerated use of the horizontal line made the long face of Washington to appear quite broad.

In this newly presented portrait of Washington, Stuart seems to have effected a compromise between the Athenaeum type and the earlier Landowne type. It was probably painted for some client who preferred the features this way. It is recorded that the painter was obliging and varied the more than forty representations he made of Washington pretty much as was desired by those who paid the customary \$200 fee for a bust portrait. All that is known of the history of the present work is that it once belonged to Edward A. Stevenson, a former territorial governor of Idaho. It was obscured by the grime of more than a hundred years when it was acquired by the Ainslie Galleries of New York, where it is now on view, but when cleaned it came out in all its early brilliance. This alone was sufficient to establish its authenticity, because none of the early copyists of Stuart were able to reproduce the glow of his palette. It has since been examined by all the experts on Stuart, each of whom has given it unqualified approval.

In this portrait the face of Washington appears to be not nearly so broad and serenely contemplative as in the familiar Athenaeum representation. This is because the artist has used gentle curves rather than straight lines. The chin has a curve at bottom. The mouth instead of being straight and thin has a curve that amounts almost to a cupid's bow. The eyes are wide open, which of course required curves to depict. The nose has a curved point that ducks downward. All of this gives the face a rounded appearance rather than the broad and square look that has become the false standard.

Scores of other artists depicted Washington. In the latter years of his life he was harassed almost to the point of desperation by painters. Many times he resolved to accommodate them no more, but always yielded finally and gave the sittings desired. Consequently there are scores of original portraits of Washington. Many of them are bad, but none much resemble the Athenaeum type. All have longer faces and less placidity of expression. Washington was very much a wide awake man of affairs, he was not forever unruffled, and however much it may please the nation so to contemplate him, he did not have the look Stuart strived for so long and finally succeeded in giving him. However, the Stuart now under consideration has the virtue of being divorced from the artist's most pronounced idealism and is undoubtedly a faithful representation. It has the additional charm of the full glow of Stuart's remarkable palette. The ruddy color of the face seems to be a live thing against the dark background.



"The Nubian Prince," by Hovsep Pushman, at the Macbeth Galleries.

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Paintings by Hovsep Pushman, at the Macbeth Galleries.

So much that is unwholesome and untrue in art has come to America in the last few years under the guise either of a newly felt "Persian influence" or of a "Slavic renaissance" that it is cheering to record an exhibition in New York of the work of an artist who really comes from the Near East and who is worth while because of a genuine appeal to our aesthetic feelings—in short, who is neither erotic nor neurotic. A score of paintings by the Armenian-American artist, Hovsep Pushman, are now on view at the Macbeth Galleries. His art is already known in California and in Chicago, but this is the first time his pictures have been shown comprehensively in the East.

Because of our experiences of the last few years we have come to understand that "Persian influence" means something exotic and sensuous. The term has become a negation of spontaneity and health because of its association with the effort on the stage to pander to neurotic temperaments and to the jaded appetite of that age-old institution known as the "Tired Business Man"—(he had his counterpart in ancient Rome). But whatever of Old Persia is reflected in the canvases of Pushman is of sheer beauty for its own sake. There is brilliant, sparkling, at times almost iridescent color. The Persian influence is there, but it is solely embodied in the hues and harmonies of a people in whom the love of color amounts to worship.

Another characteristic of Pushman's pictures is their story telling trait. Almost every one has anecdotal interest, but so evanescent is the theme that it escapes the banality we moderns have attached to story telling art. Each has its distinct aesthetic appeal so well defined that the beholder usually does not suspect that an anecdote lies hidden in the composition. Study the face of "The Nubian Prince." It is interesting and we let it go at that; but if we are told that the artist got his subject by studying a certain young man at the fair of Cairo who hovered about the edge of the crowd watching his sweetheart of whom he was jealous, we get a story interest that enriches the picture without hurting it.

"The Boy from Samarkand" is a glorious vision of color—the rose and gold of that province. The boy, with sad mouth drooping at the corners, holds an image of Buddha, while behind him is the vision of a white horse. The youth is being trained for a priest, but his dearest wish is to become a soldier, the emblem of which is a white horse. There is "The Wine Cup," whose subject is a beautiful young woman, in rose-colored wrap, grey silver gown and gold embroidered headpiece, holding a green bowl of Rakka ware. It is not necessary to our enjoyment but it does add interest to know that at every feast in Persia the wine is held to the lips of each guest by the most beautiful girl of the host's household, and that, having drunk the wine, the guest usually drops in the bowl a piece of jewelry which goes to enrich the cup bearer's dowry when she weds.

Three other pictures of striking beauty and color are "The Sacred Lotus from the Ancient Nile," which has haunting repose; "The Rose of Shiraz," with remarkable fascination of face and eyes, and "The Peacock Girl," which goes to India for its theme and employs the Hindu color chord of rose and green. Mr. Pushman will soon pay an extended visit to free Armenia, where he expects to paint a series of pictures revealing the inner life of the people.

Lectures on Sculpture and the Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum.

One of the most important results of the Great War—probably a reaction from the intensity of its activities—is the present profound interest in art on part of the general public. Everyone seems desirous of sharing in the happiness which its appreciation brings. To meet this demand the Department of Extension Teaching, Columbia University, offers a series of courses conducted by Dr. George Kriehn in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They treat the enjoyment and history of art from the originals in the Museum. The subject for the winter term is "Sculpture and the Decorative Arts." The class meets in three sections, each presenting the same subject, as follows: Friday, 2.30 p. m., Saturday, 10.30 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., beginning respectively October 8 and 9. Dr. Kriehn also gives another course, "Outlines of Art History," Monday 3 p. m., beginning October 11 in the Metropolitan Museum.

General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America

The twenty-second General Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America will be held at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 28-30, 1920, in conjunction with the American Philological Association. The forty-first annual meeting of the Council of the Archaeological Institute will be held during this period.



"Hunting Scene—Reign of the Amazons," by Pinturicchio, at the Satinover Galleries.

Pinturicchio's Raphael as a Boy, at the Satinover Galleries.

Art lovers will find a peculiar interest in a large painting by Pinturicchio (1454-1513) which has just been brought to this country by the Satinover Galleries, of New York, from the fact that it introduces a portrait of Raphael at the age of fourteen. The work, which is five feet wide and a little more than three feet high, evidently belongs to the series of Amazon subjects preserved in the library at Siena, in several of which also Pinturicchio has introduced the form and features of Raphael. Pinturicchio was the associate, and at times the hired assistant, of Perugino, whose pupil Raphael became at an early age.

The subject is a hunt of the Amazons, a procession of whom is introduced in a lonesome and rocky landscape. It is not clear just what incident in mythology is depicted, or whether the sole masculine figure in the composition is a captive or not. If he is held in durance, he has turned the tables and made a conquest of a fair huntress, who leans toward him from her horse with a fond expression. The youth is none other than Raphael, whose grace of figure and face often caused him to be painted in his apprentice days. His identity is proved by an inscription Pinturicchio put on the trappings of the horse, near the boy's figure, "RSV 1497," the monogram standing for "Raphael Sanzio of Urbino."

This picture would seem to prove that Raphael was a pupil of Pinturicchio in Perugino's studio, since the records show that the latter was absent from his home city of Perugia during the four years before 1499. The pictures of Perugino and Pinturicchio and the earlier works of Raphael are so nearly alike that they have often been mistaken, the one for the other.

Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America

The tenth Annual Meeting of the College Art Association of America will be held in Washington, D. C., during the Easter holidays, March 24-26, 1921. The sessions will be held in the auditorium of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The Washington Society of the Fine Arts, the Arts Club, and the Art and Archaeology League will cooperate as hosts of the occasion. Members having papers to present will kindly communicate with David M. Robinson, President, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.



Model of Northern Spur of Fort Washington Heights, by George Gray Bernard, showing how it will look if the proposed War Memorial is carried out.

George Gray Bernard's Proposed War Memorial for New York.

The proposal to build a bridge across the Hudson River as a memorial to the American soldiers who fell in the world war is meeting with vigorous opposition in New York. It is contended that any utilitarian project would be ignoble and unworthy. This opposition is rallying around George Grey Barnard's plan for converting the northern spur of Fort Washington Heights—a high promontory about 900 feet in length, commanding a noble view of the Hudson—into a vast memorial having unique features. The sculptor has made a model of the site as it would look when completed.

This model shows the top of the promontory levelled off and ornamented with a great circular monument, forty feet high, with sculptural gateways at the north and the south, approached by wide terraces. Various symbolical statuary is suggested, enough to employ the minds of many sculptors. The lower half of the tall wall is to be of bronze, showing in relief the tasks of labor, while above in marble other scenes in relief would reveal the realization of labor's dream.

Mr. Barnard suggests treatment for the whole of the promontory, with walks, stairways, grottoes and groves, and even plans on the north a great amphitheatre for open air performances. The friends of the project point to the historical associations of the site—it was here that Washington fought when the struggle looked darkest for the Continentals—as making it peculiarly appropriate. Practical feasibility is aided by the fact that the land, which is valued at \$5,000,000, is owned by John D. Rockefeller, who is ready to donate it for the purpose.

A City Plan for Constantinople

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY and the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* present simultaneously to their readers Professor Kelsey's important appeal that American organizations cooperate in the preparation of an adequate City Plan for Constantinople.

The growth of American foreign trade in the Near East, and the necessary participation of the United States in the solution of world problems, emphasize the wisdom of U. S. High Commissioner Bristol's words that "An American organization to design, finance and construct a City Beautiful, with all modern appliances, upon the burned ruins of Constantinople, would be an enterprise worthy of the best efforts of American progressiveness."

Before the war a vessel flying the Stars and Stripes was a rare sight in the harbor of Constantinople. Today one will find four or five American liners in the Golden Horn at all times, and more than a dozen American corporations have permanent offices there, and a number of other American firms are represented by local agents. During the year 1919 American exports to Constantinople amounted to \$14,165,285 and imports into the United States from Constantinople amounted to \$20,390,204. These figures will be vastly exceeded in 1920, and will grow from year to year. Hence the business men of America will doubtless gladly cooperate with the architects and archaeologists in the altruistic endeavor to propose a comprehensive City Plan for Constantinople, "a city not of one nation but of many and hardly more of one than of another."



"Landscape," by Vincent Van Gogh, at the Montross Gallery.

The Van Gogh Exhibition at the Montross Gallery.

The outstanding event of the art season so far in New York is the big Van Gogh exhibition at the Montross Gallery, consisting of thirty-one oil paintings and thirty-five water colors, drawings and lithographs. Heretofore New York has had the opportunity to see special exhibitions of the work of both Cezanne and Gauguin, so that now it is able to complete its education in the art of the three men who, though all of them are now dead, are still the most active revolutionaries in the world of painting. They were the founders of the modernist school, which, though it has evolved such exaggerations as cubism and such absurdities as futurism, is entitled to consideration solely on the Post-Impressionist work that is identified with Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and their immediate followers.

The art of these men was a protest against both the academicism of the 90's and its antithesis. Impressionism, that had then reached its height and was glorifying atmosphere as distinguished from form. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other in art, a few masters arising from each movement whose names live afterward, and Cezanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh are the masters of Post-Impressionism whom the radicals believe are immortal. Of the three, Cezanne is the most serious and intellectual, Van Gogh the most intense and Gauguin the most brilliant.

Being the opposite of Impressionism, the art of Vincent Van Gogh consists in the expression of form—"significant form" is the way Clive Bell says it, form being made to include color as well. The skeletons of things are used to express their souls, and they are arranged and exaggerated until the painter obtains the effect he desires. If the laws of perspective stand in the way, they are disregarded. This, of course, shocks and offends those who are used to academic and Impression-

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ist pictures, but it must be remembered that similar conventionalism was practiced by the ancient Chinese and Egyptians in producing some of the finest expressions that art has ever known, and that, after all, it is only a matter of the eye becoming accustomed to what it sees.

The pictures at the Montross Gallery come from the family of Van Gogh, and they cover every phase of the Dutch artist's career. "Shoes," the earliest one, is a purely academic study and might just as well have been done by Millet or by Monet. But in such canvases as "Cavern," a darksome hillside with woods, and "Olive Orchard," with bare earth and morose sky, the painter has given full play to the expression of "significant form." Perhaps the most remarkable subject is "Plow," a pink and green lowland waste with a hill in the distance surmounted by a lonesome poplar and farm buildings. It shows how poignantly Van Gogh could portray the soul of a scene. Most beautiful, perhaps, is "Ears of Corn with Flowers," a decorative treatment of a field. "Landscape," a hillside with strata of plowed and unploughed ground, with trees bending under the wind, shows the artist's great scope in design.

Arts Club of Washington Endorses Movement for a Department of Fine Arts and National Conservatory of Music.

For some time past, the President of the Musical Alliance has been in correspondence with George Julian Zolnay, the noted sculptor and now President of the Arts Club of Washington, with regard to active propaganda among the members of Congress for the passage of a bill creating a Ministry of Fine Arts and a National Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Zolnay has long been identified with artistic progress in this country. He writes that one of his plans for the winter will be to invite members of Congress to the dinners of the Club and when they are fully informed on the Department of Fine Arts, then introduce the bill. Mr. Zolnay is wholly in accord with the plan proposed some time ago by the President of the Musical Alliance to the effect that the Arts Club should extend its membership by enlisting large numbers of people all over the country, artists, painters, architects, scientists as auxiliary members.

At a recent dinner of the club, at which a large number of women, representative of two and a half million in every state and territory, were present, Mr. Zolnay made an address. He deeply impressed the auditors, who unreservedly pledged their support. This dinner was given on September 15 in honor of the fifty-four national directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

In the course of his address, Mr. Zolnay said:

"If ever we are to become the foremost nation in art, that supremacy will not be attained through our wealth, as many people seem to think, nor by our freedom, I don't mean political freedom, but freedom of action such as no nation has ever had. Neither shall we reach that goal by the efforts of our men whose energies are still needed in other directions, but we shall win that artistic supremacy by the activity and devotion of our women.

"It is the untiring effort of the women's clubs which has developed the desire and love for the beautiful, has brought to the consciousness of the people the fact that art is not a mere matter of luxury for the benefit of the select few, but a universal expression of our inner self, and that, unless it is conceived and practiced for the greatest good of the greatest number, art has no place in a democracy.

"And yet, there is the feeling that art is the child of aristocracy. It is, provided we use the word in its highest sense, which means 'supremacy of the best.' It is the best there is in human nature, mentally, morally, spiritually, that constitutes true aristocracy, and since woman is a born aristocrat, it is easy to see why art should best flourish under her dominion.

"A movement to induce Congress to create a department of the fine arts which would mean the eventual establishment of a great national school of music, drama, painting, sculpture, architecture and all their allied branches, is planned by the Arts Club.

"Such a school under the aegis of the national government would improve art education all over the country as every art and music school would have to raise its standard of instruction in order to be eligible to become an authorized branch of this great national school, which would at once do away with most of the near-art schools and fake conservatories of music which now infest the country.

"To carry out these far reaching projects, we need the moral support and co-operation of the women. We all realize that the study and cultivation of the arts—all the arts—is becoming

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a leading factor in our educational system, that the alpha and omega of all civilization is the cultivation of the beautiful, a principle which made ancient Greece the most civilized, the most cultured nation in history."

President Zolnay's eloquent words will no doubt meet with warm response all over the country.

The importance of the action of the Arts Club of Washington cannot well be over-estimated. It means a systematic effort to reach the individual congressman and senator under the most refined and cultured auspices.

The dinners of the Arts Club, modest in their way, have long been renowned for the high character of the entertainment that generally followed, when the members have been addressed by prominent speakers or have been entertained by musicians of national renown or have had their artistic sense delighted with exhibitions of paintings by prominent artists.

JOHN C. FREUND,

President of the Musical Alliance of the United States.

Our National Monuments Number

The *Boston Evening Transcript* (September 11, 1920) devoted a full-page to reproductions of eight illustrations from the National Monuments Number (August 1920) of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY under the caption, "Monuments of Grandeur shown in America's Picturesque Antiquities," and in a lengthy review of its contents by Allan Chamberlain pleads for more adequate protection of our national parks and monuments, as follows:

The Archaeological Institute has performed a service of no small public value in devoting the summer issue of its magazine, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, to "The Story of our National Monuments." The subject is one that must soon come before Congress for action, and these chapters in the magazine will serve the double purpose of informing the public of these rare possessions and will doubtless give to many members of Congress their first real knowledge as to the merits of the case on which they will be asked to legislate. Every article that the magazine presents is the work of a recognized authority either in archaeology or in park development, the men representative of the former field being those who have been active in the study and restoration of those ancient relics of our southwestern civilizations during many years.

It is manifestly impossible to give within the limits of this article any idea of the great charm of the monuments already in existence, or to speak of those objects which are regarded by competent judges as worthy of inclusion within this reservation family group. Through the courtesy of the Archaeological Institute, we are able to present on another page a series of photographs which tell of the outward beauty and fascination of those scenes. To sense the inspiration which lies behind the painstaking and scholarly work of the archaeologist it is necessary to read the magazine chapters descriptive of the ruins, and of the story of ancient man that they reveal, stories that cover many of the notable monuments, and that also speak of the yet other important subjects that still await protective care.

A tentative proposal has lately been discussed by some of those who are interested in the protection of our National Parks, that Congress might be asked to authorize a commission of competent and impartial men, representative of Government agencies and of unofficial interests, whose duty should be to study the existing park and monument situation with a view to adjusting boundaries if need be, for the purpose of eliminating areas that are obviously of commercially economic consequence, and yet not essential to the integrity of the reservations. It is further suggested that such a board might well be made permanent to act in an advisory capacity to the Government officers administering the parks and monuments, and as a council to the President in matters relating to the creation or abolition of monuments. It seems clear that the country is determined to defend its parks against commercial encroachment, and these, and doubtless other ideas are certain to be brought out in connection with the opposition to the bills that seek to sacrifice the parks to irrigation, power, grazing, mining and lumbering interests.

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Our National Parks and Monuments Threatened.

With the assembling of Congress it becomes our duty to defend the National Parks and Monuments, which are seriously threatened by legislation passed in the closing days of the last session, which must be amended, and by several bills which will be introduced in December. We must realize that these reservations are far more than government-owned pleasure resorts. They are our National Museums of Native America, unique within civilization and a priceless gift to posterity. We must bend every effort to their defense against the powerful combination of commercial interests organized to debase them.

It was our National Parks which inspired the idea of conservation in America. The Hot Springs Reservation in Arkansas was created in 1832 to preserve these healing waters from threatened commercialism. Forty years later the first scenic National park was created, Yellowstone, a remarkable act of conservation for its period. In more recent years the National Park system has become recognized as the visible symbol and the most conspicuous achievement of American conservation.

During the last generation the envious eyes of commercialism have bent even more insistently upon them. Hetch Hetchy was lost for San Francisco's water supply before the people waked to their inestimable value to the nation, but with this exception Congress has, until the last session, held them inviolate against all assaults.

The present war of many combined interests doubtless grew out of alarm at the nation's fast growing appreciation. With them it probably means now or never. So let us make it never.

Our National Gallery Number

The National Gallery Number (September, 1920) of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY has attracted considerable attention in the press. The *Boston Evening Transcript* (September 9, 1920) gives a half-column review of it, and concludes as follows:

The timeliness of this National Gallery number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY is one of its merits. It was only lately that the announcement was made that the National Gallery of Art, which heretofore existed as a dependency of the National Museum, had been separated from the museum, becoming an administrative unit under the Smithsonian Institution. The gallery now has an organization of its own and a staff, with Dr. W. H. Holmes as director; and it is expected that before long Congress will authorize the erection of a suitable building for its accommodation.

The *New York Evening Post* (October 2, 1920) devotes a half-page to the Ralph Cross Johnson Collection in the National Gallery as portrayed in the September ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY. After reviewing with appreciation Mr. Rose's article and the effective half-tone reproductions, Mr. David Lloyd, the art editor, appeals for adequate housing of the Gallery, as follows:

The National Gallery is one of those institutions which have a name but no habitation. The story is such an old one that we have become accustomed to its absurdities. As usual, public opinion accommodates itself to difficulties and delays, while the actual materializing of collections, the sheer growing bulk of possessions, alone begins to force the issue. The National Gallery must have a building.

Congress has taken the first step. After decades of delay, the Sundry Civil Act, passed July 1 last, provides the gallery with a separate administration.

The National Gallery, in short, has a complete organization, independent status, funds and collection, but no gallery. Meanwhile, 20,000 square feet of floor space is assigned it in the Smithsonian Natural History Museum building, encroaching upon the space urgently required by the department of history.

It is difficult to contemplate such a state of affairs with patience. Yet the impatience which draws the hasty moral that the nation is remiss in its interest in art is self-stultifying. All the material possessions are with few exceptions gifts of citizens and all the necessary machinery has been provided by national legislation. The one thing needful is the passing of an appropriation act. Why is that impossible?

"I wish," said the Goop, "I wish that my room had a floor." Suppose we all wish—and wish hard—that our gallery had a gallery.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Moslem Architecture: its Origins and Development, by G. T. Rivoira; translated from the Italian by G. McN. Rushforth. Oxford University Press.

This book, by the author of *Lombardic Architecture*, Heinemann, London, 2 vols. 1910, does not claim to be a comprehensive history of Moslem architecture, but is devoted to an inquiry into the origins and development of the elements which were destined to form one branch of that style, namely, religious architecture. The book is divided into two parts: I. A description of the chief stages in the development of the Mosque, from its birth down to the XII century, by the help of a study of the principal buildings in the most important centres. An appendix to this section consists of an examination and description of the ecclesiastical structures of Armenia, in order to ascertain the nature of their influence, if any, on early Moslem and Christian architecture. II. A discussion of the theory, by the study of the monuments, according to which the systematic use of the horseshoe arch belongs strictly to the Iberian Peninsula.

The author regards this work as a continuation, and at the same time the completion of his previous work on *Lombardic Architecture*. It is his belief that the two books together will generally be accepted as a safe guide for late writers on the main types of religious architecture and the vaulting systems of the West, the Near East and northern Africa in the period between the first and twelfth centuries of the Christian era. The translator has succeeded in producing a faithful and readable version of the original.

In Part I, the author briefly sketches the history of, and describes in detail, the Mosques in Medina, Mecca, Kufa, Jerusalem, Old Cairo, Kairawan and Damascus. A chapter is then devoted to four Moslem buildings of Cairo—the Congregational Mosque of Ibn Tulun, the Mosque Al-Azhar, the Mosque of Hakim, and the Mosque al-Aqmar.

The long section devoted to the Cathedrals, Churches and Chapels of Armenia has unusual present-day interest because they are so little known, and at this time the Christian world is eager to assist in the rehabilitation of Armenia. We are glad to learn so much of its early culture, and it makes us realize what a rich

field is Armenia for the archaeologist. The author's conclusions are, in the main, that the plan of the Armenian church, while related to its Roman and Romano-Byzantine sources, differs from them in certain important particulars: that the masonry follows the Roman tradition; that the form of its dome was a Roman invention but was developed by the Byzantines; that domes with conical roofs entirely constructed of masonry are an Armenian invention; and that the Armenian use of continuous blank arcading of elegant form had an influence not only in the East, but also in the West, and in Italy itself where this form of decoration had its origin. Thus we see that Armenia, during the early Christian centuries, not only derived its architectural forms from Old and New Rome, but also developed them in its own way and evolved new forms, and finally reacted strongly on the art of the West.

In Part II, devoted to the early Churches of Spain, and the most famous Moslem religious building, the great Mosque of Cordova, the author presents proofs that the views of writers who assert that the systematic use of the horse-shoe arch was a Hispano-Visigothic invention, has no basis in fact, but that, just as the horse-shoe arch had been raised to the rank of a constructive system at Damascus in the erection of the Congregational Mosque by the Ummayyad Walid I (705-715), so later there was no formal display of the new system of arching in Spain before the erection of the great Mosque of Cordova by its Ummayyad rulers (756-796), whence it spread to other parts of the Peninsula.

The great value of the book, however, to the general reader, is not in the theories it presents, so much as in the wealth of information it brings in its description of early churches and mosques, and its 340 elegant reproductions of features of the most important religious edifices, Moslem and Christian, erected during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. The author possesses the broad knowledge of the archaeologist, the architect and the historian combined, and his forceful manner of presentation carries conviction. Hence the work has an abiding place as an indispensable reference-work to every student of Moslem architecture, and it will doubtless be widely read and provoke helpful discussion of the author's theories and conclusions. M. C.

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The Story of Jesus. Pictures from Paintings by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Duccio, Ghirlandaio, and Barna da Siena. Descriptive text from the New Testament. Selected and arranged by Ethel Nathalie Dana. Boston: Marshall Jones Co., 1920. \$16.50.

This is a most sumptuous publication, the most beautiful and also the most expensive single volume of the many excellent publications by the Marshall Jones Co. It is a thing of real beauty and a joy to the eye. Mrs. Dana some years ago wanted an illustrated story of the life of Jesus for the religious education of her children and, finding no good one, she made a selection of Italian primitives and sent abroad for reproductions to be colored from the originals by competent artists. It is fortunate that these beautiful pictures are now published in book form in the brilliant colors of the originals and made to illustrate the texts selected from the Four Gospels and printed on the opposite oblong page so that a child or adult can look at the beautiful colored picture and at the same time read the text.

As Mrs. Dana says, "In those days printing had not been invented, books were rare and few could read. The best way, therefore, of telling stories was to make a series of large pictures which could be seen at the same time by many. So the walls of the churches were like picture-books. Bright colors were used and figures so arranged that the stories could be easily understood. So much interest and attention was given to these pictures that the greatest artists were engaged to paint them, and even to-day they tell the story of Jesus better than modern paintings." These forty colored reproductions from famous pictures certainly do make a beautiful and impressive and spiritual chronicle of the Saviour's life. The subjects are such as the Annunciation, the Birth of Jesus, the Presentation in the Temple, the Marriage of Cana, the Sermon on the Mount, the Transfiguration, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, etc., and the original pictures by the artists mentioned above are in Cortona, Assisi, Padua, Florence, Siena, London, Rome, etc. This is one of the most carefully prepared art volumes of recent times and every care has been taken to manufacture the book in a form commensurate with the value of the unusual illustrations so carefully chosen.

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Essays on Art, by A. Clutton-Brock, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. \$1.75.

Not too academic are the short and refreshing essays which make up this small volume by a well-known art critic of the *London Times* and other British reviews. Clutton-Brock was known to us already as an essayist upon Shelley, William Morris, and the late war. Now he asks, "How are we to improve the art of our own time?" By aiming "at a state of mind in which we ourselves shall learn to know good from bad and to prefer the good." By making our own homes examples of good taste. "All great works of art show an effort, a roughness, an inadequacy of craftsmanship, which is the essence of their beauty and distinguishes it from the beauty of nature."

Leonardo is the great master of history—"seeing life not as a struggle or a duty, but as an adventure of all the senses and all the faculties." "The Pompadour in Art" blames woman's too often baneful influence on art and upon the artist. Poussin he defends as "an unpopular master." Whistler's anti-social view of art, and Tolstoy's contrary plea for art as a human activity, he harmonizes with comprehending insight. "The Magic Flute" is poetically expressive of "the divine beauty of Mozart's religion, which is solemn because laughter and pity are reconciled in it, not rejected as profane."

"All our values," Clutton-Brock tells us, "come from the sense of person as more real than process." This quality he calls "the chief glory of England." In "The Artist and the Tradesman" we are reminded that "in Italy in the fifteenth century this distinction between the artist and the tradesman did not exist. The painter was a tradesman." . . . And of the tradesman somewhat more was expected than to-day. Writing of "Professionalism in Art," he points out, "The value of the Romantic movement lay not in its escape to the wonders of the past, but in its escape from professionalism." . . .

"The artist is a selfish person whom we like and the philanthropist an unselfish person whom we do not like," is a commentary in the closing essay, "Waste or Creation." All readers, whether art critics or not, will find Clutton-Brock interesting and stimulating.

G. R. BRIGHAM.

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A Classical Technology, edited from Codex Lucensis, 490. By John M. Burnam, University of Cincinnati. Boston, Richard G. Badger, 1920.

Such a text as this offers ample opportunity to the student of classical Latin to exercise his ingenuity. The text is that of *Technologia Lucensis*, a large fragment of an ancient classical set of recipes dealing with colors, inks, varnishes, welds, cements, alloys and compounds. The practical value of these recipes we think is not great, but they have a curious interest to those acquainted with modern chemistry.

The original text which was in everyday conversational Greek, dates about 300 A. D., and had its origin in Alexandria. It was transported to northern Italy and there translated into Low Latin. By the eighth century it found its way into Spain where it acquired additions from Arabic and other sources. It was in Spanish cursive. Finally a text was transcribed defectively by Muratori, which is the text in this book. There is an English translation, a commentary, and a very full glossary.

The editing has been a very difficult task. The original Greek being every day conversational language, partook somewhat of the nature of short hand expression, and when translated into Latin not a few of the Greek words were retained, so that these Greek words acted as symbols which when added to the regular symbols increased the difficulties of the text. The editor, however, has industriously gone through the entire text so that the student has no small amount of difficulties removed for him.

Technique of Practical Drawing for teachers, students and professional artists. By Edward S. Pilsworth. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1920.

This excellent and readable manual is indispensable for the artist who works for reproduction. It calls attention to the openings in the commercial field for first-class artists, and shows how the high artistic standards in commercial art can only be met by thorough mastery of the technical requirements for reproduction. Then follow single chapters on pencil technique, pen technique and the technique of the brush. It gives adequate description of tools and materials, of drawing and shading, and the various processes of reproduction. As the future of most art students lies in the direction of book illustrations, poster work and industrial design, the practical suggestions of this little book are of the utmost value.

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND LIFE (NEW YORK) COMBINED WITH ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOLUME X

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 6

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COVER PICTURE: L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE

The largest triumphal arch in existence. Begun by Napoleon I in 1805, completed by Louis Philippe in 1836, from designs by Chalgrin.

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TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, single numbers, 35 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART & ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to CHANDLER-JENNINGS, INC., Advertising Managers, 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y., the New York Office of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Foreign subscriptions and advertisements should be sent to David H. Bond, 407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 1.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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PARIS: THE PANTHEON.

The Church of Ste. Geneviève in Paris, a large classical building in the form of a Greek cross, 276 x 370 feet, with a central dome 272 feet high and 75 feet in diameter. The pediment is filled with a sculptured group, by David d'Angers, representing France distributing laurels to her deserving children. In 1764 the present church was begun under Louis XV, and in 1791 was first set apart for its present purpose—that of a mausoleum for famous Frenchmen.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME X

DECEMBER, 1920

NUMBER 6

PARIS: INSPIRATION AND GUIDE OF ART

By GEORGES LECOMTE

Translated by J. MARRON DUNDAS

NEVER has art life in Paris been more vigorous and brilliant than during the last few months. With it begins the resurrection of our country after such a long period of sacrifice, mourning and ruin.

Exhibitions grow more and more numerous at the galleries and at the picture dealers, who show considerable enterprise and activity, while both the press and the reviews teem with interesting discussions on art.

The same enthusiasm is in evidence at the *salons*, meeting places of such society folk as consider art curiosity stylish, and at the *cafés*, where authors, painters and sculptors delight to grow fervid discussing esthetics.

Heated debates are held about this or that school or the tendencies of this or that group. Are you an impressionist or do you hold art to consist in decorative simplification only? Do you hold fast to subtle lights and aerial harmonies, or do you lean to the austere and synthetic method of painting, paying no cult to the lure of fairy-

like, many-hued atmospheres? Do you prefer classic art or are you in sympathy with that clever, mundane school of painting which, to attract society patrons, condemns itself to artificial graces and follows the fashion? Do you not rather favor returning to an art of strict scientific truth which is content with a devout portrayal of Nature, or are you impressed by ideal and mystic or dream paintings only?

Theories and doctrines clash brilliantly, wittily and good humoredly. All this helps to keep up a fine artistic enthusiasm which maintains in Paris an atmosphere favorable to inquiry and creative labor.

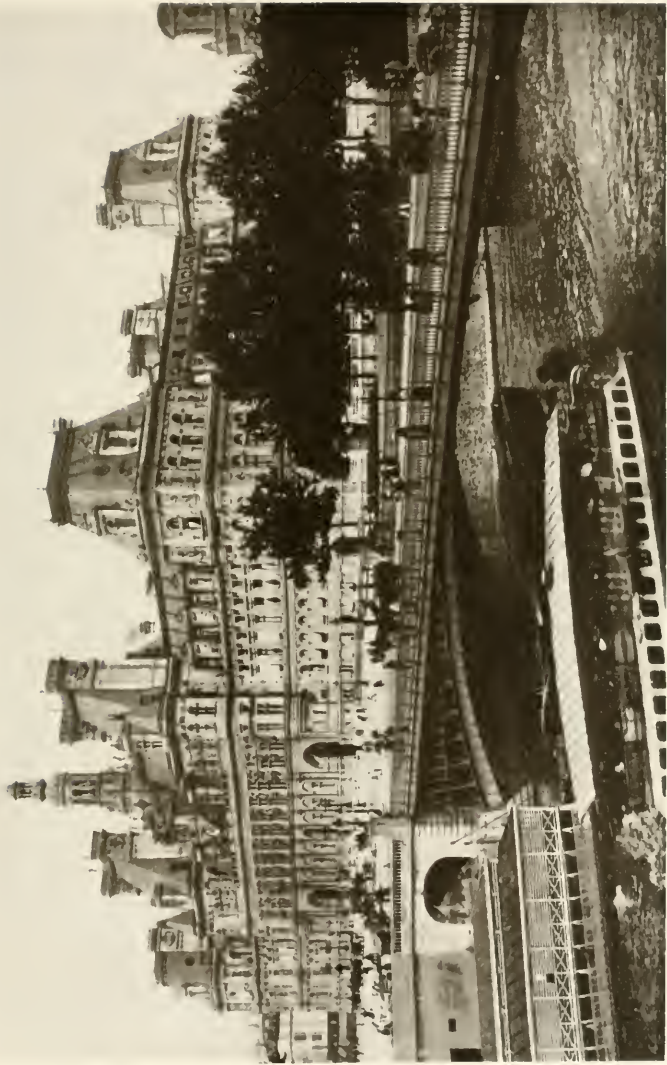
This is one of the reasons why, today as at all times, after our recent victory as after our military defeat in 1870, fifty years ago, Paris still retains the pleasing privilege of being a beacon-light to the arts and a bewitching school of beauty.

In other great cities of the world there are majestic monuments and galleries filled with art treasures. Other



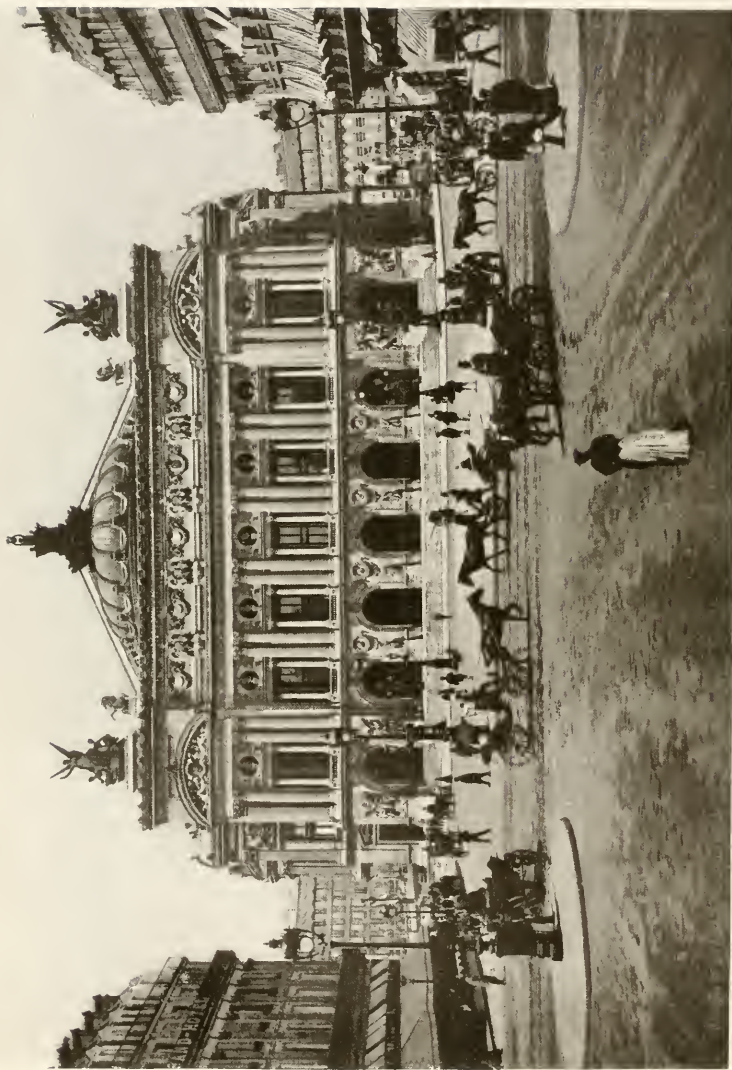
PARIS: CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame is one of the most imposing and famous of cathedrals. The present structure was begun in 1163, but is chiefly of the early XIII Century. The façade, with its three large portals, its great roses, its gallery and arcades, and its twin square towers, is one of the two or three finest produced by Pointed Architecture. The figure and foliage sculpture of the exterior is abundant and artistically remarkable. The graceful rood-spire was built by Viollet le Duc in place of the original one.



PARIS: HÔTEL DE VILLE, OR CITY HALL.

A historic building in Paris of great size, burned by the Commune in 1871, but carefully restored and much enlarged. The existing façade offers a picturesque combination of the Italian and French Renaissance styles. It is of two stories, flanked by pavilions a story higher, and surmounted by open-work central towers. The exterior is adorned with much sculpture. The rooms of state display splendid sculptures and wall paintings by the most distinguished French artists.



PARIS: THE OPERA HOUSE

A sumptuous edifice bearing the inscription "Académie Nationale de Musique," designed by Charles Garnier. It was begun in 1861 and completed in 1874. It is now the largest theatre in the world. The principal façade consists of three stories. On the ground floor is the Portico with its seven arches, the piers of which are embellished with four large groups of statuary and four statues, viz: from left to right, Lyric Poetry by Joffroy, Music by Guillaume, Idyllic Poetry by Azzelin, Declamation by Chapu, Song by Dubois and Vatricelle, Drama by Faignere, Dance by Carpeaux and Lyric Drama by Perraud. Above the Portico is the Loggia, with thirty Corinthian monolithic columns, sixteen of which are of stone, while the fourteen smaller columns are of red marble. Above the Loggia the façade terminates in a richly sculptured Attic.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

cities, too, offer impressive and graceful vistas; enchanting and splendid urban landscapes; art schools where learned professors teach drawing and color harmony and tastefully set forth the lessons taught by ancient and modern masterpieces. Elsewhere, also, there are skilled painters who conscientiously study the aspects and types of modern life.

Nevertheless, despite the attractions and art resources of other famous cities where monuments of the past are occasionally more numerous than in Paris, our charming but busy town still retains the distinction of being the most inspiring center of art enthusiasm. Guardian of the sacred fire, she keeps it burning with an alluring and creative heat felt the world over.

The reason for this is not hard to perceive or define. It is because Paris offers the art lover—who studies, works and investigates with mind and heart in a constant state of exaltation—a splendid combination of conditions most conducive to good art training and an interesting and agreeable life.

The best proof of this fact is that during the last century, in spite of reverses which might have contributed to diminish the prestige and enlightening influence of France over those nations whose only creed is success, Paris never ceased to be an enthusiastic art center.

After 1815, when the revolutionary and Napoleonic eras had dwindled to a glorious memory, the splendor of our romantic art and the authoritative influence of the great artists of the time, continued to attract the world.

Thenceforth the luminous realism of the great landscape painters of the school of 1830 maintained our supremacy.

And then, after the German invasion of 1871, against which mankind committed the sin of failing to support us, at least morally—at a time when nothing less would serve to maintain the balance of power and the peace of the world—the splendid originality of Manet and his friends, the great impressionists; the serene and masterly poetry of the decorative paintings of Puvis de Chavannes; the restrained emotion of the canvases of Fantin-Latour; the pathos of Carrière's pictures; the massive and thrilling sculptures of Rodin; the pre-eminent talent of many other justly celebrated artists, and the creative fire which shone around them, added to the attractions of our other resources and art treasures, kept focused on us as in our palmiest days the sympathy and respectful attention of the world.

From every land came crowds of strangers, not only to visit our galleries but to study in our art schools and free studios, and work before the beautiful landscapes which our painters have made famous; but above all to live delightfully in that unique art atmosphere created in Paris by our exhibitions of original yet modern paintings; by the interesting discussions in the reviews, in the press and at the *salons*, as well as by the Parisian enthusiasm for works of thought.

Though it has been my good fortune to travel in many countries I love, and to live in many capitals where I have enjoyed intellectual pleasures, I do not believe there is a single city in the world so uplifting to the artist or the writer as Paris. While gratefully doing full justice to other cities, I still find it wonderfully easy to explain why Paris has always seemed, and why she seems today more than ever before, the best



PARIS: THE TOWER ST. JACQUES.

A handsome square Gothic tower, 175 ft. in height, erected in 1508-20, a relic of the church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which was sold and taken down in 1789. The view from the summit of the Tower St. Jacques is one of the finest in Paris. The tower was purchased by the city in 1836 and subjected to a process of restoration.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

source of inspiration for art student and artist.

To begin with, Paris offers a magnificent and harmonious scene, carved in venerable stone, inscribed with a long and glorious history. Her famous monuments bring back to life again centuries of faith, hope and beauty, outbursts of enthusiasm and passion. Here one beholds Notre-Dame, with its frail, lace-like Saint Chapelle, or the sombre church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; over yonder lies the Palace of the Louvre, looking majestically down on the gracefully winding Seine, which reflects the slate tiles of its lofty roofs, the jagged taper-like Tour Saint-Jacques and the austere façade of the Conciergerie with its peaked gables.

All this group of wonders one may take in at a glance while crossing the bridges or strolling along the quays lined with tall waving trees, with the Pointe de la Cité in the background, like a graceful vessel at anchor between the two branches of the Seine.

The artist pedestrian will find pleasure in the noble aspect of the Place de la Concorde with its XVIII century palaces and the splendor of the Champs Elysees looking towards the towering Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile. These form an incomparable whole to delight the eye, elevate the soul, infuse a sense of poise and harmony and make on the heart that impression which one receives from the beautiful.

In every quarter of Paris one may, while strolling slowly along, come suddenly upon an interesting fountain; the façade of some lordly old mansion; an impressive church; a slender spire; a majestic portal or monuments fraught with historic memories, whose antique splendor is enhanced by their modern beauty.

Here stands the Palais du Luxem-

bourg, with Eugene Delacroix's radiant ceilings adorning the Senate Library; hard by is the Church of Saint-Sulpice containing two large paintings by the same artist; over yonder, the Palais Bourbon where his genius for decoration worked such marvels.

The Panthéon, the Sorbonne and the Hôtel-de-Ville contain the masterpieces of Puvis de Chavannes. The School of Pharmacy, the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Mairie in the 3d Arrondissement glow with the feeling compositions of Albert Besnard, veritable lyrist in color. Private residences and collections and the foyers and corridors of the theatres abound with decorative paintings by Maurice Denis and Georges d'Espagnat, Vuillard, de Libaique, Bonnard, and all the now famous masters of the latest contemporary art.

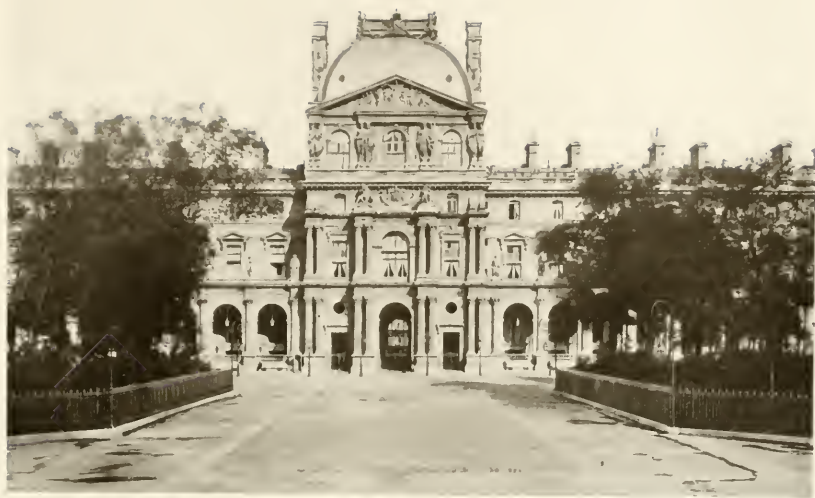
Everywhere one receives endless impressions and lessons in beauty to complete the enchantment of our art galleries. Even though certain other European galleries be richer in pictures of some one particular school, there is no other place in the world where the general features of the art of various countries and epochs are more completely represented than at the Musée du Louvre, or where one may secure a better art education. Our other collections also, such as those of the Luxembourg and Cluny galleries, the Petit Palais and Carnavalet, make strong and delicate appeals to esthetic emotion.

All these beautiful sights scattered about the city have educated both our eyes and our minds and created a good art tradition. To this may be added the influence of the great artists who have succeeded each other for the past hundred years—David and Géricault, Ingres and Delacroix, Carpeaux, Rodin and Rude, Corot and Millet, Dau-



PARIS: CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

A huge Roman Corinthian temple, measuring 141 by 354 feet, and 100 feet high on a raised basement. Begun under Louis XV and Louis XVI, it was not finished until 1842. The work owes its present character to Vignon. The frieze is richly sculptured with garlands and the tympanum of the south façade is filled with a colossal group of sculptures representing Christ as the Judge of the World.



PARIS: THE LOUVRE—PAVILION RICHELIEU

A castle of the Kings of France from or before the XIII Century, and the chief royal palace until Louis XIV built Versailles. The existing palace was begun by Francis I in 1541, and was extended by his successors down to Louis XIV who added much, including the imposing east front. Napoleon I made some additions to which Napoleon III added very largely. The whole forms one of the most extensive and historically interesting buildings in the world. A great part of the interior has been occupied since 1793 by the famous museum, and successive governments have employed the best artists at their command for its decoration.

bigny, Rousseau, Dupré, Jongkind, Daumier, Courbet, Manet, Claude Monet, Camille Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Degas—an influence which, though they themselves have long been asleep in glory, they still continue by their works. Bear in mind that only a few years ago the artists of the universe might meet those glorious masters of impressionism in the streets of Paris or at one exhibition or another, and chat with them after studying their

works as well as those of hundreds of other artists who, though less renowned, are none the less original and interesting painters.

Many of these, either at the *École des Beaux-Arts* or at outside ateliers well known to young artists, native or foreign, gave regular courses to which the renown of such teachers lent great authority. In these ateliers, full of youth and ardor, reigned that bubbling enthusiasm so favorable to art studies.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

In this paper, written to explain the attraction which Paris exerts and the reasons which make her the inspiration and mistress of art, would it be right—after mentioning her enchanting scenic effects, her monuments, art galleries and schools and the noble artists so many of whom work, study and gain wide renown therein—to pass over in silence the grace of her landscapes, the delicate tints of her skies, the charm and interest of a life passed working amid such surroundings; the superb elegance of Parisian women, their bewitching gait and intelligent expression, their harmonious suppleness of carriage and gesture; the brilliant conversation of our men and other charming features of the civilization and polite refinement of a people behind whom lies a long tradition of beauty, culture, and delightful social life?

All these things have their influence upon the inspiration and creative power of the artist. And this leads us to emphasize the constant art fever so characteristic of Paris. To be sure, art and literature form an agreeable subject of conversation among educated people elsewhere who appreciate what is great in both; but elsewhere such a theme is not ceaselessly fed as in Paris by incessant exhibitions, bold and original flights and that intelligent desire to investigate which is one of the attractions of French art life, nor by those art functions which the kind of pictures shown, the *mise-en-scene*, and even the costumes of those who attend them make

so interesting, nor by lectures which not infrequently give one something to think about and widen one's mental horizon.

There is no other city in the world where, under the protection of masterpieces which finally succeed in bringing even the rashest to a wiser state of mind, more untrammelled flights are attempted in art than in Paris, or where there is a more uplifting exchange of ideas or more earnest quests for new art forms. Artists here work hard. They think and talk. The discussions at the *salons* or the clubs keep up an enthusiasm which stimulates intellectual effort. The artist who has found time during the day to meditate before two or three masterpieces in the galleries; engage in earnest discussion with comrades he meets at some exhibition; watch the beautiful poses of women on one of the noblest stages in the world; hear lively conversation and share the prevalent art intoxication, will return to his studio to labor with greater earnestness and freedom of soul at the work wherein he would express his personal feelings and ideas.

Such is the secret of that alluring charm which Paris exercises more than ever before over artists and people of good taste. There is no city where artistic creation is more abundant or more original, or where one may behold more interesting works of art in an atmosphere more agreeably stimulative to labor. That is why Paris remains the great art metropolis.

Paris, France.



LYONS: CENTER OF ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

By CATHERINE BEACH ELY

NEARLY all of us have heart-ties which bind us with "Over There." For this reason a new interest is felt in the cities and villages of France.

Americans who travel know Paris—in eastern France they have probably viewed Mont Blanc and have tasted the hot sulphur springs at Aix-les-Bains. On the French Riviera they have visited Nice and Monte Carlo. But those sections which are a little off the beaten tourist track, other cities of France than Paris, are unfamiliar to most Americans.

They have changed cars in Lyons, they have driven about the city perhaps. They remember that it has a number of bridges and is noted for its silk industry, and that is as far as their information goes. Lyons is worthy of more sustained interest. It is the third city of France. No city tells the story of thrilling deeds more vividly in historic landmarks. Lyons has been the stage of human drama; ancient, medieval and modern—it has been a pivot of world events.

The peninsula of the city of Lyons, lying between the Rhone and the Saône, narrows to a slender point of land where the waters of these two broad rivers flow together.

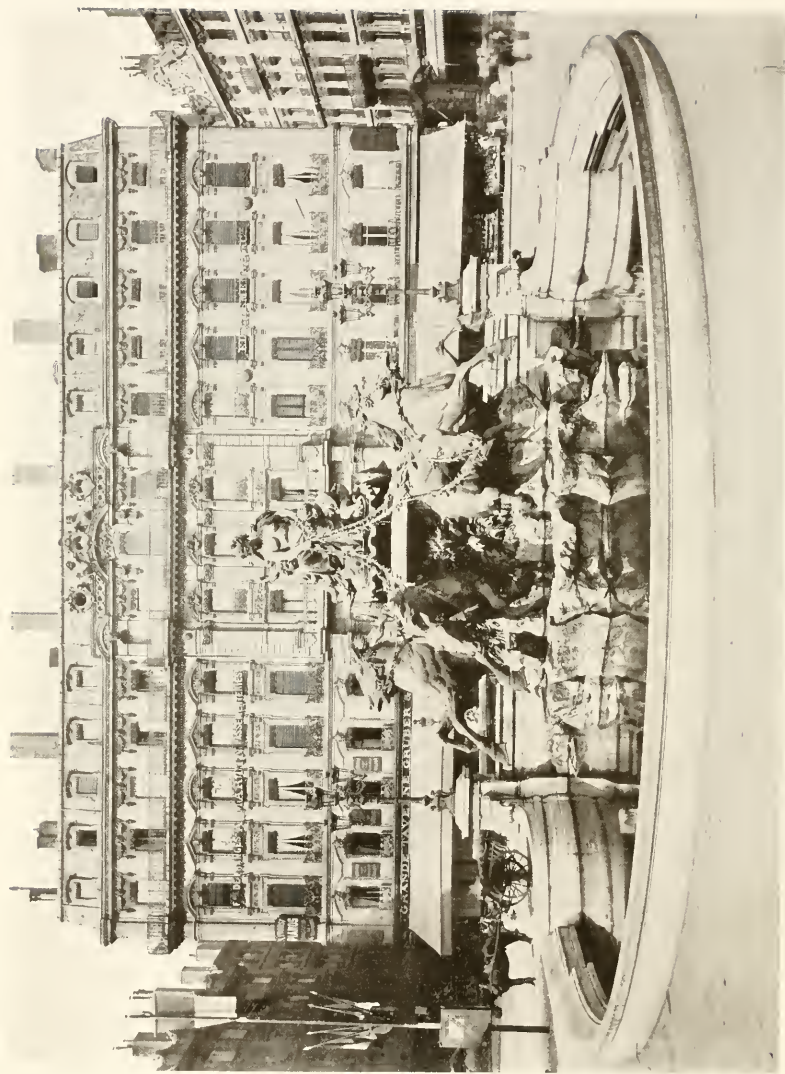
The principal squares of Lyons are Places Bellecour, Cordeliers, de la République, de la Comédie, and des Terreaux. Place Bellecour is a typical French public square, prosperous looking and neatly trimmed with flower-beds. On Place de la République is a statue of President Carnot. Place des Cordeliers is so crowded one can hardly

draw a long breath. Place de la Comédie is the site of many wholesale silk houses and of l'Hotel de Ville, considered a peer among the public edifices of France. It has one façade facing on Place de la Comédie, the other on Place des Terreaux.

On Place des Terreaux is the Fontaine Bartholdi by the same sculptor who fashioned The Goddess of Liberty in the New York harbor. The fountain, which is almost as rolist in design as its New York sister, represents a woman driving seaward four prancing marine horses (the four rivers of France).

In the silk maker's quarter, Croix Rousse, are the ateliers of the "Canuts" (workmen who weave silk by hand)—of course in this day and age they have been mostly driven out by machines. Place Tolozan is the center of the great silk manufacturing houses. We walked from this quarter to the Guillotière, at the opposite end of the city, following the beautiful shady boulevards of the quays. Here is modern Lyons, a display of fine houses and broad straight streets with plenty of space as in our American cities. It is more hygienic and less picturesque than old Lyons. But the shady boulevards along the quays are un-American. We have yet to learn the universal beautifying of our river shores.

Lyons has one of the finest archaeological museums in Europe. It consists of Roman antiquities all found in or near Lyons, and brought together in a peristyle which surrounds a pretty public garden. So if one tires of ancient lore he may take a bench in the garden



LYONS: FONTAINE BARTHOLOMEU

This fountain, by the same sculptor who fashioned the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor, was erected in 1892 and named after its sculptor, has a large leaden group representing the rivers and springs on their way to the ocean. The appearance of the water on the wheels of the chariot and as it spurts through the nostrils of the horses is very fine.

and look up at the walls of the "Palais des Arts" of which the peristyle is a part. A professional archaeologist could no doubt spend his lifetime in that peristyle without tiring of its resources. This was not our case. We found an occasional visit at Café Riche a relief from too continued an intellectual strain.

All the silk in Lyons has to be supervised before it goes to the dyer's. This is done at the Bureau of Control which also contains laboratories for studying the "conditions of silk."

On the second floor is a museum called "Conditions de la Soie." A scholarly looking employé explained to us, with a real love of the subject, the process. Lyons is concerned only in the manufacture of silk as the climate is not warm enough for the culture of the mulberry tree. He afterwards turned us over to a young girl who showed us in glass cases an extensive collection of silk-producing butterflies from all parts of the world, many of them beautiful in color and design. But these gaudy ones do not give enough silk to be of practical use. It is the plain, insignificant variety which is of value as a silk producer. We saw the Madagascar spider which yields a silk so fine that it is excessively dear. They say a part of the Pope's vestment is made of this sort. We also saw the industrial and artificial silk made from "cellulose," a product of wood. This variety is much cheaper; the process was discovered 18 years ago. Lyons is probably the only city in the world possessing so extensive a museum of this sort.

Parc de la Tête d'Or certainly deserves its name as one of the most beautiful in Europe. The entrance gates of wrought iron are a *chef d'oeuvre*. On entering one receives a striking im-

pression from the diverging lines of the allées beneath magnificent trees with such dense foliage that a cool green twilight seems to prevail beneath their drooping boughs. We rowed on the beautiful lake which is fed by the waters of the Rhone.

The Roman Catholic church is very strong in Lyons and like a symbol of the fact the church Notre Dame de Fourvière on the heights to the east dominates the city by its superb situation. It is silhouetted against the sky, black at night, and almost ominous like a strong personality from which there is no escaping.

We took the "funiculaire" up the heights to Fourvière. The wind blew lustily on the place before the church. Fourvière is comparatively modern, having been built in 1877 as the result of a vow made to the Virgin a number of years before during German invasions. It has four high octagonal towers which are most impressive at a distance and a richly decorated façade. The interior is still more ornate. It lacks the charm of some of the older churches although great sums have been lavished upon it. Most remarkable are the mammoth mosaic pictures which decorate its walls. They represent scenes in church history and are magnificently rich.

In spite of all this splendor we liked best the quaint little chapel of Fourvière which hides in the rich petticoats of the sumptuous modern building. It is the original Fourvière and lies close to the heart of France. The candles of ardent worshippers lit up its small and dark interior like stars. Gratitude for answered prayers was naively expressed by ex-voto offerings (little rectangular or heart-shaped marble plaques with inscriptions of gratitude in gilt letters).



LYONS: CATHEDRAL OF ST. JEAN

At the foot of the hill of Fourviere rises the Cathedral of St. Jean, one of the finest examples of early Gothic Architecture in France. Begun in the XII century, to which the transept and the choir belong, it was not finished till the XV century, the gables and flanking towers being finished in 1480. A triple portal, surmounted by a line of arcades and a rose window, gives entrance to the church.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Lyons has a number of old and famous churches, all of them sacred from the city's turbulent history, each one with a rich personality of its own. The most celebrated are probably Les Églises St. Bonaventure, St. Jean and St. Nizier.

We attended a service at the Protestant Church on the left bank of the Rhone. It had the simple forms and forceful preaching, characteristic of protestant churches in France.

The two rivers of Lyons, the Saône and the Rhone, are very different in character. The Rhone is symbolized as a man, the Saône as a woman; the former is impetuous in its course and little used for navigation; the latter follows its winding, leisurely way to the point of its union with the swift-flowing Rhone. The Saône, in accord with its obliging personality, has much more traffic and is more navigable than the Rhone. "Bateaux-mouches" (fly-boats) which pass in both directions afford a good opportunity of studying the river life and landscape of Lyons. The Saône is spanned by 14 bridges. The last part of the voyage was very picturesque. We were told that the great silk manufacturers of Lyons are all millionaires and select this quarter for their homes.

The Rhone is a "fleuve" because it empties into the Sea (near Marseilles), while the Saône is a "rivière" since it empties into the Rhone. The Rhone is a majestic stream spanned by beautiful bridges—Viaduc, Pont du Midi, de l'Université, de la Guillotière, Hotel Dieu, Lafayette, Maraud, St. Clair and de la Bouche. Pont de la Guillotière built in 1190 was for a long time the only bridge over the Rhone. Pont du Midi and Pont de l'Université are comparatively modern, the former has pillars supporting gilded ornaments, the

stone columns of the latter are surmounted by gilded cocks and decorated with the arms of France. They are more showy and less massive than the older bridges.

On the 14th of July, 1918, 300,000 persons assembled at Lyons on the banks of the Rhone to witness the opening of the new "President Wilson Bridge." Ambassador Sharp said on this occasion: "May the strength of this beautiful creation of the builder's art symbolize the bonds of attachment which unite our two peoples—its beauty the gauge of their mutual affection, and its utility their lasting prosperity."

It is a pleasure to stroll along the beautiful broad promenade on the right bank of the Rhone, the leafy roof of the plane-trees above one's head. Unlike the obliging Saône burdened with traffic, the Rhone in the vicinity of Lyons carries almost no craft upon its rushing waters.

If one crosses the Saône to Rue St. Jean at Pont Tilsitt he at once finds himself carried back into the Middle Ages. The rich gloom of these old 13th, 14th and 15th century houses is fragrant of romance. The city has bought the Hotel de Gadagne as it is interested in preserving some of these old constructions. We tried to imagine Monsieur Gadagne and his numerous 15th century family in this strange old edifice.

To descend Hill Fourvière by Passage Gay is to take the most historical walk in the world. This picturesque winding descent is bordered by trees through which one glimpses the city below.

Here the old Romans built sumptuous residences, baths, a forum and an aqueduct. They loved, caroused, fought, persecuted, bled and died where only vine-covered ruins survive to tell the tale.



LYONS: CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE FOURVIERES

One of the most sumptuous churches in France, and remarkable for its originality. The style is a modernized Byzantine. The church was begun in consequence of a vow made by the clergy of Lyons during the war of 1870-71 and consecrated in 1896. The apse on the side toward the town is flanked by polygonal towers each terminating in a kind of crown. Instead of buttresses are four square half-towers and on each side of the west front are towers as at the apse. The façade also has a rich portico with four granite monolithic columns. The name originally applied to a small chapel built on the site of the old forum (*forum vetus*) from which it takes its name.

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Forty-three years before Christ, this little Roman settlement was founded on the bank of the Rhone (now Hill Fourvière and Passage Gay). It was called "Capitale de la Provence des Gaules" (Capital of the Province of Gaul).

Most of the Roman Emperors seem to have had a hand in it. Emperor Augustus indulged his little fad for civic improvement by constructing a great aqueduct, the principal ruin of which may be seen at the village of Champonost, eleven miles away. This was evidently appreciated by the Gauls, for they dedicated to him a sumptuous temple built on the extremity of the Peninsula of Lyons at the juncture of the Rhone and the Sône.

Even wicked, mad old Nero seems to have belied his reputation sufficiently to give 800,000 francs for rebuilding Lyons after a terrible fire. It was Emperor Trajan, who, as his share, constructed the forum.

Some of these playful old Emperors amused themselves in idle moments by persecuting believers. It is said that the blood of 190,000 Christians flowed down Hill Fourvière into the Sône.

Lyons continued her restive career. In 478 she belonged to the Burgundians, in 539 to the Franks. In 725 she was ravaged by the Saracens (or Barbarians). The genial Charlemagne took an interest in her development.

Peter Waldo, founder of the famous sect of the Vaudois or Waldenses, was a citizen of Lyons. Some personal sorrow gripped him; as a consequence he turned his back on the Roman Catholic formalities and went back to the Bible. He told the citizens of Lyons what he found there and crowds flocked to hear him. This reformation work spread into other countries. Waldo labored his life long and his followers took up

his mantle where it fell. The Waldenses lived by the Bible. They were an industrious and law-abiding folk. Edward Everett Hale in the novel "In His Name" recounts a charming episode of the life of Waldo.

Lyons has been a center of Roman Catholicism and it is today perhaps its greatest stronghold in France. In 1320 Lyons was definitely united to the Kingdom of France. The favorite pastime of massacring Huguenots became popular again in 1572.

In 1642 Cinq Mars and his friend De Thou contributed to Lyon's fame by being executed at Cardinal Richelieu's instigation, on Place des Terreaux (where the Hotel de Ville is now situated). This episode inspired the celebrated historical novel "Cinq-Mars" by Alfred de Vigny.

The convention of the Revolution was infuriated because Lyons resisted its decrees. After a terrible siege of two months in 1789, the Army of the Republic entered the city. When they had burned and pillaged Lyons to their own satisfaction they rechristened it "Commune Affranchie." Under the *Directoire* the city had a breathing spell. Napoleon I, on his return from Egypt in 1799, stopped off in Lyons, where he distributed a few gracious imperial smiles. He probably did not foresee that not long after General Mouton-Duvernet would be shot on Quai des Étroits for having supported him during the "cent jours."

The Austrians thought Lyons had been quiet long enough, so they entered the city in 1814-15. Then the silk workmen did what they could to establish the turbulent reputation of Lyons by going on strike and firing on their own city from Passage Gay in the terrible Revolutions of 1831 and 1834.

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Even the graceful Saône belied her reputation for tranquility and caused great inundations in 1840 and 1856. In 1870 Lyons was one day ahead of Paris in proclaiming the Republic. Two extensive expositions were held at the "Parc de la Tête d'Or" in the years 1872 and 1894.

President Carnot added a page to Lyons' tragedies. While attending the exposition of 1894 he was stabbed by an anarchist on the 24th of June. This took place in Rue de la République opposite Palais de la Bourse, where the President had just attended a banquet. Lyons has given birth to many famous men and women, among others: Puvion de Chavannes, who decorated the entrance of the Boston Public Library; also Jacquard, inventor of the weaving-loom. Madame de Recamier so admired for her beauty, intellectuality and goodness was a Lyonnaise.

One should not fail to see in Lyons the splendid mosaics from the ancient temple, dedicated to the Emperor Augustus, which stood at the end of the peninsula where the two rivers flow together. They have been inserted in the parquet of the "Musée des Beaux Arts et des Antiques" on Place des Terreaux. These perfectly preserved mammoth mosaics represent in a virile manner mythological and Roman scenes. They emphasize very forcibly Lyons' part as a Roman city.

On Passage Gay one sees a part of

the great aqueduct built by the Emperor Augustus about 20 years B. C. It was 8.4 kilometers long conducting water from Mont Pilat to Hill Fourvière. Mont Pilat is 70 miles southeast of Lyons on the right bank of the Rhone.

We visited the principal ruin of the aqueduct, twelve miles from Lyons near the village of Chaponost. The ruins are a stupendous souvenir of Roman antiquity; a succession of 76 broad arches, decreasing as they approach the level of the ground, they support the Canal through which the water passed. This series is interrupted in several places, forming fragments. Above a fragment of five arches the canal-conductor is especially well preserved. The aqueduct is constructed of lozenge-shaped stones, united with a cement so enduring that modern masonry cannot imitate it. No ruin could more forcibly show the beauty and strength of Roman construction. It is covered with a parasitic growth of vines and plants.

We gathered black raspberries which grew very ripe and sweet beneath the arches. This spot is called "Plat de l'Air" and it well deserves its name, for a cyclone of wind was blowing. We took refuge in one of the great arches of the aqueduct and mused upon this gigantic accomplishment of Roman hands which labored two thousand years ago.

New York City.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND THE ART OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

By MITCHELL CARROLL

THE STORY of the life of the Empress Eugenie, judged by Aristotelian standards, moves along from beginning to end with the perfect unity of action of a Greek tragedy. Aristotle defines as the ideal character of tragedy a person highly renowned and prosperous, who is not unusually good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty. In order to produce the tragic *Katharsis* the tragedy must inspire pity and terror. "Pity," he says, "is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves." Eugenie, consort of Napoleon III, admirably fills this rôle. A woman, not of royal birth, raised to the highest station, enjoying for a time the greatest glory and prosperity, is then brought to a sudden and tragic fall. Yet she lingers on, surviving husband and son, in private station, to live to see a half-century later the downfall of the dynasty that had brought destruction to her royal estate, and then passes away at the age of ninety-four in the land that gave her birth. Surely there is no greater theme for tragedy than the story of the last Empress of the French.

But it is not my purpose in this brief sketch to outline the tragedy, but to survey the part played by the Empress in the story of the arts of the Second Empire, a short period of less than a score of years, yet one which in the development of the arts, sciences and literature surpassed perhaps an equal period of any previous regime in France.

It was a brilliant place that France occupied as the foremost nation of continental Europe during the ascendancy of the Second Empire, when art was called upon as the handmaiden of supreme power to contribute to the splendor of a Court life that was the cynosure of all eyes. The beautiful and gracious personality of the Empress Eugenie pervades the whole of it, and the story of her words and deeds abides in the memory as the most salient feature in the survey of the panorama of that brilliant period of French history.

The Emperor Napoleon III, ably seconded by the Empress, utilized all the fine things of France to augment the *éclat* of the regime. Hence the Tuileries became not merely the center of European diplomacy, but also the arbiter of the world's arts and fashions. From the end of the Restoration in 1830 to the beginning of the Second Empire in 1852, there was really no Court life in France, in the generally accepted sense. Great simplicity characterized the reign of Louis Philippe, who prided himself on being the Citizen King. Napoleon III, however, with his astute knowledge of French character, realized how popular it would be, and how advantageous to trade, commerce and the arts, to restore something of the splendor of the Old Regime. He therefore wished to give as rich a stamp as possible to the Court life of the Empire. In these efforts, the Empress was admirably qualified by native gifts



EUGENIE DE MONTIJO, COUNTESS DE TEBA

(After Winterhalter)

Born at Granada in Spain, May 5, 1826, second daughter of the Count de Montijo and Marie Manuelita Kirkpatrick. Married to Napoleon III at Notre Dame, Jan. 30, 1853, and installed at the Tuileries as Empress of the French.

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and training to be of the greatest assistance to him.

Eugenie was beautiful. She has been thus described by Dr. Evans, the American dentist who knew her well even before she became the Empress of the French, and who effected her escape from Paris after that fatal day, November 4, 1870: "She possessed a singularly striking face, oval in contour, and remarkable for the purity of its lines; a brilliant, light, clear complexion; blue eyes, peculiarly soft and liquid, shielded by long lashes and when in repose, cast slightly downward; hair of a most beautiful golden chestnut color, a rather thin nose exquisitely molded, and a small delicate mouth that disclosed, when she smiled, teeth that were like pearls. Her figure was above the average height and almost perfect in its proportions—the waist round, and the shoulders admirably formed—and withal she possessed great vivacity of expression and elegance in her movements, together with an indescribable charm of manner. Indeed she was of a rare type physically as well as morally; one whose distinguishing qualities always seemed to me to reveal the existence of Irish rather than Scotch blood, notwithstanding the name of her mother's family—Kirkpatrick. But she was richly endowed, by inheritance or otherwise, with the best qualities of more than one race; and if it was true that her beauty was blond and delicate from her Scotch ancestry, it was no less true that "her grace was all Spanish, and her wit was all French."

The Emperor said of Eugenie in giving official announcement of his intended marriage: "I have preferred to have for a wife, a woman whom I love and respect, rather than a woman unknown to me, and with whom the

advantages of an alliance would have been mingled with sacrifices. * * * Endowed with all the qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament to the throne, and in the day of danger she will become one of its courageous supports." The Emperor's prediction was not belied by events. By her beauty, elegance and charm of manner she contributed largely to the splendor of the Imperial regime, and when the dark hours came and disaster hovered over the Tuileries, she was, as the official inquiry made by her enemies proved, one of the very few who showed calmness and courage in the face of the rising tide of revolution, and the collapse of her own personal fortunes.

Not only her natural endowments, but also her education and early environment was such as to fit her to exert a benign influence on the artistic life of France. Trained at the famous Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, she had as her guide, philosopher and friend in her formative years, the writer Prosper Mérimée, who always spoke of her in terms of admiration. Thanks largely to Mérimée, a Frenchman could say of her when raised to the throne, "Why this young woman knows more about France and her people, her arts, her politics and her public men than many a youth who was born in our boundaries like his ancestors for several generations."

For the intellectual and the aesthetic Eugenie had a genuine love. She was prone to steal away from the distractions of the Court to read a book that had captured her fancy. She took lessons in French history from M. Fustel de Coulanges, who spoke of her literary taste in the highest terms. In the *Life of Victor Cousin*, her acknowledgement of the gift of a book is quoted as follows:



EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

(Winterhalter's official portrait, reproduced from mezzotint and stipple engraving by Samuel Cousins.)

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Paris, April 20, 1808, son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and Hortense de Beauharnais, and nephew of Napoleon I; after years of exile, and imprisonment, he was made a member of the National Assembly after the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848; was elected President of the Republic December 1848; was chosen President for 10 years in December 1851, and after a plebiscite in Nov. 1852, was proclaimed Emperor Dec. 2, 1852; he took part in the Crimean War 1854-56; fought with Sardinia against Austria in 1859; declared war against Prussia in 1870; was taken prisoner at Sedan Sept. 2, 1870; died at Chislehurst near London, Jan. 9, 1873.



EMPERESS EUGENIE.

(Winterhalter's official portrait, reproduced from mezzotint and stipple engraving by Samuel Cousins.)

Became Empress of the French Jan. 30, 1853; First Regency, 1859, Second Regency, 1865, Third Regency, 1870; escaped from The Tuileries Sept. 4, 1870, after the battle of Sedan; lived in exile in England at Chisellhurst (1870-80) and at Farnborough (1880-1920). Died at Madrid July 11, 1920; laid to rest at Farnborough, July 19, 1920.



Bust of the Empress Eugénie, by Carpeaux
(1827-1865.)

"I beg to thank you, sir, for having sent me your work on French society in the seventeenth century, and still more for the kind letter which accompanied it. You must have known how much pleasure you would give me, for I appreciate at their full value all these noble works which retrace for us, with life-like fidelity, the society of past ages. The picture is enhanced by that superb language which is the glory of our literature." She had an amateur knowledge of drawing and of painting in water-colors, of which she was very fond; and she is said to have made designs and sketches showing landscape effects for the use of the engineers who were laying out the Bois de Boulogne.

When the Second Empire was in its zenith in the sixties, the rest of the

world looked to it for the standards in all the elegancies of social life. The higher a people rise in civilization and its refinements, the more they care for the arts, style in fashions, fine clothes, rich jewels.

The sovereigns felt it to be the duty of such a Court as the Tuileries, in a country foremost in commerce and the industrial arts, to create a market for the more expensive products. Thus Lyons, as well as Paris, became rich, the fashions of the hour calling for beautiful materials, for silks and rich fabrics of all kinds.

In popular estimation Eugénie is usually thought of chiefly as the queen of fashion, just as if it were not one of the principal functions of a ruler in a country like France to set the fashions of the day. The Empress's efforts in this direction have led to much criticism, most of which is undeserved. It is true she often changed her attire, and designed and possessed many handsome gowns. It is true that many of the fashions of that day—the crinoline, Louis XVI panniers, Renaissance sleeves—seem odd and unusual in this democratic age; but will not our fashions seem equally odd to the people of a hundred years hence? It may be said of Eugénie, however, that it was with exquisite tact and taste she regulated the ceremonials of the Court, and determined the fashions of Paris which set the pace for fashionable folk of other countries. For nearly a score of years she was the supreme arbiter of fashion, and the final authority with her sex in all matters pertaining to the elegancies and foibles of social life. She has been accused of extravagance, yet one day at Farnborough she exclaimed, "Why! with the exception of a few gowns made for special ceremonial occasions, during the whole time I was

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at the Tuileries.] I never wore a dress that cost more than *fifteen hundred francs*, and most of my dresses were much less expensive."

The Emperor and Empress always held that as rulers of France their duties were more than political and ceremonial, especially in a country renowned for its achievements in arts and letters. Hence they gave their patronage freely to the encouragement and support of architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, authors, poets, dramatists, actors and actresses, and fostered everything that contributed to the splendor and magnificence of the Capital City.

In a room near the Emperor's sanctum stood a number of tables covered with plans of Paris. In that room Napoleon III and Eugenie spent hours with Haussmann, Alphand and Viollet le Duc, enthusiastically studying and preparing plans for all those improvements, all those wonderful transformations of the Capital, which made Paris a veritable City Beautiful, and started the modern movement for city planning now so strong in this and other countries.

We must not forget that the new Paris of the Second Empire owes its inspiration to the sovereigns who gave Haussmann his opportunity as well as every facility to carry out his plans, so that in twelve years he achieved more than his predecessors had accomplished in a century. Haussmann's all-absorbing passion was to rebuild his native city and make it the wonder of the world. And as the Imperial sovereigns shared the same passion, and were lavish in their recommendations of expenditures where the city was concerned, the mighty work of reconstruction was carried out. Haussmann was

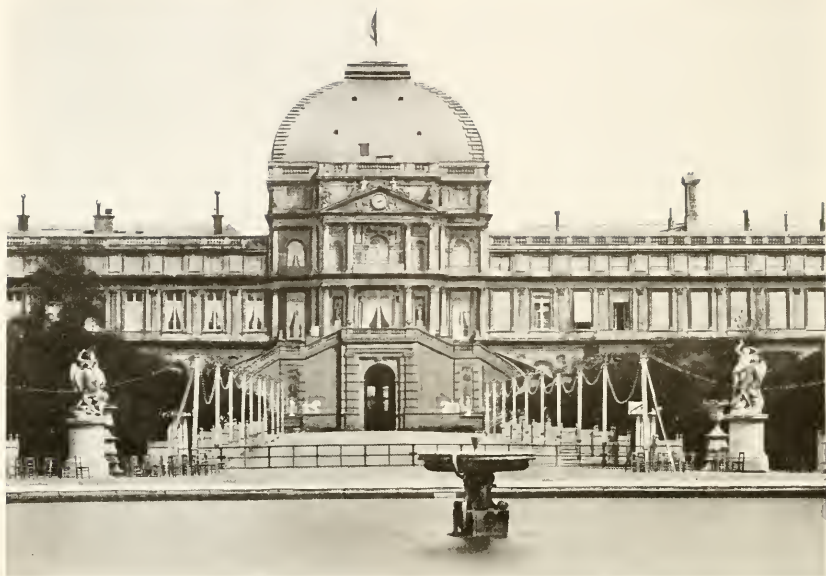


Carpeaux

Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, (1856-79),
Prince Imperial of France.

ever ready to express his sense of indebtedness to them and until the end remained *persona gratissima* at Court.

The erection of the Grand Opera House, recognized as the most conspicuous example of the "*Style Napoleon III*," is a testimony to the devotion of their Imperial majesties to the arts of the Muses. Eugenie is said to have even entered as a competitor for the prize offered for the best design of the new Opera House; and she had the satisfaction of hearing that her work was deemed worthy of "honorable mention." Grand opera reached its lofty height under such composers as Berlioz, Bizet, Gounod, Rossini and Ambroise Thomas, and world-renowned vocalists of the day were Alboni, Cruille, Nillson and Patti, and others of equal note.



PALACE OF THE TUILERIES

Built by Catherine de Medici in 1564, enlarged by Henry IV and Louis XIV; scene of many disasters attending the overthrow of the French monarchy; its history as a royal residence came to an end with the battle of Sedan, and the departure of the Empress Eugenie, Sept. 4, 1870; burned by the Commune in 1871, the ruins were removed in 1883 and the Jardin des Tuileries now covers the site of the palace.

The theaters, actors and actresses of Paris have been famous under all regimes, and during the Second Empire the high standard was carefully maintained. Nor was French talent alone cordially received in Paris. Dramatic artists from foreign lands were welcomed, often at the expressed wish of the Tuileries. In 1855 the famous Rachel played for an entire month, at the request of the Court, the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine in which she excelled. Ristori, her great rival also enjoyed the favor of the Court. The Emperor and Empress led in the

honors shown the celebrated Italian tragedienne.

Sara Bernhardt began her glorious career under the patronage of the Emperor and Empress, and in her autobiography she gives an interesting account of her first visit to the Empress at the Tuileries. It is a pleasing coincidence, as an evidence of Eugenie's devotion to the fine arts, that her three chamberlains—the Marquis d'Havrincourt, the Marquis de Piennes and the Comte de Brissac—were all clever amateur artists, the first being a sculptor, the second a draftsman, and the last a painter. These three gentlemen

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contributed not a little to making the court circle a delightful center for the cultivation and discussion of the fine arts. Many a famous sculptor or painter was admitted to this "art coterie" of Eugénie's, as the Emperor called it, and went away with a feeling that the Tuileries breathed an atmosphere entirely congenial to the cultivation of the Muses and Graces.

The embellishment of the Empress's apartments in the Tuileries was for the most part designed and executed in accordance with her suggestions. Charles Chaplin, the painter, and Lefuel, the architect, were chiefly responsible for the general scheme of decoration. The first of the Salons was known as the *Salon Vert*, the walls being painted a pale green, over which M. Burette traced endless arabesques of darker color. The ceiling of the second room, the *Salon Rose*, was the masterpiece of Charles Chaplin, annihilated like all the rest when the palace was consumed by fire. Descriptions of the apartment speak of Chaplin's ceiling as representing the triumph of Flora, but the Flora really depicted by the painter was said to be the Empress Eugénie. In the center was a medallion portrait of her, enframed by garlands of roses held by the three Graces around whom were assembled symbolical figures of the Arts. Next came the *Salon Bleu* where the cartouches over the doors contained medallion portraits of six of the greatest beauties of the Court. They were the work of Edouard Dubufe. The Empress's *Cabinet de travail* followed the *Salon Bleu*. Before one of the windows was a table covered with her materials for water-color paintings. There is a story that she one day took Cabanel, the famous painter, into her cabinet—"There," said she, "is a panel—you see

there is nothing on it but a cord. Make me a picture for it." "If you don't," she added with a smile, "the cord can be used to hang you." So Cabanel to escape so dire a fate, painted for her his well-known picture of "Ruth." In this room was to be found also Cabanel's life-size portrait of Napoleon III in a black Court costume—one of the best portraits of Napoleon ever painted. Cabanel was to have painted the picture of the Empress also but the commission was repeatedly postponed, and after the Revolution abandoned.

Winterhalter, the cosmopolitan Court painter of the day, who painted most of the royalties of Europe, including Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, was the favorite portrait painter at the Tuileries. He painted the official portraits of the Emperor and Empress shortly after their marriage, and numerous portraits of Eugénie from his brush are extant, one representing her in profile, another giving a front view, still another depicting the Empress with her ladies-in-waiting.

Those famous "house-parties" at Compiègne were not gatherings, as often alleged, of persons preoccupied with fashion and the frivolities of life, but assemblies of men and women distinguished in the liberal arts and professions, to whom the Emperor and Empress wished to extend special recognition. An invitation to pass a week or more in this charming environment was among the gracious ways the Empress took to encourage those who were striving to enrich the higher life of France.

Here the great men of France, scientists, poets, writers, artists, were gathered together to enjoy the hospitality of the Emperor and Empress. Wit and

humor, brilliant and informing conversation, could well be expected where such geniuses in different fields of culture filled the drawing rooms with their clever comments on science and art, and the events of the day. And what salon ever brought together more stars of the first magnitude! Among the literary names which figured in the lists of guests, were Ste. Beuve, Cousin, Havet, Mérimée, Renan, Taine, Toqueville. Conspicuous among the novelists were Alphonse Daudet, Flaubert, Gautier and Dumas *fils*. Among poets were the Parnassians,—Herédia, Lecomte de Lisle and Prud'homme, and Coppée who wrote "*Le Passant*," which introduced Sara Bernhardt to fame. Music was represented by Auber, Berlioz, Bizet, Félicien David, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Rossini and Ambroise Thomas. In architecture we recall as typical examples Lefuel and Viollet le Duc, the archaeologist who restored so many of the old buildings of France; in sculpture, Carpeaux, and Count de Nieuwerkerke so long at the head of the ministry of fine arts; and in painting, Cabanel, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Charles Chaplin, Couture and others.

Carpeaux, the most celebrated sculptor of the day, whose bust of Napoleon III is in the Louvre, desired exceedingly to make a bust of the Empress who, however, declined to pose. Her beauty had always defied the skill of the sculptors, and only Nieuwerkerke, who had executed her bust, had found favor in her eyes. Hence, when Carpeaux was invited to be of the "house party" at Compiègne, he passed the days drawing the gestures and attitudes of the Empress. Finally to overcome the resistance of her Majesty, relates Mme. Carette in her *Memoirs*, the artist requested the latter to pose, as a certain

resemblance existed between the two ladies, hoping by means of a successful likeness of the maid of honor, he might win the favor of the sovereign. A simple medallion was agreed upon, and during the whole day Carpeaux worked without ceasing. In the evening Mme. Carette brought the medallion to Eugénie who found it charming except in the line of the chin. Her majesty, whose artistic sense was very correct and delicate, proceeds Mme. Carette, touched the clay lightly with her finger, which left an imprint, and in the endeavor to remove it, the medallion was spoiled and the effort to win the Empress's favor ended in disappointment. Carpeaux, however, persisted, and at luncheon the next day installed himself at table with his working utensils opposite the Empress who appeared greatly offended at the insistence of the artist. The best proof, however, that his hosts did not esteem him less is that the Empress ended by yielding to the resolution of the sculptor. She posed for him finally in 1866 and the bust remained in her possession after the Revolution. A replica in marble was executed and many copies in plaster and clay are preserved in private collections.

Carpeaux was commissioned in 1865 to make the statue of the Prince Imperial, and he produced the greatly celebrated statue of the lad standing by the side of his dog Nero—"a figure full of grace, the lines in the face of which are as pure and charming as those in the bust of the young Augustus." "The Empress visited me yesterday with a numerous suite," he wrote in May 1865, "my success is assured and the plaudits fill me with joy. The Empress is enchanted with the bust of the prince and with the statue."



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

From the middle ages one of the chief residences of the King of France. The Fontainebleau forest is considered the most beautiful in France, and is the favorite resort of the French School of landscape painters.

The celebrated royal palace at Fontainebleau, with its forest, considered the most beautiful in France, was another favorite resort of the sovereigns, when they wish relaxation from the cares of state. Fontainebleau had already become the resort of the French landscape painters, many of them living at Barbison, Chailly, Marlotte and other villages of the neighborhood.

One of the favorite pastimes of the sovereigns and their guests was to pay impromptu visits to the famous artists who had their studios in and around the Fontainebleau forest. For example, one day Napoleon and Eugenie dropped in unexpectedly at the house of the painter Descamps. He hastily brought out the few canvasses he had still in his studio. The sovereigns warmly con-

gratulated him on his beautiful work, and left him beaming over the praise bestowed by his Imperial visitors. Another afternoon, Eugenie and her ladies, taking Rosa Bonheur by surprise, found her in her favorite masculine attire and warmly praised her fine animal pictures. Said one of the mayors, "When the Emperor and Empress come, we here in Fontainebleau imagine that the age of Louis XIV has returned."

Taking it all in all, the verdict of history will be that during the eighteen years of the Second Empire the artistic genius of the French maintained its preeminence, and that the Empress Eugenie, in her steadfast devotion to the arts, contributed in no small measure to the prestige and achievements of "*La belle France*."



Madonna, by Master of Frankfort (1500-1520), at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS



Madonna, by Francesco Bissolo (1492-1530), at the Ehrich Galleries, New York.

Exhibition of Paintings of the Madonna at the Ehrich Galleries

A most timely and very well-chosen exhibition of paintings of the Madonna is on through the month of December at the Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue, New York—examples of the various early schools interpretive of this universal appealing subject.

We have illustrated one of the most charming and intimate sixteenth century portrayals of this subject, painted on panel, by Francesco Bissolo. The Virgin in rose colored robe, blue cloak lined with brown, white head-veil falling over her shoulders, is holding the infant Saviour who stands on her knee. Behind the group is St. Joseph and near him is St. John the Baptist holding a cross and scroll; on the right is St. Roch in Pilgrim's attire carrying a staff. The flesh tones are rich, the drapery broad in cast, simple and straight in line, the heads softly outlined against a clouded blue sky and the whole group suffused with a uniform warmth of glowing color without harsh shadows.

Francesco Bissolo, born, it is said, at Treviso about 1450, painted under the immediate influence of Giovanni Bellini. Trained in the school of Bellini when it was attended by the most promising masters of the 16th century, he early displayed an aptitude for appropriating the surface forms of the master's style.



"Rheims: The Cathedral—The Tower," lithograph by Howard Leigh, young American artist, at the Anderson Galleries, New York.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The type of the Virgin as well as the Child, so peculiarly in favor the early part of the century, is perfectly characteristic of Bissolo in his Bellinesque manner—in treatment and pose much the same as the one in the Redentore, Venice, which was attributed to Bellini for many years and is the same as the one from the collection of the late Dr. L. Mond whose paintings have been bequeathed to the British nation. His presentation of the Virgin and Child are so closely akin to Bellini's "Virgin and Child with Saints" executed for the altar at San Zaccaria that they are often attributed to Bellini himself. Nothing could better prove the high quality of Bissolo's art than this confusion, for it shows that Bissolo was not only strongly influenced by the personality of his master but was himself a man of astounding genius. We find many specimens of his Bellinesque style in the foreign galleries—the Venetian Academy, the Leipzig Museum, Berlin Museum, the National Gallery, the Manfrini Gallery and Brera, Milan.

Other paintings in the collection are by Masters of the Dutch, Flemish, Spanish and German Schools. One of the latter is a typical group by the Master of Frankfort (early 16th century) which so clearly shows the influence of the School of Antwerp—the figures full, strong and vigorous; the high forehead; the rather prominent eyes; the round chin; the light falling on the hair threading it with gold; the richly colored garments falling in deep heavy folds. The colors, too, are typical of the period—rich red, blue-green, ivory and black. The walls and towers splendid in perspective are mellow brown with tiled roofs of the same bright green that appears in the garments.

The exhibition in its entirety affords an unusual opportunity for study and research, and will amply repay many visits from both student and collector.

Howard Leigh's Lithographs at the Anderson Art Galleries

The most surprising thing to come up in the art season so far is the exhibition of lithographs by Howard Leigh at the Anderson Art Galleries, New York. Considered solely on their artistic quality and their human interest, these forty-seven prints are bound to attract attention, but when it becomes known that Mr. Leigh is now only twenty-four years old and that he is self-taught, save for a year spent at the École des Beaux Arts, in Paris, the exhibition becomes nothing less than sensational. As an additional point of interest, it may be recorded that the artist won such gracious recognition in Paris that he was accorded an exhibition at one of the best known galleries of the capital and that the French Ministry of Fine Arts bought for its museums an entire set of the works then displayed. So it can be seen that any enthusiasm manifested for Mr. Leigh is grounded in fact and precedent.

The success of this young American is not without its significance, too, in the revival of the lithograph as the true art expression, and its effort to live down the stigma that commercialism for so many years put upon it. It has been contended by artists, in the face of this public prejudice, that lithography offers the most intimate and facile medium in existence save direct painting—that is, the best of all reproductive means. This is undoubtedly true, whether the artist seeks delicacy, as Whistler did, or strength of masses, like Brangwyn. Mr. Leigh did well to choose lithography.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Twenty-four of the lithographs have to do with the Great War; the other twenty-three are divided between Paris and Rouen. Men of the A. E. F. will take particular interest in a set of four Chateau-Thierry subjects. One of them, "The Old Abbey—Essome-sur-Marne," was sketched from the loft of a barn, where the Americans had a machine gun nest. "An Ancient Street" has a sense of bleak desolation, a thing that is even more emphasized in "Pernant Castle," of the Soissons set, which uprears itself like a specter.

Mr. Leigh was especially attracted to Rheims, and probably the most interesting print in the collection is "The Cathedral—The Tower," because it shows in the foreground an ancient eleventh century arcade whose existence was not known prior to 1916 when the German shells, destroying the later buildings placed around it, brought it to view. The arches probably formed entrances to some of the ancient wine cellars that underlay this part of the town. Because of their character and antiquity, the French government, in following out the plans for reconstruction of Rheims laid out by Mr. George B. Ford, New York architect, has provided for a small open space or park, so that they may be kept as relics.

Another Rheims subject, "The Cathedral—The Ruined Doors," is remarkable for the melancholy feeling obtained by the use of mellow sunlight, which affords spiritual contrast to the mind of the beholder.

The Nevinson Exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries

C. R. W. Nevinson, Briton, now in America, is perhaps the most universal in method of painting of any artist that has ever lived. His amazing variation in style is explained by himself. Printed in the catalogue of his exhibition held at the Bourgeois Galleries, in New York, is his "Art Creed," which is well nigh as interesting as the pictures themselves. This creed in its entirety is as follows:

"I wish to be dis-associated from every possible clique, school, ist, ism, post, neo, pro, anti, academic, unacademic, conventional or unconventional. I wish to be labelled as Nevinson, living artist (with landlords to support, and their stomachs to fill). Devoted to Art, past and present, alive to contemporary civilization and barbarity.

"I aim at creating paintings which shall be a vital magnetic force, in which 'beauty' or 'ugliness' is subordinated.

"Technique, accomplishment, and again accomplishment, I aim at, so that they may become second nature, all self-consciousness disappear, and the subject dictate the method. I maintain it is impossible to use the same means to express the flesh of a woman and the ferro-concrete of a sky-scraper; or the restless, dynamic groups of curb brokers and the static calm of an English landscape. Individuality survives diversity of methods.

"Originality is, and always has been, unknown in Art. So-called originality is the result of the influence of contemporary art, and a tradition of the past, plus individual shortcomings, tastes, selections, and re-actions.

"First and last, a painting without virility is not a work of art for a contemporary painter, who has to break through the sugar coating laid on by his immediate predecessors of the pretty-pretty school of the popular painters, the French official painters, and the slimy productions of the Salon."



"The Mill Pond," by C. R. W. Nevinson, at the Bourgeois Galleries, New York.

It is not surprising, in view of this creed, to find in Mr. Nevinson's exhibition paintings that are Post-Impressionistic, others that are Cubistic, some that are Futuristic, and many that frankly enough follow academic traditions. If it were not for the overwhelming personality of the artist, the visitor at first might naturally enough think the display was by a group of painters with widely varying techniques.

Greatest response is commanded, perhaps, by Mr. Nevinson's Post-Impressionistic paintings. These include, besides various landscapes, among them "The Mill Pond," a set of New York subjects, which he calls "abstractions." While pictorial in the sense that they do not take very much liberty with facts, yet, in their mass and color, they convey the feeling of the city, aroused by its physical aspect, in a way never done before. Assuredly, they present New York as New York affects the senses. "Broadway Downtown" and "Night" are works in point.

There are some pictures, such as "Violence" and "Arrival," that are purely abstract intellectual feats and that mingle Cubism and Futurism. "Gare St. Lazare" is an unforgettable impression of steam and locomotive, wall and girder forms. From these subjects an astonishing transition is made to the portrait labelled "18" and to "Cornish Landscape," a purely pictorial glimpse of windswept coast and walls, with shrubs blown almost horizontal in the gale.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Life of James McNeill Whistler, by E. R. and J. Pennell, new and revised edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1920.

One of the many remarkable qualities possessed by the "Life of James McNeill Whistler" by E. R. and J. Pennell, new and revised edition, the sixth, is what, for lack of a better expression, I call sustained breadth. It is a very rare quality in any biography; exceptionally rare in a "life" so fully documented as this. From beginning to end one is made to feel that the man, Whistler, whether represented by his acts and opinions, or by his "works"—there are those who will promptly deny that such distinction can, or ought to be made—is a living being; one who "eats and sleeps and puts on clothes;" one who still walks the London pavements; loses his temper easily and soon forgets that he has done so; says innumerable, incomparably witty things; paints, lithographs, and etches. What I mean is that our authors in all that they say, of report or of comment, interesting, useful, positively inspiring, manage to body forth an individual of remarkable personal, and very remarkable artistic character. And, thus, do they make the true Whistler. It is a splendid thing to do.

Peculiarly illuminating is the chapter on "The Gentle Art," a rare instance of that precious thing; a book about art by an artist. The Pennells say that Whistler "knew it would live with the writings of Cellini, Dürer and Reynolds." It recalls to mind the justified pride of Dante when he said Homer, Horace and the others elected him to be "the sixth amid so much wisdom." Will six centuries and a half justify Whistler as they have done Dante? The question cannot be blinked, nor answered save by time.

They say, "everything he (Whistler) wrote had the same end: to show that 'art should . . . stand alone, and appeal to the artistic sense of eye and ear, without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism, and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my works, 'arrangements,' and harmonies.'"

In other words Whistler placed representative art low. For this reason he was, of necessity and rightly, at sword's point with the prevailing fashions in art and criticism alike, of the later

Victorian decades. To use the pivotal idea and expression of Clive Bell's refreshing and stimulating book, "Art," it was "significant form" which Whistler sought, and regarded as the end of all great art. It would not be fair to leave the implication that Mr. Bell looks on Whistler as a consummate exponent of "significant forms" *i. e.*, as one of the great artists of all time. What he says is that Whistler "went in the right direction." Space forbids more than touching upon this vitalest of art questions.

The "Life," aside from its intrinsic fascination, is a mass of invaluable evidence in connection with this question. In the London of the "eighties" Whistler stood unique as critic and creator of art. He performed a two-fold wonder. He told what art is, and he showed what art is. This twin aspect of his genius the Pennell "Life" makes workably and inspiringly evident.

It is to be wished that the preface had not been written, or rather that it had not been necessary to write such a preface. Its querulous tone, and implications as to so much that is base in human dealings, does not worthily prelude the great and serene composition which follows in the four hundred and more pages, every one of which is absorbing and for every one of which we should be profoundly grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Pennell.

ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS.

Medals of the Renaissance. By G. F. Hill, Fellow of the British Academy. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. Pp. 204. xxix Plates.

This book is the outcome of the Rhind lectures at Edinburgh delivered in 1915 by the author at the invitation of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and whereas there are many volumes on separate portions of the subject, this is the first general summary giving the description and history of medals of the Renaissance. The many plates contain reproductions of 209 historic medals, which gives some idea of the completeness of the work. In the introduction the author distinguishes between medals and coins, showing that the medals with which he is concerned are of the commemoration sort in the modern sense. The medal is a very characteristic creation of the Renaissance and is, therefore, on a different

footing from arts that had flourished before the Renaissance began. The introduction is followed by chapters on Medallie technique, Northern Italy in the fifteenth century, Rome and Florence in the fifteenth century, the Italian medal in the sixteenth century, German medals, Medals of the Netherlands, French medals, England and Scotland. There is a good index and twenty-nine plates with several medals beautifully reproduced on each plate. This is a luxurious publication for these days of high cost of printing. The text is well printed and accurate, though an expert might dispute a few of the attributions and classifications. The volume, however, is most scholarly and undoubtedly the best general survey of the whole field of Renaissance medals, and even for the Italian field rivals Alfred Armand's *Médailleurs de la Renaissance* and Cornelius von Fabriczy's *Italian Medals*.

D. M. R.

The Lewes House Collection of Ancient Gems.
By J. D. Beazley. Oxford: The Clarendon Press,
1920. xii + 124 pp., 6 figs., 12 plates. 38 shillings.

In this beautiful catalogue is published Mr. Warren's collection of 128 intaglios and 7 cameos, surpassed in number by such private collections as Lord Southesk's but far superior in quality to any collection except that in the British Museum. It is especially rich in Greek and Etruscan gems. Many of the gems are masterpieces. More than a third of them are published in Furtwängler's elaborate and masterly *Antike Gemmen*. Nine bear signatures, among them some of the most famous Greek gem-cutters such as Epimenides, Dexamenus, Hyperechius, Dioscourides. In many of these gems the artistic supremacy of Greece is as evident as in the best vases or sculptures. It is, therefore, a pleasure to students of art to welcome this catalogue which will form a good introduction to a field which has long been neglected.

Mr. Beazley has published the gems well. His text shows the same remarkable acumen displayed in his work on vases. There is not the same chance to apply Morellian methods but his commentary gives an elaborate account of each gem and deals with every question raised by it, revealing his command of all branches of ancient art and its literature. Even the head-dress on a gem is illustrated by experiments conducted by a friend to show that the head-dress is accurately rendered. Only in rare cases does one miss a reference to an important work which should be cited. So in discussing centaurs (p. 75) we miss a reference to Baur's *Centaurs in Ancient Art*, a read-

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ing of which would have modified the statements about the primitive type of centaur.

The text is large and the twelve plates are well reproduced, two devoted to enlargements and A and B to gems in other collections. Let us hope that one of our American museums quickly purchases this unique collection which is now on the market.
D. M. R.

Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R. A., with a foreword by Eden Phillpotts and a technical note by E. Hesketh Hubbard, Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Company, 1920.

On all sides we hear the art of Frank Brangwyn under discussion. This latest contribution to the literature of the subject is important in that it presents examples of the artist's work in a field of his art which is not widely known because of its personal nature. *Bookplates by Frank Brangwyn, R. A.*, more closely resembles an album of his work than an attempt at serious criticism as there are only six pages of text accompanying sixty-nine plates. But to the reader who brings to the work a sufficient knowledge of the artist's creations to critically discern their fine qualities, the book is a veritable mine of information and enjoyment.

Any feeling that the popularity of Brangwyn's art is due to a freakish newness which is merely attracting attention, as a newly-decorated shop window might attract attention, is promptly dispelled by critical analysis of the work. The impression gained by such analysis of his work in various fields (for the artist is a craftsman of the first order and handles masterfully the making of a jewel case, for instance) is that a fundamental reason for his success in any field he attempts, and for his consequent popularity, is not so much due to his virile masculinity as to his consummate grasp of the limitations of the medium in hand and to his ability to press those limitations to the breaking point without either bending or shattering them.

This fundamental quality is apparent in many of the bookplates; whether the medium is lithography with its charming, soft tones, etching with its amazing intricacy, or wood-engraving with its bold, broad effects conveying so much by what they omit. The lack of criticism of even the outstanding examples in this book amounts to neglect of an important opportunity to broaden appreciation of this versatile artist's talents. Consider the fine bookplate for Miss Edith Hope which is passed without mention and which is, in a space less than three inches wide, a creation in which composition, decoration and technical handling vie with

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each other in importance as examples of those versatile talents. We do not mean to give the impression, however, that the present work is a misdirected effort, because Braungwyn's art possesses the vital, even if indefinable, quality of compelling wide appreciation on sight. It is good to look upon as much of it as possible.

ALFRED FOWLER.

Memoirs of the Empress Eugenie. By Comte Fleury. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1920.

The title of these two interesting volumes is somewhat misleading, as they do not contain any memoirs written by Eugenie herself, as was anticipated when it was announced that publication was withheld by her request until after her death, nor do they treat exclusively of the Empress. They give an intimate picture of the brilliant French court of the Second Empire, and personal impressions of Napoleon III and Eugenie, and many of their contemporaries. The author was for many years identified with the Court, and kept up his close acquaintance with Eugenie during her years of exile in England. The account is strengthened by numerous quotations from private papers of the Emperor and others, which have not before been seen the light.

The first volume gives a picturesque account of the early years of Eugenie, her marriage to Napoleon, the birth of the Prince Imperial, his "baptism of fire," and tragic death. It describes the Imperial household, tells of royal visits and visitors, and gives interesting episodes of the Emperor's life, and tells the story of his imprisonment, exile and death.

The second volume gives the inside or Court view of the political and diplomatic history of France during the Second Empire, largely from unpublished notes and other data. It reveals the actual rôle filled by Napoleon and Eugenie in the Crimean War, the Austro-Italian War, the Polish Question, the Mexican fiasco and especially in the Franco-Prussian War leading to the Sedan tragedy, and relieves Eugenie for all time from the imputation of having brought on the War of 1870.

The work is an important contribution to the historical literature dealing with the career of Napoleon III and the story of the Second Empire, and the reader will close the two volumes with a more sympathetic and admiring appreciation of the Empress Eugenie, the most romantic figure of the nineteenth century.

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The Spell of the Heart of France; The Towns, Villages, and Chateaux about Paris, by André Hallays, Illustrated. Boston: The Page Company, 1920.

This is one of "The Spell Series"—the readable travel volumes published by the Page Company, embracing Belgium, Holland, France, Italy, Switzerland, England, China, Japan, Egypt and other lands, giving descriptions of rare old monuments, of wonderful landscapes, of beautiful out-of-the-way places, combined with historical episodes and personal incidents in the lives of the good and the great associated with the spots so adequately described.

The author, who has already treated "The Spell of Alsace" in this series, devotes his attention in this volume chiefly to the outer suburbs of Paris, the many spots of Old France rich in architectural styles and historical associations.

He takes us first to Maintenon, and accompanies his description of the famous chateau with a charming account of Mme. de Maintenon, whom Louis XIV is said to have secretly married in his old age. His descriptions of the Valley of the Oise, of Noyon and Soissons with their old cathedrals (described in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Vol. VIII, No. 4, Aug. 1919) tell us of devastated regions as they were before the havoc of war swept over heroic France. Nor can one soon forget the thrilling chapters devoted to Chantilly, to the Chateau of Wilderville and to the Abbey of Livry, dear to Mme. de Sevigné. The map of the heart of France and the forty-five full page illustrations, many of them in color, contribute in large measure to the value of the book, which those who have seen these places will read with delight and those who have not seen them will read with longings to visit "La belle France" at the first opportunity. M. C.

The Maid of Mirabelle. A Romance of Lorraine, by Eliot H. Robinson. Illustrated. Boston: The Page Company, 1920, pp. 304.

A quaint village of the Vosges beside the waters of the Moselle, where the gray-white houses are linked together 'like friendly old neighbors arm in arm' is the scene of this appealing romance.

The story deals with the experience of a young American of the Society of Friends, who goes to France during the war to do his bit in the work of rehabilitating destroyed villages in the liberated area. He leaves a sweetheart back in the States, but it is 'youth's privilege to forget' and for a time his love is laid at the feet

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of beautiful Joan, the Maid of Mirabelle. Tragic events follow, and lives hitherto simple and tranquil are stirred to the depths. However, there is happiness for all at the end and our American finds his in 'that quiet harbor called home.'

With the unfolding of the love story, we are given charming glimpses of French life and character. The author's sympathetic understanding of France is indicated in the dedication of his book, —

"To all who love France unseen,
or having seen her love her the
more despite her failings, this
book is respectfully dedicated."

CAROLYN CARROLL.

Attic Red-Figured Vases in American Museums. By J. D. Beazley. Cambridge: Harvard University Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 1918. X+236 pp., 118 illustrations, \$7.

Mr. Beazley has done more than any other recent scholar in the way of identifying unsigned vases. He has discovered more than fifty new vase-painters and although certain scholars such as Percy Gardner and Pottier have questioned his methods, there is no doubt that his identifications, which often are the same as those made independently by others (Hopplin, Swindler, Frickenhans, myself, and others) are in the majority of cases sound. He certainly has an unusual knowledge of stylistic details and aesthetics and a familiarity with the original vases themselves, such as perhaps no other living scholar has.

The present volume deals with a far greater field than its title indicates and represents a treatment of the whole red-figured style down to Meidias. There are many new attributions to artists already known, such as Epictetus, Oltus, Macron, and to those created by Beazley such as the Achilles and Pan Painters. Several new painters are identified, the best being the Niobid Painter, an artist of first rank. Some of the names of the artists such as the Flying Angel Painter; The Providence Painter, The See-saw Painter, The Painter of the Deceptene Amphora seem strange and the arrangement of the material might have been more practical. But there are very few errors in the book, which is one of the most important contributions ever made to Greek ceramics. Many unpublished vases in America and Europe are here illustrated for the first time and there are several better reproductions of vases already published.

D. M. R.

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